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The Writings of Thomas De Quincey

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

RIVERSIDE EDITION.

VOLUME V.

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J. Fairchild

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

IN

SCHOLARSHIP AND LITERATURE.

BY

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.
Cambridge: The Riverside Press.
1877.

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19486.12.50



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The Riverside Press, Cambridge:
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INTRODUCTION.

[DE QUINCEY'S interest in the eighteenth century literature was rather antipathetic than sympathetic, but he expended upon the subject much time and space. The present volume does not include all of the essays which might properly be included under the title chosen, but in the classification of his papers, some which might have fallen into this class are drawn by stronger affiliations into other groups. Where a writer is so discursive and so catholic in his interests as was De Quincey, any arrangement of his writings is likely to be a little arbitrary, or rather, several arrangements are possible, and good reason might be given for either. The present collection, however, has a certain unity of purpose, especially in that it contains De Quincey's several papers on Pope, a subject which called out his keenest criticism and notably that valuable distinction between the literature of power and the literature of knowledge, which, simple as it appears, was a real contribution by the writer to the philosophy of literature. In the latest English edition, revised by De Quincey, there are some introductory notes respecting certain of the articles in this volume, which herewith follow. It should be premised that as the papers are collected from different volumes in the American edi-

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tion, so they are scattered also, under a different classification, in the English.]

DR. PARR AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

In the paper on Dr. Parr, a careless reader may fancy that I, being a Tory, am illiberal enough to assume that Whiggism is in itself a matter of reproach. But in this he would be doing me great injustice; for it happens that I have placed on record my own peculiar views of the relation subsisting between the doctrine of the Tories and that of the Whigs; which views represent them as separately forming the two hemispheres which jointly compose the total truth. In a paper on that subject I contend that, when Charles Fox undertook a history of our English Revolution, with the purpose of glorifying the Whigs in contradistinction to the Tories, as the heroes of that great event, he made shipwreck of all political philosophy. The misconception was total. A Trinitarian, I there said by way of illustration, and an anti-Trinitarian cannot both be right: in such a case the affirmation of either is the negation of the other. But in very many cases this is far otherwise. The Whig and the Tory, for instance, are both right: and both equally right. Not only so, but the one is right only because (and so long as) the other is right. Singly, the Tory would be wrong. Singly, the Whig would be wrong. But taken jointly they compose that synthesis which realizes and embodies the total constitutional truth. The Whig takes charge of the constitutional forces in one direction; the Tory in another. And it would be as absurd to invest either party with a superior function, as to imagine the centripetal force more important

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than the centrifugal in the planetary system of motions. Were the Whig withdrawn, instantly the Tory would become a redundant and destructive power; and *vice versâ*. Both Whig and Tory shared *equally* in our Revolution. Meantime, not one act in a thousand, done or proposed by the Whig or Tory party, concerns them *as* Whigs or *as* Tories. For instance, to each of these parties at different periods foreign politics have presented a ruinous snare. During the four last years of Queen Anne, the Tories played the most treasonable part. That was early in the eighteenth century. Almost in the corresponding years of the nineteenth century, the very same false and treacherous part was played by the Whigs; but in this respect more criminally by far, inasmuch as the danger was incomparably greater from 1803 to 1812, than from 1703 to 1712. The enemy at whose feet the Whigs would have laid us prostrate from 1807 to 1815, was Napoleon, with a servile Europe at his back: whereas, in the corresponding case of the preceding century, the enemy was Louis XIV., menaced by a growing confederacy of our allies.

The reader understands, therefore, that I do not (and could not consistently) disparage or anywhere condemn Dr. Parr *as* a Whig. Those acts which reflect shame and reproach upon his character and the claims of his clerical profession, had no connection with Whig principles: very often they were acts discountenanced, or at the least *not* countenanced by his own political party. But, in those rarer cases where the acts really *had* such a partisan countenance, the party concerned in the first place was, not the Whigs as opposed to the Tories, but the *Outs* as opposed to the

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Ins. It was with no reference to their party creed that Messrs. Fox, Grey, Tierney, Sheridan, &c., oftentimes lent their support to Dr. Parr: not at all; it was simply as the party in *opposition* (whether Whigs or Tories), pulling an oar against the party in *office:* pledging, therefore, no principles whatever in Dr. Parr's behalf, but simply weight of influence. Finally, in those very rare cases where the Whig party *as* Whigs avowed their patronage to an act or to a book of Dr. Parr's, there was still room left for this objection — that it was the act of a schismatical Whig party; of one section dividing against the other, and leaving it doubtful which was the true depositary of Whiggism, which the spurious.

SCHLOSSER'S LITERARY HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"Schlosser on Literature" was not written with the slight or careless purpose to which the reader will probably attach it. The indirect object was, to lodge, in such a broad exemplification of German ignorance, a protest against the habit (prevalent through the last fifty years) of yielding an extravagant precedency to German critics (on Shakespeare especially), as if better and more philosophic (because more cloudy) than our own. Here is a man, Schlosser by name, bookmaker by trade, who (though now perhaps forgotten) was accepted by all Germany, one brief *decennium* back, as a classical surveyor and reporter on the spacious fields of British literature through a retrospect of a hundred and fifty years. But the Schlegels were surely not so poorly furnished for criticism as Mr. Schlosser? Why, no: in special walks of literature,

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if they had not arrogantly pretended to all, they were able to support the character of well-read scholars. What they were as philosophers, or at least what Frederick Schlegel was, the reader may learn from Schelling, who, in one summary foot-note, demolished his pretensions as by a pistol-shot. For real serviceable exposition of Shakespeare's meaning and hidden philosophy, I contend that our own domestic critics have contributed very much more than Germany, whether North or South, whether Protestant or Catholic. And, in particular, I myself find, in Morgan's brief essay on the character of Falstaff, more true subtlety of thought, than in all the smoky comments of Rhenish or Danubian transcendentalists. Then, as to those innumerable passages which demand a familiarity with English manners, usages, and antiquities, provincial dialects, &c., naturally the very gates of entrance must be generally closed against all but native critics.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The article on Goldsmith was one which, on any spontaneous impulse, I should not have written, as I could not write on that theme with sincere cordiality or with perfect charity; consequently not with perfect freedom of thought.

Do I then question the true and unaffected merit of Goldsmith, in that natural field upon which his happy genius gave him a right to succeed? Not at all. Within a humble province the genius of Goldsmith seems to me exquisite. Especially his "Vicar of Wakefield" in its earlier part — *i. e.*, in its delineation of the vicar's simple household, when contemplated through the eyes of the vicar himself, unconscious of

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the effect from his own peculiar mode of delightful egotism — has always struck me as inimitable ; not so, I confess, in the coarser scenes of the latter half. But, for my own part, I had always borne a grudge to Goldsmith on behalf of Shakespeare, whom so deeply and so deliberately he had presumed to insult; once in a travelling scene of the "Vicar," but once also in a mode less casual and indirect. None of us would make it a reproach to a slight and graceful champion that he had not the powers for facing a Jupiter: but, if he himself insisted on affronting this Olympian antagonist, he must not complain that the consequences were defeat to himself, and disgust spreading widely through the circles of those that otherwise would have been his friends.

POPE.

[The first of the four articles on Pope, written professedly as a review of Roscoe's edition, was published originally in 1850; the biography was contributed to the seventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in 1838–39. The paper entitled "Lord Carlisle on Pope," is substantially a pendant to the critical paper which is the first in the above series, and when it was reprinted in the last English edition of his works, De Quincey took occasion to preface it with the following additional comments on the subject.]

The paper on Lord Carlisle's *Pope Lecture*, which lecture, I believe, was read before an audience of working men, met with the singular fortune of an aggressive and angry notice: this notice came from an anonymous writer using the signature of *Peregrine*. As the points selected for assault were not matters of

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opinion, but of massy, immovable facts, I found it difficult to understand how any critic, who should hold it among his duties to read previously all that he attacked and all that he defended, could have found his road open to this movement. At the moment of publication, I caught but a gleam of the writer's drift; and, according to my standing rule, I adjourn all notice of criticisms, sound or not sound, until some day or some month of leisure, with sufficient opportunities for research, may allow me to do the fullest justice to my opponent. Of such controversies lurking in arrear I have now one or two maturing for trial at a convenient time; and I have only to hope that the plaintiff or defendant in error may persist in living until my answer can reach him. Some of these, I think, have waited already for twenty-five or thirty years. Peregrine is therefore in luck this morning, since he will within three minutes have *his* answer, for which he cannot possibly have waited more than a trifle beyond nine years; for my own article, *fons et origo* of the whole feud, was first published (I understand) in 1850.

The two[1] charges, which my brief paper alleged against Pope, as grievous impeachments of all pretension to honor and veracity, were founded: —

1. On his unprincipled attempt to weave out of the closing life and out of the death of an illustrious contemporary,[2] a ridiculous romance, that goes astray

[1] "*Two* charges:" No doubt, as occasions opened upon me, other charges would be incidentally noticed: but the two here singled out, viz., that connected with the Duke of Buckingham, and that connected with the literature of England, were those two without which the others would not have been held as calling for any special attention.

[2] *Contemporary:* The last Villiers of that house might be

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upon every feature which regards truth, or justice to the memory of the dead.

2. On his puerile attempt to father upon the English literature an origin which it is needless to call non-historic or fabulous, if examined as a pretended fact, since even as a dream it could find no proper place except amongst fairy-tales.

The object of Pope was, if it may be allowed to borrow a modern slang phrase from the street, to "take a rise" out of the Duke as a derelict abandoned to *moralists;* this order of Poets, Lord Byron's pretended leaders among poets, having (it seems) a plenary dispensation from any restraints of truth. Pope's idea was — that if he could be winked at in representing the great landed proprietor[1] as a pauper in the last

fairly considered such in relation to Pope. He died in that memorable year (1688) which witnessed the birth of Pope. But the impression which this Villiers had produced amongst the men of his own age, by the splendor of his natural endowments, both intellectual and physical, was too deep to have faded away suddenly. And it should be remembered that, if the Duke in particular had been reputed to have abused enormous advantages (though most of this rests upon hearsay and gossiping exaggerations), both he and his brother Lord Francis Villiers had made at one period large sacrifices at the command of that duty to the throne which they had been trained to think paramount among all public duties. Lord Francis, even when a boy of eighteen, had prodigally surrendered his life on the field of battle rather than give up his sword to one whom he regarded as a traitor.

[1] In order to direct into a proper channel the inquiry as to the Duke of Buckingham's pretended pauperism, I referred to the *Fairfax Papers* just then published: which reference Peregrine strangely misconstrued as pointing to two little volumes, one of which was a record of the Duke's life by a cadet of the Fairfax family; the other being a little series of personal mem-

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stage of penniless destitution; if he could be allowed to substitute *sub silentio* a supposed charitable shelter

oranda, drawn up by Lord Fairfax himself, viz., by the last (or better to distinguish him) the historical Lord Fairfax, who commanded in chief at the decisive battle of Naseby, in Northamptonshire, fought on some day a little before midsummer of the year 1645. The object of this little memorial is altogether misstated by Hartley Coleridge in his *Worthies of Yorkshire*. He supposes the stern old Parliamentary general to have been trying his hand at a specimen of *autobiography*, which word certainly never entered an English ear until at least one hundred and fifty years after Fairfax and Naseby. The real object of the little memorial (or appeal to posterity) was this: Lord Fairfax, strangely enough for a lord, was a Presbyterian; and a Presbyterian surrounded by great leading officers far abler, more sagacious, and a thousand times more energetic than himself, Cromwell, Ireton, &c., who were *not* Presbyterians, but virulent haters of Presbyterians, being intense Independents. Down to Naseby, this religious schism had led to no great practical results: but every year the schism was ploughing deeper into the management of political affairs; every year the simple-minded and upright Fairfax found it more difficult to trim the balance between his conscience and the requisitions of his military allies. He drew up this plain little statement, therefore, as a brief key to the whole series of his acts whilst standing under this *conflict* of influences. And at last, when it was resolved to send a military expedition against Scotland, Lord Fairfax came to a resolution that he had now reached the ultimate limit of his passive acquiescences. Fight against the Scots, whom he regarded as his brothers under religious ties, he would not. This refusal on the part of Fairfax necessarily opened the way for the first time to Cromwell as an absolute autocrat. Cromwell was appointed to the supreme command thus laid open; and at the decisive battle of Dunbar, Cromwell it was that presided. But what connection, the impatient reader asks, exists between the house of Villiers and the more ancient house of Fairfax? Simply this, that the sole daughter, indeed the sole child, of the Naseby Lord Fairfax, many years subsequently, was united in marriage to Villiers, the last Duke of Buckingham, and the particular

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from the weather, by some pitying Christian brother, for the true version of the case, viz., the hospitable reception by a tenant of his landlord, under a sudden local surprise of illness; if these harlequin changes could be effected, and if the tenant's house could be quietly metamorphosed into such a hovel as all Ireland is not able to show; with these allowances it would be possible to emblazon such a picture of ruinous improvidence and maniacal dissipation as would glorify harlequin, and would secure all over England to Pope's picture the reputation of the most impressive amongst — pantomimes.

Meantime, to the least reflecting amongst readers there would occur the remembrance of a Latin maxim which has arrested, and for two or three centuries seriously perplexed, the freedom of the pen with regard to persons having the rank and privileges of the dead: viz., the maxim of — *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* This adage, in the process of experience, was found entirely at war with the mere necessities of history, of biogra-

object of Pope's falsifications. Now it is obvious that the Duchess, with her large settlements, rights of jointure, &c., must be directly or indirectly interested in the true condition and distribution of the vast Villiers estates. Consequently the most natural avenue through which access to information upon this point could hopefully be sought, was *The Fairfax Papers*, which happened very seasonably about that period to be published. I, for *my* part, being no further interested in the inquiry than as regarded the pretended pauperism of the Duke, was satisfied with a brief extract made by a friend bearing on this single point. And this was sufficient, since it left no opening for doubt upon the extravagant fictions of Pope. But he, who may be interested in any further prosecution of the inquiry, will now understand what are *not* the books referred to as authorities, and what (*so* far as I know) really *is*.

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phy, and, above all, the necessities of human sincerity in acts of daily intercourse. The call for a revisal of this erring maxim became loud and peremptory; and people fancied that at length they had reached the central truth when the maxim assumed the new and more humble form of *De mortuis nil nisi verum.* But very soon this form also was abandoned; for if the right to insist upon truth in all comments upon themselves were made special to the dead, then what became of us — that extensive class of men that had not the advantage of being dead? Logically it was idle to speak of truth as a right even of the living, if by this new variety of the maxim, *nil nisi verum*, you had sharply limited the right to those who were in the grave. Nevertheless, no difficulty in harmonizing the pretensions of the dead and the living ever was allowed to unsettle the old faith that a peculiar tenderness of reverence and forbearance is due to those who lie helplessly at our feet, and can look for either truth or justice simply to the humanized condition of our nobler sensibilities.

The brutal and unprincipled outrage of Pope upon the slumbering Villiers, in which all the success that *could* have been anticipated lay in the dragging into broad daylight of a poor fellow-creature's imputed frailties, forcing them upwards "from their dread abode," and from that awful twilight of sad reminiscences to the foul theatrical glare of pantomimic exhibition, must in any case have failed by its excess; and by miscalculation of times and seasons it failed even more than was probable. When the verses were published and dispersed over England, it was found that the age which owned an interest in the Duke of Buck-

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ingham had passed away: the aquaintances, friends or foes, whose faces would have

"Kindled, like a fire new-stirred,"

at the sound of the magical name *Villiers*, had by this time ranged on the scale of years all the way upward from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. At the time when this particular series of verses first began to win a school popularity amongst the young ladies of England (viz., from 1775 or thereabouts, to the French Revolution), the name of the Buckingham family was becoming a distant and feeble echo for the ear of England. From Villiers, the Buckingham peerage in a new line was transmigrating to the Grenvilles. Had Pope's little personal *Idyll* therefore, when varnished and framed, been less revoltingly extravagant than it was, still the interest of satire had already faded from features alike and colors. To the multitude, the case read but as a variety of *The Prodigal Son*. Pope saddened over his own defeated malice. Villiers being at last a mere shadowy name, the man, his character and his history, were alike ciphers for the public ear: *locus standi* there no longer was for satiric passion. Pope's malice, in fact, had by mere lapse of time confounded itself. For all its expected effects the malice was extinct. But the malicious purpose and plan still survive under the attesting record of Pope's own sign and seal.

Peregrine meantime views Pope as exercising none but the most notorious and admitted rights in dealing with Buckingham, or with any other deceased man after any fashion suggested by his own malice, or by the clamorous call for impressive effects. But this doc-

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trine is less singular than the argument by which he supports it. He contends that the right of a poet to disfigure and dishonor the memory of a deceased contemporary by groundless libels and lampoons is of the same nature, and is held by the same tenure, as the right of a fabulist to introduce brutes, or even inanimate objects in the act of conversing and reasoning with each other; and that I, in denying most indignantly the alleged privilege of the libeller to intrude upon the sanctity of the grave by the foul scandals and falsehoods of private enmity, am precisely adopting the old crotchet of Rosseau on the danger of suffering children to read such fables. It is natural that *Peregrine* should recall Cowper's playful lines upon this occasion: —

> "I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rosseau
> If birds confabulate, or no."

Since, in fact, Cowper it was through whom this caprice of Rosseau ever became known in England; for in the unventilated pages of its originator it would have lurked undisturbed down to this hour of June, 1859. But it marks the excessive carelessness and inattention of *Peregrine* (faults that tell powerfully for mischief in cases like the present), that he goes on to quote some further lines from the same poet, which suddenly betray a kind of ignorance such as can be explained only out of Cowper's morbid timidity, and the feminine horror with which he shrank from the coarse or the violent in his intercourse with men. The lines, as I now remember them, are these: —

> "But even a child that knows no better
> Than to interpret by the *letter*
> A story of a Cock and Bull,
> Must have a most uncommon skull."

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These lines are forced by the mere logic of their position, which is that of reply to Rosseau, into a meaning entirely at war with their notorious vernacular acceptation. "A story of a Cock and Bull" does not mean in England, as Cowper imagines, a story in which a cock audibly converses with a respondent bull, but has come conventionally to be understood as a story of which no man can make head or tail, and from which no rational drift or purpose can be disentangled.[1]

[1] One must suppose that originally the eternal feud between France and England had formed the basis of the case; since the two *dramatis personæ*, our old obstinate friend Bull on the one side, and Chanticleer on the other — so brisk, so full of quarrel, of pugnacity, and of gallantry to his obsequious *harem* — could not have been selected as representatives of the alternate national interests without a distinct consciousness of the two national *arenas* concerned in this symbolization. Bull, as a symbol, is not so classically rooted as the Cock. For it cannot be traced higher than Swift, etc., and was never adopted or owned by the English people; so that it is a case of insufferable impertinence in Mr. Kossuth to speak of us under such a mere casual and unauthorized nickname. But the Cock, *Gallus Gallinaceus*, has always been the symbol chosen and consecrated by the Franco-Gallic people as their true adequate heraldic cognizance. An Englishman pauses in wonder. For undoubtedly the Cock embodies some favorable features of the French character and the French demeanor; but (as a keener spirit of discrimination would suggest) viewed under an angle of mockery and exaggeration. The bluster, the arrogance, the tendency to gasconade, are all there; there also is the indomitable courage; for amongst all breathing creatures there is hardly one (unless the bull-dog) more victorious over the passion of fear than the game cock. But still men generally would not relish a mirror held up even to their noblest qualities, if this were done under a concurrent attempt to throw cross lights of ridicule upon the total *ensemble* of their characters.

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But all else which I had arraigned in Pope, as wanting in truth and good sense, faded into a bagatelle by the side of the fables which he had propounded as a reasonable hypothesis on the origin of our English literature. Pope, who never at any period of his life had a vestige of patriotism, would have sacrificed without compunction all possible trophies, intellectual or martial, of our national grandeur. He was never indisposed for such a service. But what gave him a sudden and decisive impulse in that direction, was the particular task in which he had just then engaged himself. He had undertaken a poetic version of that Epistle to Augustus Cæsar in which Horace traces the relations, alternately martial and intellectual, that connected Greece and Rome. It was a case of splendid retaliation. Rome, rude and uncultured, had led captive by her arms the polished race of Greeks. But immediately Greece had powerfully reacted upon her conqueror, and might be said in her turn, by arts, by literature, and civilization, to have conquered *him*. Such was the picture of Horace. Pope had undertaken an adaptation to French and English circumstances of this Horatian epistle. He had pledged himself to reproduce in his translation such a parallelism between England and France, as should seem a mere echo to the case of instant retaliation recorded by the Roman poet. France had undeniably been conquered by England; so far, all was waterproof, but to complete the parallelism, it was necessary that France should, in some intellectual way, have effected a deep compensating re-agency upon England. But *what* re-agency? Was it by fine arts, was it by mechanic arts, or how? No; it was (replies Pope) by

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literature. Pope does not explain whether the particular conquest of France, which he starts from, is that of Agincourt (1415), or that of Créci and Poictiers, some two or three generations earlier. But the impossibility, in which Pope has entangled himself, is the same for either case. There was no literature for the English to carry off; so that France could not have retaliated in the way supposed; and before the invention of printing, when literature, whether Provençal, Aragonese, Italian, Breton, &c., chiefly embodied itself in music, no literature could offer a portable subject of transfer. But it is idle to waste a word on such a web of moonshine. France, having no literature for herself, could certainly give none to England. Of all this, when it was too late, Pope became painfully aware; and in his despair, he took the course of altogether shifting his reader's position.

The policy of Pope was to withdraw his reader's eye, as rapidly as possible, from the revolting paradox about Créci or Agincourt. And this purpose was so far attained by the sudden shifting of the ground from an era of French barbarism [1] to the polished period of Louis XIV. It might not be *true* of 1670, any more than of 1415, that England owed the least fraction of her intellectual development to the influence of French models. But, if not really more true as a fact, it was a thousand times more plausible as a possibility. The main purpose, therefore, of Pope, in this sudden leap over seven or ten generations, was answered. The

[1] "*Barbarism:*" We must not confound the comparative bright dawnings and promises of Aragon, of Provence, of Italy, of Brittany, &c., with the infantine pretensions of France, properly and strictly so called.

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reader no longer recoiled in disgust and alienation, when assured by Pope that Corneille, of whose uncongenial dramas not so much as one edition had ever been issued from an English press, might have raised or corrected the taste of some English generation. If such a case never had occurred, at least there was no shocking incongruity in supposing that it might have occurred in an age when books, both French and English, were largely multiplied. So far, that is in a chronological sense, Corneille met the momentary purpose of Pope, as well as any other of that period; otherwise, there could not have been a more unfortunate selection. Even in France, Corneille had but a ten years' reign; for Racine completely superseded him, ever after the time when the French theatres had diffused a distinct knowledge of the discriminating characteristics between the two dramatists. Racine met the national taste genially by making the passion of love as indispensable an element in a scenical picture of life, as the French make it in the actual movements of life. Corneille, with his more masculine ideal of tragedy, was soon dethroned by Racine. Nor did he ever recover even a gleam of his original rank, until Voltaire early in the eighteenth century revived his fame, though not his popularity, by his advantageous criticisms on the separate merits of each poet. But if in France the loss of his stage rank soon clouded the splendors of Corneille, everywhere else he was entirely unknown. No name could have been cited by Pope less capable of stamping a durable impression upon the English mind. In reality, one decisive outstanding fact puts an end to all romances of this nature. It is this: If doubtfully you except Montaigne

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and Charron, as meditative writers much read by the more thoughtful among our men of the world, and Pascal, as a sort of pet with our religious ascetics, there never was any French author who established himself as even a limited favorite in England. Not one has achieved the lowest level of what can be called *popularity* amongst ourselves. If we except selections made by French teachers for mere purposes of convenience in relation to their pupils, I believe that no French classic has ever been reprinted in England. Students, therefore, of French literature, as any considerable body of *literati*, cannot at any time have existed among us. And thus not only are we entitled to dismiss the falsifications of Pope on this theme as unworthy of serious attention, but also — which cuts deeper — we are entitled to treat, as an imbecile conceit, the pretense that there ever was amongst us in any age what is called *a French School* in any one department of literature.

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RICHARD BENTLEY.*

MANY years ago, walking in the sequestered valleys of Cumberland, with an eminent author[1] of the present day, we came to a long and desolate sort of gallery, through a wilderness of rocks, which, after rising and narrowing for about two miles, suddenly opened right and left into a little pastoral recess, within the very heart of the highest mountains. This verdant circus presented in its centre a beautiful but tiny lake, locally called a *tarn*,[2] with a wild brook issuing from it through the road by which we had approached, a few quiet fields upon the margin of the lake, solemn hills looking down upon it from every side; and finally, a hamlet of seven cottages clustering together, as if for mutual support, in this lovely, but still awful, solitude. A solitude, indeed, so perfect we had never seen: nor had we supposed it possible that, in the midst of populous England, any little brotherhood of households could pitch their tents so far aloof from human society, from its noisy bustle, and (we ventured to hope) its angry passions. Though a valley, and fenced by barriers ver-

* *Life of Richard Bentley*, D. D. By J. H. MONK, D. D.

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dant indeed, but also insuperable, this little chamber in the hills was yet far above the ordinary elevation of inhabited ground: road there was none, except the rude sort of sheep-track by which we had come: the nearest town, and that a small one, was at six miles' distance; and here, if anywhere, it seemed possible that a world-wearied man should find a perfect rest. 'Yes,' said our distinguished guide, who had guessed our thoughts — 'Yes, nature has done *her* part to create in this place an absolute and perpetual Sabbath. And doubtless, you conceive that, in those low-roofed dwellings, her intentions are seconded. Be undeceived then: lawsuits, and the passions of lawsuits, have carried fierce dissension into this hidden paradise of the hills; and it is a fact, that not one of those seven families will now speak to another.' We turned away at these words with a pang of misanthropy, and for one moment assented to the king of Brobdignag — that men are 'the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.'

Something of the same sentiment accompanied us at intervals through this Life of Bentley, and the records which it involves of Cambridge. Where upon this earth shall peace be found, if not within the cloistral solitudes of Oxford and Cambridge? Cities of Corinthian beauty and luxury; with endowments and patronage beyond the revenues of considerable nations; in libraries — pictures — cathedrals, surpassing the kings of the earth; and with the resources of capital cities, combining the deep tranquillity of sylvan villages, — places so favored by time, accident and law, come nearer to the creations of romance than any

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other known realities of Christendom. Yet in these privileged haunts of meditation, hallowed by the footsteps of Bacon and Milton, still echoing to those of Isaac Barrow, and Isaac Newton absolutely walking amongst them, did the leading society of Cambridge — with that man at their head, who, for scholarship, was confessedly 'the foremost man of all this world' — through a period of forty years' fight and struggle with so deadly an *acharnement;* sacrificed their time, energy, fortune, personal liberty, and conscience, to the prosecution of their immortal hatreds; vexed the very altars with their fierce dissensions; and went to their graves so perfectly unreconciled, that, had the classical usage of funeral *cremation* been restored, we might have looked for the old miracle of the Theban Brothers, and expected the very flames which consumed the hostile bodies to revolt asunder, and violently refuse to mingle.[3] Some of the combatants were young men at the beginning of the quarrel; they were gray-headed, palsied, withered, doting, before it ended. Some had outlived all distinct memory, except of their imperishable hatreds. Many died during its progress; and sometimes their deaths, by disturbing the equilibrium of the factions, had the effect of kindling into fiercer activity those rabid passions, which, in a Christian community, they should naturally have disarmed or soothed.

Of feuds so deadly, so enduring, and which continue to interest at the distance of a century, everybody will desire to know who, in a criminal sense, was the author. The usual way of settling such questions is to say, that there were 'faults on both sides,' — which, however, is not always the case; nor, when it is, are

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the faults always equal. Dr. Monk, who gives the fullest materials yet published for a just decision, leaves us to collect it for ourselves. Meantime, we suspect that his general award would be against Bentley; for, though disposed to be equitable, he is by no means indulgent to his hero; and he certainly thinks too highly of Colbatch, the most persevering of all Bentley's enemies, and a malicious old toad. If that, however, be Dr. Monk's leaning, there are others (with avenues, perhaps as good, to secret information) whose bias was the other way. In particular, we find Dr. Parr, about forty years after Bentley's death, expressing his opinions thus to Dr. Charles Burney: 'I received great entertainment from your account of our Aristarchus; it is well written and well directed; for, in spite of vulgar prejudice, Bentley was eminently right, and the College infamously wrong.' — [*Dr. Parr's Works*, vol. vii., p. 389.] Our own belief sets in towards the same conclusion. But, if not, we would propose, that at this time of day Bentley should be pronounced right, and his enemies utterly in the wrong. Whilst living, indeed, or whilst surviving in the persons of his friends and relations, the meanest of little rascals has a right to rigorous justice. But when he and his are all bundled off to Hades, it is far better, and more considerate to the feelings of us Pub lic, that a little dog, should be sacrificed than a great one; for by this means, the current of one's sympathy with an illustrious man is cleared of ugly obstructions, and enabled to flow unbroken, which might else be unpleasantly distracted, between his talents on the one hand and his knavery on the other. And one general remark we must make upon the *conduct* of this endless

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feud, no matter who began it, which will show Bentley's title to the benefit of the rule we have proposed. People, not nice in distinguishing, are apt to confound all the parties to a feud under one common sentence: and, whatever difference they might allow in the grounds of quarrel, as to temper, at least, and charity, where all were confessedly irritated and irritating, they allow of none. But, in fact, between Bentley and his antagonists, the differences were vital. Bentley had a good heart; generally speaking, his antagonists had not. Bentley was overbearing, impatient of opposition, insolent, sometimes tyrannical. He had, and deservedly, a very lofty opinion of himself; he either had, or affected, too mean a one of his antagonists. *Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis*, was the motto which he avowed. Coming to the government of a very important college, at a time when its discipline had been greatly relaxed, and the abuses were many, his reforms (of which some have been retained even to this day) were pushed with too high a hand; he was too negligent of any particular statute that stood in his way; showed too harsh a disregard to the feelings of gentlemen; and too openly disdained the arts of conciliation. Yet this same man was placable in the highest degree; generous; and, at the first moment when his enemies would make an opening for him to be so, forgiving. His literary quarrels, which have left the impression that he was irritable or jealous, were (without one exception) upon *his* part mere retorts to the most insufferable provocations; and though it is true, that when once teased into rousing himself out of his lair, he *did* treat his man with rough play, left him ugly remembrances of his leonine power, and

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made himself merry with his distressed condition; yet on the other hand, in his utmost wrath, there was not a particle of malice. How should there? As a scholar, Bentley had that happy exemption from jealousy, which belongs *almost* inevitably to conscious power in its highest mode. Reposing calmly on his own supremacy, he was content that pretenders of every size and sort should flutter through their little day, and be carried as far beyond their natural place as the intrigues of friends or the caprice of the public could effect. Unmolested, he was sure never to molest. Some people have a letch for unmasking impostors, or for avenging the wrongs of others. Porson, for example — what spirit of mischief drove him to intermeddle with Mr. Archdeacon Travis? How Quixotic again in appearance — how mean in his real motive — was Dr. Parr's defence of Leland and Jorton; or, to call it by its true name, Dr. Parr's attack upon Bishop Hurd! But Bentley had no touch of this temper. When instances of spurious pretensions came in his way, he smiled grimly and good-naturedly in private, but forbore (sometimes after a world of provocations) to unmask them to the public.[4]

Some of his most bitter assailants, as Kerr, and Johnson of Nottingham, he has not so much as mentioned; and it remains a problem to this day, whether, in his wise love of peace, he forbore to disturb his own equanimity by reading the criticisms of a malignant enemy, or, having read them, generously refused to crush the insulter. Either way, the magnanimity was equal — for a man of weak irritability is as little able to abstain from hearkening after libels upon himself, as he is from retorting them. Early in life (*Epist. ad*

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Mill.) Bentley had declared — '*Non nostrum est χειμένοις ἐπεμβαίνειν*' — *It is no practice of mine to trample upon the prostrate;* and his whole career in literature reflected a commentary upon that maxim. To concede, was to disarm him. How opposite the temper of his enemies! One and all, they were cursed with bad tempers, and unforgiving hearts. Cunningham,[5] James Gronovius, and Johnson, Conyers Middleton,[6] and Colbatch, all lost their peace of mind — all made shipwreck of their charity during the progress of this dispute; some of them for life. But from Bentley, whether wrong or right, as to the *materia litis*, the manner of conducting it drew no qualities but those which did him honor; great energy; admirable resources and presence of mind; the skill and address of a first-rate lawyer; and courage nearly unparalleled under the most disastrous turns of the case, those even, which, on two memorable occasions, (the deprivation of his degrees, and his ejection from the mastership of Trinity College,) seemed to have consigned him to ruin. In the very uttermost hurly-burly of the storm, it is not upon record that Bentley's cheerfulness forsook him for a day. At a time when Colbatch and Middleton were standing before judges as convicted delinquents, absconding from arrests, surrendering to jailers, sneaking to the great men's levees, or making abject interest for the reversion of some hollow courtier's smile, or an insinuation of his treacherous promise, Bentley was calmly pursuing his studies in his castle of the Master's Lodge of Trinity College; sat on unconcernedly even after public officers were appointed to pull him out; and never allowed the good humor of his happy fireside to be disturbed by the

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quarrels which raved outside. He probably watched the proceedings of 'the enemy,' with the same degree of interest with which we all read the newspapers during a foreign war: and the whole of the mighty process, which the bad passions of the other faction made gall and wormwood *to them*, to him appears to have given no more than the pleasurable excitement of a game of chess.

Having thus bespoke the favorable opinion of our readers for Dr. Bentley, and attempted to give that impulse to the judgments upon his conduct, which the mere statement of the circumstances would not always suggest, until after a large examination of the contemporary documents, we shall draw up a rapid sketch of his life, reserving an ampler scale of analysis for the Phalaris controversy, and the college quarrel, as the two capital events which served to diversify a passage through this world else unusually tranquil and uniform.

Richard Bentley was born the 27th of January, 1662, at Oulton, not far from Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Between his grandson, the celebrated Mr. Cumberland, and his present biographer, there is a difference as to the standing of his parents. Cumberland labors to elevate the family to a station of rank and consideration, for which he receives the usual rebukes from Dr. Monk, who pronounces them to have belonged to 'the higher description of English yeomen,' and thinks it more honorable to Bentley 'to have raised himself from obscurity by the force of genius and merit,' than 'to have been born of gentle blood.' But the two cases stand in no real opposition. For a man with Bentley's object, low

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birth is not otherwise an obstacle to success in England, than as the poverty, which it generally presumes, may chance to exclude him from the universities. Once there, he will find that the popular provisions of those great bodies insure the fullest benefit to any real merit he may possess; and without *that*, even noble blood would have failed in procuring those distinctions which Bentley obtained. Besides, for Dr. Monk's purpose, Bentley was not *low enough* — his friends being at any rate in a condition to send him to college. The zeal of Cumberland, therefore, we think rightly directed. And after all, with Dr. Monk's leave, since the question is not, which sort of parentage would be most creditable to Bentley, but which answers best to the facts, we must say that we incline to Cumberland's view. Finding it made out that, during the Parliament war, Bentley's family adhered to the royal cause; and that of his two grandfathers, one was a captain, and the other a major, in the cavalier army; we must think it probable that they belonged to the *armigerous* part of the population, and were entitled 'to write themselves Esquire in any bill, quittance, &c. whatsoever.' On the paternal side, however, the family was impoverished by its loyalty.

From his mother, who was much younger than his father, Bentley learned the rudiments of Latin grammar. He was afterwards sent to the grammar school of Wakefield, and, upon the death of his father, Bentley (then thirteen years old) was transferred to the care of his maternal grandfather, who resolved to send him to college. This design he soon carried into effect; and in the summer of 1676, at what would now be thought too early an age by three years at the

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least, Bentley was matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge. Of his studies at college nothing further is recorded than that he applied himself even thus early to the *res metrica;* and amongst his familiar companions, the only one mentioned of any distinction is the prodigious William Wotton. Of this monster in the annals of premature erudition, we remember to have seen several accounts; amongst others, a pretty good one in Birch's Life of Tillotson. But Dr. Monk mentions some facts which are there overlooked: for instance, that at six years of age he read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, together with some Arabic and Syriac. In his tenth year he entered at Catherine Hall, in Cambridge, on which occasion he was matriculated by the head of that College as *Gulielmus Wotton infra decem annos nec Hammondo nec Grotio secundus.* As this could be true only with a limited reference to languages, the entry seems boyish and precipitate. At thirteen, being then master of twelve languages, and his proficiency in several of these attested by undoubted judges, he took his degree of B. A., an honor for which there was no precedent. It is evident, however, from Wotton's case, that attainments of this kind are found generally, (as Butler says of Hebrew in particular,) 'to flourish best in barren ground.' Dr. Monk, indeed, seems to think that Wotton did not afterwards belie the splendor of his promise. We cannot agree with him. Surely his book on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, the most popular of his works, though necessarily entertaining from its subject, is superficial in a degree scarcely to be explained in one of so much reading, and commanding so much powerful assistance. Another of his works, a History of the

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Roman Empire, written expressly for the Duke of Gloucester, then heir apparent,[7] has no conspicuous merit of any kind, either of popular elegance on the one hand, or of learned research on the other. In fact, Wotton's position in the world of letters was most unfortunate. With accomplishments that were worth little except for show, he had no stage on which to exhibit them; and, sighing for display, he found himself confounded in the general estimate with the obscure drudges of the age. How much more useful, and finally how much more brilliant, to have possessed his friend Bentley's exquisite skill in one or two languages, than a shallow mediocrity in a score!

Bentley took his first degree with distinction, his place in the arrangement of honors corresponding with that of *third wrangler* in the present system. Having now closed his education, he was left to speculate on the best way of applying it to his advancement in life. From a fellowship in his own college, the most obvious resource of a young scholar, he was unfortunately excluded by a by-law, not rescinded until the reign of George IV. At length, after two years' interval, spent (as Dr. Monk supposes) at Cambridge, he was appointed by his college to the head mastership of the Spalding Grammar School. This situation, after holding it about a year, he quitted for the very enviable one of domestic tutor to the son of Stillingfleet, then Dean of St. Paul's. For this also he was indebted to the influence of his college: and perhaps no sort of preferment could have been more favorable to Bentley's views. Stillingfleet was a truly good man; a most extensive and philosophic scholar; a gentleman, and acquainted with courts; and with a liberal allowance

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for the claims of a tutor, having himself officiated in that character. Another great advantage of the place was the fine library belonging to the Dean, which, excepting the celebrated ones of Moore, Bishop of Ely, and of Isaac Vossius, was perhaps the best private collection in the kingdom. It was besides a library of that particular composition which suited Bentley's pursuits; and in the Dean's conversation he had the very best directions for using it to advantage. Meantime, with this ample provision for intellectual wants, worldly ones were not likely to be overlooked. How possible it was at that day for a private tutor to reap nothing from the very highest connections, was seen in the case of Dr. Colbatch, one of Bentley's future enemies. This man had held that situation successively in the families of Bishop Burnet, and of the proud Duke of Somerset; and yet neither from the political Bishop, though all-powerful with Queen Mary, nor from the proud Duke, though Chancellor of his university, could he obtain any preferment. But Stillingfleet loved real merit; and, fortunately for Bentley, in the next reign, being raised to the mitre, possessed the ear of royalty beyond any ecclesiastical person of his own time.

It was in this fortunate situation that Bentley acquired that biblical learning which afterwards entitled him to the Divinity Professorship, and which warranted his proposals for a revised text of the New Testament, even after that of his friend Mill. About six years being spent in this good man's family, most delightfully no doubt to himself, — and then chiefly laying the foundations, broad and deep, of his stupendous learning, — Bentley removed with his pupil early in

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1689 to Oxford. Wadham College was the one selected; and both pupil and tutor became members of it. Stillingfleet was now raised to the see of Worcester; and from his extensive connections, Bentley had the most useful introductions in every quarter. In particular, he had the privilege of disporting himself, like Leviathan, in the ocean of the Bodleian library: and it is certainly not going too far to say, that no man ever entered those sacred galleries so well qualified to make a general use of their riches. Of his classical accomplishments it were needless to speak. Mathematics, it is thought, by Dr. Monk, that he studied at Cambridge; and it is certain, that in Dean Stillingfleet's family, he had, by a most laborious process of study, made himself an eminent master of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac.

Dealing much in cattle, a man's talk is of oxen; and living in this El Dorado of books, it was natural that a man should think of writing one. Golden schemes floated in Bentley's mind; for he was a golden scholar, and these were the golden hours of his early manhood. Amongst other works, he projected at this period an entire edition of the Fragments of the Greek Poets, and also a Corpus of the Greek Lexicographers, (Hesychius, Suidas, Pollux, &c.) To the irreparable loss of Grecian literature, neither scheme was accomplished. Already in his *Epist. ad Mill.* he speaks of the first as abandoned — '*Sed hæc fuerunt*,' is the emphatic expression. It was in the fates that Bentley's maiden performance as an author should be in other and more obscure society. Amongst the manuscript riches of the Bodleian there was a copy — the one sole[8] copy in this world — of a certain old Chronicler,

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about whose very name there has been a considerable amount of learned dust kicked up. Properly speaking, he ought to be called *Joannes Malĕlas Antiochenus:* but, if you are not particular about your Greek, you may call him *Malĕla*, without an *s*. This old gentleman, a fellow of infinite dulness, wrote a Chronicle beginning with Adam, and coming down to the 35th year of Justinian. And here lies the necessity of calling him either *Malela* or *Malelas;* for, strange to say, as there were two Alexander Cunninghams, who at this very time were going about the world mere echoes or mocking-birds of each other, so there were two Johns, both of Antioch, both Chroniclers, both asses, (no distinction there,) and both choosing to start from Adam. The publication of this Chronicle had been twice meditated before, but interrupted by accidents. At length, in 1690, it was resumed under the superintendence of Mill, who claimed from Bentley a promise he had made to throw together any notes which might occur to him upon the proof-sheets, as they came reeking from the press. These notes took the shape of an *Epistola ad Millium:* and thus the worthy old jackass of Antioch had the honor of coming forth to the world with the notes of Chilmead, (one of the two early projectors of an edition,) *Prolegomena* by Hody, a learned chaplain of Bishop Stillingfleet's, and this very masterly collection of disquisitions by Bentley upon topics[9] either closely connected with the work, or remotely suggested by it.

Here, by the way, we have a crow to pluck with Dr. Monk. How he came to make such a mistake we know not; *primâ facie*, one would suppose he had not read the work. But this is impossible, for he states very

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well the substance of the most important discussions in the epistle: yet certainly in the following sentence he prefers a charge against Bentley, which is altogether without foundation: — 'In addressing his learned correspondent,' says Dr. Monk, 'he is not satisfied with marking their intimacy by the terms *φίλη κεφαλη*, *Milli jucundissime suavissime*, &c.; but in one place he accosts him *ὦ Ἰωαννιδιον* — an indecorum which neither the familiarity of friendship, nor the license of a dead language, can justify towards the dignified head of a house.' Certainly Dr. Monk *aliud agebat* when he wrote this censure, which at any rate from him, who elsewhere attempts to cheapen the dignity of academic heads, would come with a peculiar want of grace. The case is this: — From a long digression, which Bentley confesses to be too discursive, he suddenly recalls himself to the old Chronicler — *Sed ad Antiochensem redeo* (p. 486 of Lennep's republication); and then, upon an occasion of an allusion to Euripides, he goes on to expose some laughable blunders of Malelas: one of these is worth mentioning; — the passage,

> *Ἥκουσιν εἰς γῆν κυανεᾶν Συμπληγάδων*
> *Πέτραν φυγόντες*[10] —

it seems, the old boy had so construed, as to make *κυανεαν* not a genitive but an accusative, and thus made a present to geography of the yet undiscovered country of the Cyanean land. Upon this, and a previous discovery of a '*Scythian*[11] *Aulis*,' by the sharp-sighted man of Antioch, Bentley makes himself merry; rates the geographers for their oversights; and clapping *old Malelas* on the back, he thus apostrophizes him — 'Euge vero, *ὦ Ἰωαννιδιον*; profecto aptus natus es ad

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omnia abdita et retrusa contemplanda!' (*Well done, Johnny! you are the boy for seeing through a mill-stone!*) Manifestly, then, the I. M. that he is here addressing is not his correspondent John Mill, but the subject of his review, John Malelas, the absurd old donkey of Antioch. This passage, therefore, in mere justice, Dr. Monk will cancel in his next edition: in fact, we cannot conceive how such a mistake has arisen with a man of his learning.

We must also very frankly state our disagreement with Dr. Monk upon the style (meaning the temper) of this epistle. He charges it with 'flippancy,' and thinks some of the expressions 'boastful.' We have lately read it carefully with a view to these censures; and we cannot find any foundation for them in a single instance. *Se faire valoir* is peculiarly the right of a young man on making his *début*. The mere history of the case obliges Bentley sometimes to make known the failure of Isaac Casaubon suppose, of Vossius, or of Gataker, when he had himself brilliantly succeeded: and supposing that the first of these heroes had declared a corruption desperate which Bentley restored with two strokes of his pen, was it altogether his duty to dissemble his exultation? Mere criticism, and a page covered with Greek, do not of themselves proclaim the pretensions of a scholar. It was almost necessary for Bentley to settle his own rank, by bringing himself into collision with the Scaligers, with Salmasius, and Pearson. Now, had this been done with irreverence towards those great men, we should have been little disposed to say a word in his behalf. But far otherwise. In some passage or other, he speaks of all the great critics with filial duty. *Erravit in re*

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levi, says he of one, *gravioribus opinor studiis intentus, vir supra æmulationem nostram longissime positus.*[13] Of Pearson, in like manner, at the very moment of correcting him, he said on another occasion, *that the very dust of his writings was gold.* Æmilius Portus, indeed, he calls *hominum futilissimus*, justly incensed with him for having misled a crowd of great writers in a point of chronology. But speaking of himself, he says — *Nos pusilli homunculi;* and that is always his language when obliged to stand forward as an opponent of those by whose labors he had grown wise.

On this work, as Bentley's first, and that which immediately made him known to all Europe, we have spent rather more words than we shall be able to do on the rest. In dismissing it, however, we cannot but express a hope, that some future editor will republish this and the other critical essays of Bentley, with the proper accuracy and beauty: in which case, without at all disturbing the present continuity of the text, it will be easy, by marginal figures and titles, to point out the true divisions and subdivisions of this elaborate epistle; for want of which it is at present troublesome to read.

It sometimes happens to men of extraordinary attainments, that they are widely talked of before they come forward on the public arena. Much 'buz' is afloat about them in private circles: and as, in such cases, many are always ready to aid the marvellous, a small minority are sure, on the other hand, to affect the sceptical. In so critical a state of general expectation, a first appearance is everything. If this is likely to be really splendid, it is a mistaken policy which would deprecate the raising of vast expectations. On the

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contrary, they are of great service, pushed even to the verge of extravagance, and make people imagine the splendor of the actual success even greater than it was. Many a man is read by the light of his previous reputation. Such a result happened to Bentley. Unfathered rumors had been wandering through 'the circles,' about an astonishing chaplain of the Bishop of Worcester: and so great was the contrast of power and perfect ease in his late work, that his trumpeters and heralds were now thought to have made proclamation too faintly. This state of public opinion was soon indicated to Bentley by a distinction which he always looked upon as the most flattering in his long life. Robert Boyle had died on the last day but one of the year 1691. By his will this eminent Christian left an annual stipend of 50*l.* for the foundation of a lecture in defence of religion against infidels. The appointment to this lectureship has always been regarded as a mark of honor: *à fortiori*, then, the first appointment. That there could have been little hesitation in the choice, is evident; for, on the 13th of February, 1692, Bentley was nominated to this office. The lectures which he preached in the discharge of his duty, are deservedly valued — presenting as much, as various, and as profound philosophy as perhaps was compatible with the popular treatment of the subject. Bentley flattered himself that, after this assault, the atheists 'were silent, and sheltered themselves under deism.' But this was imaginary. Spinosa, in particular, could not have had that influence, which Bentley, Sam. Clarke, and so many others have fancied: for *B. D. S. Opera Posthuma*,[13] 1677, where only his philosophic system can be found, has always been a very

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rare book:[14] and it was never reprinted until Professor Paulus, in our own days, published a complete edition of Spinosa's works. Bayle, it is true, gave some account of the philosophy, but a most absurd, and besides a contemptuous one. In fact, Bayle — spite of the esteem in which his acuteness was held by Warburton, and even by Leibnitz — must be now classed as a spirited *litterateur* rather than philosopher. Hobbists, however, we may believe Bentley, that there were in abundance: but they were a weak cattle; and on Bentley's particular line of argument, even their master hardly knew his own mind.

The lectures answered their end. They strengthened the public opinion of Bentley's talent, and exhibited him in a character more intimately connected with his sacred calling. Once only they were attacked from a quarter of authority. Dr. Monk, it appears to us, undervalues the force of the attack, and, perhaps unduly, ascribes it to an impulse of party zeal. Keill, a Scotchman of talent, whose excellent lectures on Natural Philosophy are still quoted as a text-book in Germany, was led, (and — our impression is — led naturally,) in his examination of Burnet's Theory of the Earth, to notice two errors of Bentley, — one of which, as Dr. Monk puts it more on the footing of a verbal ambiguity than our impression of it would have warranted, we will not insist on. The other, unless our memory greatly deceives us, was this: Bentley, having heard that the moon always presents the same face to our earth, inferred, from that fact, that she had no revolution upon her own axis; upon which, Keill told him, that the fact he stated was a ground for the very opposite inference; since the effect of the moon's

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motion about the earth to bring a different face before us could not be counteracted but by a coincident revolution on her own axis. Keill was a coarse man, who called a spade a spade, as was afterwards sufficiently shown in his almost brutal treatment of Leibnitz, on behalf of his friend Sir Isaac Newton. And it is possible, undoubtedly, that being a Professor at Oxford, he might have conceived some personal pique to Bentley, while resident in that university. But we really see no reason for ascribing to any ungenerous motive a criticism, which, though peevishly worded, was certainly called for by the conspicuous situation of the error which it exposed.

In this year, Bentley was appointed a Prebendary at Worcester, and, in April, 1694, Keeper of all the King's Libraries. During the same year, he was a second time summoned to preach the Boyle Lecture; and in the following year was made one of the Chaplains in ordinary to the King.

Early in the year 1696, Bentley quitted the town-house of the Bishop of Worcester, and commenced housekeeping in his own lodgings as Royal Librarian. These lodgings, had he reaped nothing else from his office, were, to him, as a resident in London, a royal preferment. They were in St. James's Palace, adjoining to those of the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, and looked into the Park. In this year, Bentley took the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and somewhere about the same time appeared the edition of Callimachus, by his friend Grævius, with contributions from himself, of memorable splendor.

In 1697 commenced, on Bentley's part, that famous controversy about the Epistles of Phalaris, which has

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conferred immortality on his name. The circumstances in which it originated are briefly these: The well-known dispute in France, upon the intellectual pretensions in a comparison with each other of the Ancients and Moderns, had been transferred to England by Sir William Temple. This writer, just then at the height of his popularity, had declared for the ancients with more elegance than weight of matter; and, by way of fortifying his judgment, had alleged the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æsop as proofs that the oldest parts of literature are also the best. Sir William was aware that both works had been challenged as forgeries. However, the suspicions of scholars were as yet unmatured; and, in a matter of taste, which was the present shape of the question, Sir William Temple's opinion seemed entitled to some consideration. Accordingly, the Honorable Charles Boyle, nephew to the illustrious philosopher of that name, who was at this time pursuing his studies at Christ Church in Oxford, and, upon the suggestion of Aldrich, the head of that College, had resolved to undertake an edition of some Greek book, as an academic exercise, was directed to Phalaris in particular, by this recent opinion of a friend, to whom he looked up with filial confidence and veneration. To insure as much perfection to his edition as was easily within his reach, Boyle directed Bennet, his London publisher, to procure a collation of MS. in the King's Library. This brought on an application to Bentley, who had just then received his appointment as Librarian; and his behavior on this occasion, scandalously misrepresented to Mr. Boyle, furnished the first ground of offence to Boyle. How long a calumny

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can keep its ground, after the fullest refutation, appears from the Preface to Lennep's Latin version of Bentley's Dissertation, (edit. of 1781,) where, in giving a brief history of the transaction, the writer says, —'Bentleius tergiversari primum; et ægre quod sæpius efflagitatum erat concedere;' and again, —'ecce *subito* Bentleius iter parans Londino, maxima ope contendere a Bennetto ut codex ille statim redderetur.' All this is false. Let us here anticipate the facts as they came out on both sides some years after. Bentley, by the plainest statements, has made it evident that he gave every facility for using the MS.; that he reclaimed it only when his own necessary absence from London made it impossible to do otherwise; that this necessity was foreseen and notified at the time of lending it; and that, even on the last day of the term prefixed for the use of the MS., sufficient time for dispatching the business twice over[15] was good-naturedly granted by Bentley, after his first summons had been made in vain.

These facts are established. That he lent the MS. under no sort of necessity to do so, nay, at some risk to himself, is admitted by Bennet; that he reclaimed it, under the highest necessity to do so, is not denied by any body. At what point of the transaction is it, then, that the parties differ? Simply as to the delay in lending, and on the matter of giving notice, that on such a day it would be resumed. A little procrastination in lending, and forgetting to give notice, would not have justified a public stigma, had either one or the other been truly imputed to Bentley. But both imputations he solemnly denied. It is painful that the stress of any case should rest upon a simple comparison

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of veracity between two men; yet as Mr. Bennet has made this inevitable, let us state the grounds of comparison between himself and Dr. Bentley. In external respectability there was, in the first place, a much greater interval between[16] them than the same stations would imply at this day. Dr. Bentley, in the next place, was never publicly convicted of a falsehood; whereas Bennet was, in this case at any rate, guilty of *one*. Thirdly, whilst the Doctor had no interest at stake which required the protection of a falsehood, (since, without a falsehood, he was clear of the discourtesy charged upon him,) Bennet had the strongest: he had originally brought forward a particular statement, in a private letter, as a cloak for his own and his collator's indolence, without any expectation that it would lead to public consequences; but now, what he had begun in policy, he clung to from dire necessity; since, unless he could succeed in fastening some charge of this nature upon Dr. Bentley, his own excuse was made void; his word of honor was forfeited; and, from the precipitate attack on Bentley, into which he had misled his patron, all color of propriety vanished at once.

However, Bennet's private account was, as yet, uncontradicted; and, on the faith of *that*, Boyle acquainted the public, in the Preface to his edition of Phalaris, that, up to the 40th Letter, he had taken care to have the book collated with the King's MS.; but that, beyond *that* the librarian had denied him the use of it, *agreeably to his peculiar spirit of courtesy*. Upon the very first publication of the Book, Bentley saw it, and immediately wrote to Mr. Boyle, explaining the matter in a polite and satisfactory manner. Boyle

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replied in gentlemanly terms, but did not give him that substantial redress, which Bentley had reason to expect, of cancelling the leaf which contained the affront. No further steps were taken on either side for some time; nor does it certainly appear that any would have been taken, but for an accidental interference of a third party. This was Wotton, Bentley's college friend. His book on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, originally published in 1694, and called out by Sir William Temple's Essay on the same subject, was now (1697) going into a second edition; and as a natural means of increasing its interest, he claimed of Bentley an old promise to write a paper exposing the spurious pretensions of Phalaris and Æsop. This promise had been made before the appearance of Mr. Boyle's book, and evidently had a reference to Sir William Temple's strange judgment upon those authors. But, as matters had altered since then, Bentley endeavored to evade a task which would oblige him to take a severe notice of Mr. Boyle's incivility and injustice. Wotton, however, held him to his engagement, and Bentley (*perhaps* reluctantly) consented. Here again the foreign editor of Lennep is too rash: he says of Bentley, that '*cupide occasionem amplexus est.*' But we are not to suppose that the sincerity with which a man declines a fierce dispute, is always in an inverse ratio to the energy with which he may afterwards pursue it. Many a man shrinks with all his heart from a quarrel, for the very reason that he feels too sensibly how surely it will rouse him to a painful activity, if he should once embark in it, and an irritation fatal to his peace. In the following year, Boyle, or the Christ-Church faction who used his name, re-

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plied at length. And certainly a more amusing[17] book, upon a subject so unpromising, has rarely been written. In particular, we agree with Dr. Monk, that few happier efforts of pleasantry exist, than that piece of raillery upon Bentley, where his arguments for the spuriousness of Phalaris are turned against himself, some critic of a future age being supposed to argue for the spuriousness of the Doctor's dissertation, as a work obviously impossible to have proceeded from a great scholar and a person of dignified station. As to learning, certainly the joint-stock of the company made but a poor exchequer for defraying a war upon Bentley; yet it was creditable to wits and men of fashion: and in one point of view it was most happily balanced, for it was just shallow enough to prevent them from detecting their own blunders; yet, on the other hand, deep enough to give them that colorable show of being sometimes in the right, which was indispensable for drawing out Bentley's knowledge. Had it been a little deeper, they would have forborne their attack on Bentley: had it been a little shallower, Bentley could have had no motive for replying *to them*. Partly from the real merit of the book in those points which the public could best appreciate, partly from the extensive and brilliant connections of the writers, it was eagerly read — a second edition was immediately demanded, and Bentley was supposed to have been defeated. He, meantime, 'hushed in grim repose,' was couchant; and, with his eyes upon the gambols of his victims, was settling himself at leisure for his fatal spring. Spite of the public applauses, some ominous misgivings were muttered: one or two of the Boyle party began to 'funk;' they augured no good

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from the dead silence of Bentley; and Boyle, in particular, who was now in Ireland, sent to Atterbury some corrections furnished by his earliest tutor Gale, the Dean of York; an intimation of error, which Atterbury, who had been a chief contributor to the book, deeply resented. But errors, or corrections, were now alike past notice. Pelides was now armed for the field: the signal was given; and at length, with the fullest benefit of final revision, which left no room for friend or foe to point out a flaw, that immortal Dissertation (*immortalis ista Dissertatio*, to speak the words of Porson) descended like a thunderbolt upon the enemy,

> 'And in one night
> The trumpets silenced, and the plumes laid low.'

In 1699, being then in his thirty-eighth year, Bentley received that main preferment which was at once his reward and his scourge for the rest of his life. At the latter end of that year, Dr. J. Montague was transferred (we cannot say, with Dr. Monk, promoted) from the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge,[18] to the Deanery of Durham. Learning, services to religion, and (according to one rather scandalous tradition[19]) the firmness which he had manifested in governing the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, all conspired to point out Bentley as a person pre-eminently eligible to this station. Accordingly, he received the appointment; and on the first day of February, 1700, he was solemnly installed in his office. It is evident that he rated its value somewhat differently[20] from Dr. Monk; for he refused, in after years, to exchange it for the poor Bishopric of Bristol; and, being asked by the Minister

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what preferment he would consider worth his acceptance, wisely replied, that which would leave him no reason to wish for a removal.

This appointment was made under the unanimous recommendation of an Episcopal Commission, to whom King William, better fitted for a guard-room than the civil duties of the cabinet, had delegated the disposal of all church preferment within the gift of the crown. By the public it could not but have been approved; but it was unpopular in the college, composed chiefly of indolent sots, who were not likely to anticipate with pleasure the disadvantageous terms, on which they would stand with so accomplished a head. And our own conviction is, that the appointment would hardly have been carried, had it not been backed by the influence of the Princess Anne. Since the death of Queen Mary, whose rancorous quarrel with her sister had never been settled, the natural influence of the Princess had been allowed to revive. That excellent lady regarded with particular favor the learned champion of Christianity; and had designed that her son, the Duke of Gloucester, should be sent, at a proper age, to the college over which so meritorious a person presided. In this scheme so much stress was laid on the personal co-operation of Bentley, that by an arrangement unheard of in English universities, his Royal Highness was to have resided under the master's roof. But these counsels were entirely defeated by the hand of Providence, which then lay heavy upon that illustrious house: in six months after Bentley's installation, the young prince was summoned to the same premature death which had carried off all the children of his parents.

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Finding himself now able to offer a suitable establishment to the woman of his heart, on the 4th of January, 1701, Bentley married Mrs. (or, in modern language, Miss) Joanna Bernard, daughter of Sir John Bernard of Brampton, in the county of Huntingdon. This lady, whom he had been accustomed to meet in the family of Bishop Stillingfleet, brought him four children, two daughters and two sons, of whom one died in infancy. He found her a most faithful companion through the storms of his after life; and as her family connections were of considerable distinction, and two years afterwards emerged into a blaze of court favor, she had the happiness of giving a powerful assistance to her husband at a moment of imminent danger. There is a story current, that during his courtship Bentley had nearly forfeited her favor by speaking sceptically of the Book of Daniel[21] — a story resting, it seems, on the slight authority of 'wicked[22] Will Whiston,' and which, as Dr. Monk observes, is 'exceedingly improbable.'

About five months after his marriage, he was collated to the Archdeaconry of Ely, which brought with it not only honor, but two church livings.

After this, Dr. Bentley never actively solicited any further preferment, except once. This was in 1717, when the Regius Professorship of Divinity, by far the richest in Europe, became vacant by the death of Dr. James. It was held that Bentley was ineligible as head of Trinity; for it might have happened, by the letter of the statutes, that he himself, in one character, would become judge of his own delinquencies in the other. However, there was at least one precedent in his favor; and as the real scruples of his opponents

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grew out of anything but principle, whilst his very enemies could not deny that his qualifications for the place were unrivalled, it is agreeable to record, that the intrigues for defeating him were met and baffled by far abler intrigues of his own; and, on the 2d of May, 1718, he was installed in this most lucrative office.

Referring to the earlier years of his connection with Trinity College, we may characterize his conduct generally as one continued series of munificent patronage to literature, beneficial reforms in college usages and discipline, many of which are still retained at this day with gratitude, and, finally, by the most splendid and extensive improvements of the college buildings. His acts of the first class were probably contemplated by the Fellows with indifference; but those of the second, as cutting off abuses from which they had a personal benefit, or as carried with too high a hand, and by means not always statutable, armed the passions of a large majority against him, whilst the continued drain upon their purses for public objects, which, it must be confessed, was in some instances immoderately lavish, sharpened the excitement against him by the irritation of immediate self-interest. Hence arose a faction so strongly organized for the purpose of thwarting him in future, and of punishing him for the past, as certainly no delinquencies of the most eminent state criminal have ever yet called forth in any nation. Bentley, however, resisted with one hand, and continued to offend with the other. The contest soon became a judicial one; and as it was the most memorable one in every respect that England has ever witnessed — for duration, and the inexhaustible resources of the person

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whose interest was chiefly at stake upon its issue — we shall give a faithful abstract of all its revolutions, condensed from many scores of pages in Dr. Monk's quarto. In any life of Bentley, this affair must occupy a foremost place; and, considering the extreme intricacy of Dr. Monk's account, and the extreme falsehood of that in all former biographies, we hope to earn the thanks of our readers by the closeness of our analysis.

On the 21st of December, 1709, the feuds of Trinity College, which had been long ripening to a crisis, were first brought under the eye of a competent manager. On that day, Mr. Edmund Miller, a Fellow of Trinity, coming on a Christmas visit to his old friends, happened to enter the College at the very moment when a fresh encroachment of Dr. Bentley's had flung the whole society into agitation. To Miller, as a lawyer and a Fellow, their grievances were submitted by the College; and as he lost no time in avowing himself their champion, and in very insolent terms, Dr. Bentley lost as little in forcibly dispossessing him of his Fellowship — an act of violence which was peculiarly mistimed; for it did not lessen Miller's power, stimulated his zeal, and added one more to the colorable grounds of complaint. Miller's name was struck off the College boards on the 18th of January; on the 19th, it was restored by the Vice-master and some senior Fellows; and on the 24th, it was again struck off by Bentley. Matters, it may be supposed, were now coming to extremities; and about this time it was that Bentley is said to have exclaimed — 'Henceforward, farewell peace to Trinity College!'

For all important disputes which can arise in the

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different colleges (about forty-five in number) which compose the English universities, the final appeal lies to the *Visitor* of each college. But in the present case a previous question arose, 'Who *was* the visitor?' the Crown, or the Bishop of Ely? Two separate codes of statutes, each in force, held a language on this point inconsistent with each other; and the latter code was even inconsistent with itself. However, as it happened that the particular statute which met the present case spoke unequivocally of the Bishop as visitor, it was resolved to abide by that assumption. And therefore, after communicating with the Bishop, a formal petition was addressed to his lordship, and on the 6th of February, 1710, signed by the Vice-master and twenty-nine Fellows. The Bishop, having received the petition without delay, made as little in sending Bentley a copy of it. And to this Bentley replied in a printed letter to his lordship. The two general heads, under which the charges against Bentley had been gathered, were dilapidation of the College funds, and violation of the statutes. These charges in the present letter are met circumstantially; and in particular on that principal attempt of Bentley's to effect a new and different distribution of the college income, which had in fact furnished the determining motive to the judicial prosecution of the quarrel, Dr. Monk admits that he makes out a very powerful case. Mortified vanity and disappointed self-interest, Bentley describes as the ruling impulses of his enemies. 'Had I,' says he, 'herded and sotted with them: had I suffered them to play their cheats in their several offices, I might have done what I would; I might have devoured and destroyed the College, and yet come away with their applauses

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for a great and good master.' Bentley, in fact, was a most unpopular head succeeding to a very popular one. From whatsoever motive, he had not courted the society of his Fellows: that of itself was a thing that could not be forgiven; and perhaps it is true that from pure mortified *amour propre*, united with those baser impulses which Bentley points out, fastening upon such occasions as the rashness of Bentley too readily supplied, the prosecution against him *did* radically take its rise.

What was the prevailing impression left by Bentley's pamphlet we do not learn. However, as it was well understood to be really his, it did not fail to provoke numerous answers; amongst which Mr. Miller's was eminent for the closeness of its legal arguments, and Blomer's for wit and caustic personality. After the petition, however, with the exception of some attempts on Bentley's side to disunite his enemies by holding out temptations which, as often as they failed, were immediately carried to account by the opposite faction as meditated breaches of the statute — it does not appear that either side made any movement until the 11th July, 1710, when the charges against Bentley were finally digested into fifty-four separate articles. These, having first been presented to the Bishop of Ely, were published in the shape of a pamphlet — supported by such extracts from the statutes as seemed necessary to illustrate or substantiate the charges. The Bishop's first step was to send a copy of the articles to Bentley, who on his part appears 'to have taken no notice of them whatever.' This, be it observed, for many a good year continued to be a right-hand mode of manœuvring with Bentley: unless stirred up by a very long pole, he would not roar for any man.

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Meantime in this year, 1710, had occurred that most memorable of all intrigues, which, out of no deeper root than the slippery tricks of a waiting-woman, had overset the policy of Europe. The Whigs were kicked out; the Tories were kicked in; so far the game went just the wrong way for Bentley, his name being always for fancy borne on the Whig lists — but that was a trifle. All the public disadvantages of his party being ousted, were compensated a thousand times over by the private benefit, that his wife happened to be related in blood to Lord Bolingbroke, (then Mr. Secretary St. John,) and also to Mr. Masham, husband of the favorite. 'On this hint' he moved. By one or both of these channels he reached the ear of Mr. Harley, the Lord Treasurer. The Queen was already won over to his cause; for she had been acquainted of old with the Doctor; and Mrs. Bentley's court connections took care that the scandalous lives of some amongst Bentley's opponents should lose nothing in the telling. The Doctor was 'invited' by the Prime Minister to sketch a scheme of conciliation; and in obedience he drew up the *projet* of a royal letter, which has since been found amongst the Harleian papers. Let it not offend the reader to hear, that in this letter each separate point in dispute was settled in favor of the Doctor himself. Reasonable as that was, however, *Diis aliter visum est*. the Minister was far too tortuous himself to approve of such *very* plain dealing. Indeed, as a lesson upon human nature, the 'Royal Letter' must have been a perfect curiosity: for by way of applying a remedy to the Master's notorious infirmity of excessive indulgence and lax discipline, the letter concluded with strictly enjoining him 'to chastise all license

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among the Fellows,' and promising royal countenance and co-operation in the discharge of duties so salutary

Whether this bold stroke came to the knowledge of the enemy, is hard to say; for Dr. Monk gives us reason to think that it did, and did not, in the very same sentence. Certain it is that Bentley's Royal Letter was forwarded to the Premier on the 10th November, 1710; and on the 21st of that month he received a peremptory summons from the Bishop of Ely to answer the articles against him by the 18th of December. At one time Bentley avowed a design of appealing to the Convocation; but for this, when steps were taken to baffle him, he substituted a petition to the Queen, explaining that her Majesty was the true visitor of Trinity College, that the Bishop of Ely was usurping her rights, and that Richard Bentley, resisting this usurpation, threw himself on her royal protection.

This petition met with immediate attention, and was referred by Mr. Secretary St. John to the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who meantime stayed the Bishop's proceedings. Five months were spent in hearing all parties; and on May 29, 1711, the two officers made their report, which was favorable to the Bishop's claim as respected Bentley, but pointed out to the Queen and the Doctor a legal mode of resisting it. As this decision left Bentley to no more than a common remedy at law, he determined to obtain higher protection; and on July 12th, he addressed a letter to Harley, now Earl of Oxford, congratulating him on his recent escape from assassination, stating his own situation, and concluding with the offer of dedicating to his lordship the edition which he had been long preparing of Horace. This appeal obtained for him the Minister's active pro-

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tection; the Bishop was again directed to stay proceedings; and on the 8th of December the Horace was published, with a dedication, taking due notice of Harley's honors[23] of descent from the Veres and Mortimers. Bentley avowed his own charge of party by saying, that 'Horace was not less in favor with Mæcenas from his having once served under the banners of Brutus and Cassius.'

In 1712, after above seven months' deliberation, the crown lawyers made a report on the question of— *Who was Visitor?* It was unfavorable to Bentley; for though declaring the Crown visitor in a general sense, it decided, nowithstanding, for the Bishop of Ely, in the single case of delinquency charged upon the Master — the very case in question; and one of the lawyers, Sir Joseph Jekyll, declared for the Bishop unconditionally. Now, then, it was expected that the interdict on the Bishop would be immediately taken off. However, it was not; and some speculations arose at that time upon this apparent mystery, which have since appeared to be unfounded. Mrs. Bentley's influence was supposed to be at work. But the secret history of the intrigue was very different. The truth was this: Bentley's enemies had now found their way to Lord Oxford's ear; this should naturally have operated to Bentley's ruin; but fortunately for him, the Treasurer viewed the whole case as one not unworthy of his own management upon Machiavelian principles. A compromise of the dispute was probably what the Minister proposed; and if that were found impossible, an evasion, by a timely removal of Bentley to some other situation.

Meantime, these conciliatory intentions on the part

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of the Premier were suddenly defeated by a strong measure of Bentley's. In the winter of 1712, he refused his consent to the usual division of the College funds. Attacked in this quarter, the Fellows became desperate. Miller urged an application to the Court of Queen's Bench, with a view to compel the Bishop of Ely to proceed as Visitor; for it was believed that the royal interdict would not be recognized by that court. Upon this the Ministers shrank from the prospect of being publicly exposed as partisans in private cabals; and Lord Bolingbroke wrote hastily to the Bishop of Ely, giving him the Queen's permission to proceed, 'as far by law as he was empowered.' Thus warranted, the Fellows brought their cause before the Queen's Bench, and before the end of Easter term, 1713, obtained a rule for the Bishop to show cause why a mandamus should not issue to compel him to discharge his judicial functions.

Two considerable advantages had been obtained by Bentley about this time; he had been able to apply the principle of *divide et impera* in the appointment to an office of some dignity and power: a success which, though it really amounted to no more than the detaching from his enemies of that single member who benefitted by the bribe, he had dexterously improved into a general report that the party arrayed against him were repentant and disunited. The other advantage was of still higher promise. Early in the summer of 1712, the negotiations then pending at Utrecht had furnished the Whigs with an occasion for attack upon Ministers which was expected to unseat them. How sanguine were the hopes embarked upon this effort, appears by the following passage from Swift's *Journal*

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to Stella — We got a great victory last Wednesday in the House of Lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; *and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see Lord Treasurer carried to the Tower.*' In this critical condition, it was important to Oxford and Bolingbroke that their security should appear to stand not merely upon Parliamentary majorities, but also on the general sense of the country. Addresses, therefore, expressing public confidence, were particularly welcome at court; and Bentley managed one for them at Cambridge, which he was deputed to present.

But these were advantages which could avail him nothing in the new posture of the dispute. The Court of Queen's Bench had relieved the Bishop of Ely from the royal interdict. The Bishop lost no time in throwing Bentley upon his defence. Bentley replied laconically (June 13, 1713); and after some further interchange of written pleadings with his accusers, he attempted to bring the whole affair to an abrupt issue at Cambridge; in which case, for want of mature evidence, an acquittal must have followed. But the Bishop was on his guard. He had engaged the late Whig Lord Chancellor, (Lord Cowper,) and Dr. Newman, an eminent civilian,[24] as his assessors; and he replied drily, that if it suited their convenience, November would be the time of trial; but at all events, London would be the place, as best furnished for both sides with the proper legal aids.

However, it happened from the political agitations of that period, that the trial did not in fact come on until May, 1714. The great hall of Ely House was the court-room, and eight of the most eminent lawyers

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of the day assisted on one side or other as counsel. On the charge of wasting the College goods, Bentley made out a strong case. He produced the sanction of a majority; and the funds, it appeared, had been applied, at any rate, to the adorning and repairing of the College. As to the other charge of violating the statutes, it had been Bentley's custom to palliate his strong measures by shifting between the statute and the practice, just as either happened to afford him most countenance; but there were some acts oppressive beyond the countenance of either precedent or statute. Public opinion, and, it is supposed, the private opinion of the Bishop, had hitherto powerfully favored Bentley, but forsook him as the trial advanced; and tradition records, that on some remarkable expression of this, Bentley fainted away. At length, after six weeks' duration, the Visitor was satisfied that the case had been established, and ordered a sentence of ejection from the Mastership to be drawn up. This was done, and the sentence was afterwards found amongst his papers. Meantime, the good Bishop Moore had caught cold during the long sittings; and on the 31st of July, before any of his apparitors could execute the sentence, he was himself summoned away by a sterner apparitor, to the other world. On the day following died Queen Anne; and in one moment the favor of Oxford and Bolingbroke had become something worse than worthless. Thus suddenly did Bentley see both friends and foes vanish from the scene, and the fine old quarrel of Trinity College fell back to the *status quo ante bellum*, and was welcome to begin the world again.

So passed the first five years of the feud. Fleetwood, the new Bishop of Ely, declined to act as Visitor

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of the Master, unless he could also *visit* the Fellows. Upon this significant hint, the prosecutors of Bentley, now reduced by six who had died during the struggle, acceded to a compromise. Sensible, however, that so long as Miller continued to be a Fellow, the stifled fire would be continually rekindled, Bentley applied the whole force of his mind to eject him. A former pretext had been quashed; he now found a new one, but all in vain. The result for the present was simply to refresh the fury of Miller. He was now become a Sergeant; and he laid fresh articles before the Bishop, who persisted, however, in declining to act.

At this point of the history, a new actor came upon the stage, who brought to the management of the quarrel, self-devotion like that of a Christian martyr, and malignity like that of a Pagan persecutor. This was Dr. Colbatch, Professor of Casuistry. As a Fellow of Trinity College, he had unavoidably taken some interest in the affair from the first; but from duty or gratitude he had supported the Master; or had passed into a state of strict neutrality; or, finally, had acquiesced with reluctance in the measures of Miller. At length, however, it is said that some affair of college leases, in the terms of which Bentley seemed to sacrifice reversionary to present interests, put an end to his languor; and he parted from the Master in a state of enmity that in this life was destined to no repose.

Now, then, the College was in perfect anarchy: yet the Bishop of Ely still refused to interfere, unless ordered by the King. In this dilemma the Archbishop of Canterbury, Wake, (the same, we think, who enter-

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tained the mad project for some sort of union with the Popish or Gallican Church,) pointed out the steps to be taken, amongst which the first was a petition to the King in Council. His Grace had himself lately received an affront from Bentley, and he now declared the jolly old Doctor to be 'the greatest instance of human frailty that he knew of.' After some delay, caused by the weakness of the Fellows in neglecting a prudent caution of the Archbishop, the petition was called for by the council and read. Then came a scene, in the history of public businesss, worthy of Swift. The council remits the case to Sir Edward Northey, at that time Attorney-General; Mr. Attorney remits to the Bishop of Ely; the Bishop back again to Mr. Attorney; and finally exit Mr. Attorney in a hurry with all the papers in a bundle; for Sir Edward was soon dismissed from office, and carried off the quarrel in his pocket. This was in 1716: for the three years which succeeded, Colbatch allowed himself to be amused with the merest moonshine by the Chancellor, Lord Macclesfield, who secretly protected Bentley. In 1719 the petition came again to light; and being read at the council board, was referred by the Lords Justices, who represented the absent King, to a committee of the Privy Council. This resurrection from Sir Edward Northey's pocket, was a sad blow to Bentley: three years' slumber gave him hopes that the petition had been applied to some 'culinary or post-culinary purpose,' in which case he was well assured that another of equal weight could no longer be substituted. However, the next step was to get it *laid*; and that could be done only by a compromise with Sergeant Miller. This had been attempted in vain

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some years back, as it happened that the Sergeant was at that time discharging his wrath in a book against the Doctor. That book, however, hurt nobody but its author; and the Sergeant now listened favorably to an overture, which offered him a profitable retreat. He retired forever from the contest, with the reputation of a traitor, and £528 sterling in his purse; he rose afterwards to be a member of Parliament, and a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, but in Cambridge he never retrieved his character.

For eleven years the quarrel had now raged in the courts; for the next seven, in consequence of this compromise with Miller and the Bishop of Ely's *inertia*, it was conducted by the press; and strange it is to record, that all attempts in this way of Bentley's enemies, though practised authors, recoiled heavily on themselves — how many pamphlets, so many libels. Sergeant Miller had already paid dearly for *his*. Next came Conyers Middleton, who, in two particular sentences, seemed to intimate that justice could not be had (or even a hearing) from the King in Council. In November, 1721, the King and Richard Bentley taught him in Westminster Hall to take a new view of the subject. He was compelled to ask pardon, and heavily amerced in costs. Colbatch, with this warning before his eyes, committed exactly the same fault in a more dangerous shape. He was prosecuting Bentley as the supposed author of a supposed libel on himself in the University Courts; and in support of the University jurisdiction, he published a book called *Jus Academicum*. Circumstances arose, however, to convince him that more danger was at hand to himself than his antagonist, and he declared himself willing to

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drop the proceedings. 'Are you so?' said Bentley; 'but so am not I.' There is a vulgar story of a gentle Quaker, who, finding a dog in the act of robbing his larder, declined rough modes of punishment, but said he would content himself with a parting admonition; upon which, opening the door to the dog, he cried after him — 'Mad dog! good people, a mad dog!' In the same fashion did Bentley, not troubling himself to institute prosecutions, quietly beg leave, by his counsel, to read a sentence or two from the *Jus Academicum* before the Judges of the King's Bench. That was enough: the Judges bounced like quicksilver, for their jurisdiction was questioned; and Dr. Colbatch, in Mr. Thurtell's language, was 'booked.' The troubles he went through in skulking from justice, and running after great men's intercession, would really make a novel. The following extracts from Dr. Monk's account, lift up the veil upon the wretched condition of him who is struggling in the meshes of the law. After mentioning that the two Secretaries of State had promised their intercession with the Chief Justice, the account goes on thus: —

'He himself preferred his application to the Lord Chancellor, now Earl of Macclesfield, who, however great might be his faults, was remarkably accessible and affable. He indulged Colbatch with many interviews; and although he condemned, without reserve, the offending passages of his book, promised him his good offices with the Chief Justice,* to make the consequences light. But the patronage of these great ministers was not calculated to render the unfortunate divine any real service. The distinguished judge, who presided on the bench, entertained a high notion of the dignity of his court. He had also too just an opinion of the sanctity of the judicial character, not to be jealous of the interference of persons in power with the administration

* Viz., Pratt, Lord Camden.

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of justice. He therefore heard the representations of the Cabinet ministers, without the least disposition to attend to them ; insomuch, that the Premier accounted for his inflexibility by observing, that *Pratt had got to the top of his preferment, and was, therefore, refractory, and not to be governed by them.*'

Soon after this, the publisher, Wilkin, was brought to the bar : —

'The affrighted bookseller made an effort to save himself, by declaring that Dr. Colbatch was the author ; but the Chief Justice told him he might do as he pleased about giving up the author, for it should not save him from the punishment due to the offence of circulating the pamphlet ; and that his fate should be a warning to other publishers ; adding, that the court would serve the author in the same way if brought before them. Wilkin's terrors were greatly augmented, when, upon applying in the evening at the chambers of Mr. Justice Fortescue to be bailed, he was informed by his lordship that he had that day taken as bail, of the publisher of the Freeholder's Journal, (a treasonable paper,) £1000, and £500 for each of his sureties ; and he was actually required to produce the same amount, the judge saying that his offence was as great, or greater.'

The danger now thickened, and Colbatch was advised to keep out of the way, and with the utmost speed to procure the King's pardon, which had been promised him by *both* Secretaries of State. In what manner great men kept their promises in those days, the reader shall hear :

'When he renewed his application for the interference of the great Ministers in his favor, he found their tone much altered. Lord Carteret, in particular, had at first been profuse in his assurances of protection in case of the worst. *Should the Doctor be sent to prison, here*, said he, brandishing his pen, *is Mercury's wand which will soon fetch him out.* Now, however, his lordship's language was altered ; he advised so and so, and he would undertake that nothing should hurt him. But Dr

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Friend, whose heart misgave him on this point, begged his lordship to pledge his word, that, in case of the worst, *Mercury's wand* should be put in operation. Re-encouraged by a fresh promise, the delinquent, who had changed his lodgings to escape notice, now put on his gown, and appeared publicly in the streets and in Westminster Hall. But here some lawyers, upon learning the grounds of his security, told him to *despair his charm*, for that if he confessed himself the author of *Jus Academicum*, the King himself could not hinder his being sent to prison.'

In this trying situation, Colbatch in 1722 strengthened himself by new friends, such as the Archbishop of York, the President of the Council, and many others; but at length he discovered 'that there was a lion in his path, which intercepted all his prospects of powerful mediation.' And who should this lion be? Why, simply that friend, the Chancellor, to wit, who was the warmest of all in professions. What a picture of courts does the following passage expose!

'The minister (Lord Townshend) then sent him to wait upon the Chief Justice, with a message from himself, intimating that the Crown would interfere to stay proceedings, and wishing to know in what manner that object could most properly be effected. Colbatch proceeded immediately to Sir John Pratt's, but found that he had just gone out; whereupon an unfortunate idea came across his mind, that he ought to go and communicate the Minister's designs to the Lord Chancellor, lest he should appear to distrust the promise of the latter. This wily Lord, having learnt the state of the case, determined to counteract what was doing; and, under pretence of smoothing the way, made the Doctor promise not to deliver Lord Townshend's message to the Chief Justice, till he had himself seen him upon the subject. Colbatch, nowever, presently perceiving that he had been surprised and tricked by this exalted personage, went back to Lord Townshend, and candidly told him what had passed. The Minister revived his spirits, by promising to procure him the King's pardon the next day, and directed him to call upon him again in the evening

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at his office, when he should see and talk with the Chancellor. Going at the time appointed, he found a cabinet meeting just broken up. Lord Townshend, as soon as he saw him, ordered Lord Macclesfield to be recalled, and the two great men held a long conversation apart, in which the Chancellor contrived to intercept the favor designed for the unfortunate Colbatch. They then joined him, and Lord Macclesfield urged that nothing more was required of him but to make a reasonable apology to the court, and that he would be committed to satisfy form; that this would be only nominal, as he would regain his liberty the next day; and earnestly advised him to undergo this trivial ordeal. Lord Townshend then joined in the recommendation, saying — *Do, good Doctor, do.* Thus pressed, he had no alternative but to acquiesce, although he was no longer deceived, but saw himself the victim of a hard-hearted policy.'

Certainly, if the Doctor's friends were knaves, *ou à-peupres*, the Doctor himself was a fool, *ou à-peupres*. And the very perfection of folly — pig-headed folly, (opposed to the equal pig-headedness in the judge,) — appears in the final scene of this little drama, which we transcribe as a fair rival to any of the same kind in Gil Blas: —

'After, &c. &c., Dr. Colbatch was again brought up before the King's Bench, to petition for his discharge; whereupon Sir Littleton Powis, the senior puisne judge, delivered him his final objurgation. His lordship had just been reading *Jus Academicum*, and was master of its contents; but, unfortunately for the author, he considered some of the reflections, intended for Dr. Bentley, as levelled against the Court. He termed the appeals made to *foreign* lawyers quite *foreign* to the purpose; — a conceit which took his lordship's fancy so much, that he repeated it three or four times in the course of his speech. But the most disastrous point was the motto of the book — *Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat.* He accused Colbatch of applying to the Court of King's Bench the most virulent verse in all Horace, — *Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non* ABROGAT. The culprit immediately set him right as to Horace's word; and told him besides,

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that the motto was intended to apply, not to the judges, but to Dr. Bentley. Sir Littleton, however, would not be driven from what he considered his stronghold; he thrice recurred to this unhappy quotation, which accused their lordships of *abrogating* the laws; and *each time* Colbatch was imprudent enough to interrupt and correct him. At last the Court remarked to his counsel, Kettelbey, that his client did not appear to be sensible of his being in contempt; and, to convince him of that fact, sentenced him to pay £50, to be imprisoned till it was paid, and to give security for his good behavior for a year.'

It will appear like judicial infatuation in Bentley's enemies, that, on that same day when this scene took place in the King's Bench, another process was commenced against Conyers Middleton for a libel upon the same Court. 'The pamphlet being handed to the Bench, the Chief Justice pronounced, that, if Dr. Middleton was really the author, he must be the most ungrateful man alive, considering that the Court had already treated him with so much lenity.' In fact, this unhappy coincidence in time of the two cases, gave to the reverend libellers the appearance of being in a conspiracy. However, though Middleton would not take a lesson from his friend to avoid his offence, he *did* as regarded the management of his defence. He applied to no Lord Macclesfields or Secretaries of State; and, in consequence, he met precisely the same punishment as Colbatch, without the same protracted suffering. And so ended the sixth suit which Bentley had prosecuted to a triumphant issue, within three years, in the King's bench, himself, enjoying all the time the most absolute *otium cum dignitate*, whilst his malicious enemies were mere footballs to the fury of law.

These, however, were no more than episodes in the

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great *epos* of the original quarrel. In the latter end of 1727, after a seven years' rest, this began to revive. Bishop Fleetwood had been succeeded in the See of Ely by Greene, who was willing to act, provided his expenses were guaranteed, and certain legal questions answered favorably. His demands were granted; and five eminent lawyers, having separately returned satisfactory answers, preparations were making for assault. Though managed silently, Bentley heard of them; and immediately petitioned the King, telling him that the Bishop of Ely was going to rob him of his rights. After three months' waiting for the result, the Bishop in turn petitioned the King to be heard on behalf of his See. A committee of the Privy Council was then appointed. Delays, as usual, were devised by Bentley; and it was not before March, 1729, that th committee decided, that 'they could not advise his Majesty to interfere at all, but that the Bishop was at liberty to proceed as he thought proper.'

Richard Bentley had come to a different decision, as he soon made Bishop Greene understand. In November, his lordship began to stir; but Bentley soon pulled him up by moving the King's Bench for a prohibition, on the ground, that before he could be 'visited,' he must be twice admonished by the Vice-master: now, as he took care to have a Vice-master of his own choosing, this was not likely to happen before the Greek calends. The judges at length refused the prohibition, holding that the preliminary admonition was required only in cases of petty delinquencies. Bishop Greene was therefore once more declared at liberty to proceed; and at last it was thought, says Dr. Monk, 'that all Bentley's resources were at an end.'

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Little did they know of Richard Bentley who thought thus. On the 2d June, 1729, steps were again taken at Ely House, and a further day assigned. Before that day came, again had Bentley put a spoke in the Bishop's wheel. He applied to the King's Bench for a writ of prohibition on new grounds; and this time he succeeded. Next term, the Bishop applied to have the prohibition taken off. But that was more easily asked than granted. Bentley had bothered the judges with a paper which cost a week even to copy. The judges had no time to read it, and were obliged to continue the prohibition; and then came the long vacation. In November, 1729, the campaign opened again; but the Court declared that no case like this had ever come before them, and declined to pronounce judgment until it had been argued by way of declaration and answer.

In 1730, with the vernal resurrection of nature, up rose the everlasting process. 'Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily.' Bishop Greene put in his plea. Bentley took no notice of it; nor would to this hour, had not a rule been applied for to compel him. At the last minute of the time allowed, he replied, by asking for time, — a month, for instance. The Court granted a week. At the last minute of the week he put in a *replication*, which, in Strange's Reports, is described as 'immaterial.'

Upon this the Bishop, in technical phrase, *demurred*. But here, again, Bentley got Bishop Greene under his arm, and 'fibbed' him. It is presumed in law, that, for his own interest, a plaintiff will proceed quickly; so that, if he should not, the rules of Court make no provision for compelling him. Now, it is true that

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Bentley was defendant on the main case; yet, on that part of it which came before the Court of King's Bench, he was plaintiff; of course he made no sign of proceeding. In Trinity term measures were taken to compel him. But next came another step, which also belongs to plaintiff. Plaintiff failed. As this was no more than making up what is called a 'paper book,' defendant did it for him. But this Bentley would not hear of. 'By no means,' said he; 'it is my duty to do it. I have failed; and I insist on being compelled to do my duty.' And in this way again he whiled away the year until the long vacation arrived, when all men rest from their labor. Who will deny that his friends in Cambridge did right in giving the unconquerable old man a triumphal reception, meeting him at Bourn Bridge, and preparing him a welcome in Trinity College, in a manner similar to that of his Majesty's late reception in Cambridge?

Michaelmas term, 1730, the judges after hearing three days' argument, gave judgment against two of Bentley's pleas; on the third, they postponed their decision.

Easter term, 1731, arrived, and new light dawned for Bentley. The charges against him all went upon a presumed validity of certain statutes, known as Queen Elizabeth's, which had superseded the elder statutes of Edward VI., and no question had arisen, but as to which set of statutes were valid for this particular case. Suddenly the judges themselves started a question. Were these statutes valid for *any* case? Counsel on neither side had heard a whisper in that direction. Being uninstructed, they were silent. The judges differed amongst themselves, and the result seemed

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doubtful. But all at once they discovered a screw loose in another quarter. It was this: The Bishop had described himself as 'Visitor especially authorized and appointed by the 40th of Queen Elizabeth's statutes.' Now, waiving the other question, at any rate it was the elder statutes which had created this jurisdiction, the Elizabethan (supposing them valid) having at most recognized it. This flaw was held fatal by the whole bench, in other respects not unanimous, and a sufficient reason for continuing the prohibition.

So terminated this stage of the interminable process; damages to the prosecutors — little less than £1000; and to Bentley, whose costs fell on the College, (and in their proportion, therefore, upon the prosecutors,) £1300. Prosecutors had to pay Bentley £289, as costs contracted in discussing objections of *his* raising, notwithstanding every one of these objections had been dismissed. Such a result of their malice it is delightful to record.

How Dr. Monk reconciles it with the fact of the continued prohibition, we pretend not to guess; so it is, however, that we now find him speaking of Bishop Greene, as being at liberty to proceed 'at discretion.' However, we must take things as we find them. In July, 1731, Bentley, on suspicion that Bishop Greene was meditating a choice of courses, resolved to spare Bishop Greene any course at all. With that view he petitioned the King to prohibit him by a *fiat* of the Attorney-General. This new attack exhausted Bishop Greene's entire stock of patience. Bishop Greene began to sing out furiously; and, when the petition, after two hearings, was dismissed as illegal in its prayer, his lordship resolved to go in to his man, and

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finish him in as few rounds as possible. Yet how? After much deliberation, it was resolved to adopt the plan of an appeal to the House of Lords for a reversal of the late judgment of the King's Bench.

It is ludicrous to mention, that whilst this grand measure was pending, a miniature process occurred, which put all the parties to the great one through what had now become regular evolutions. Bentley had expelled a gentleman from Trinity College. Of course, the man appealed to the Bishop of Ely; — of course the Bishop of Ely cited Bentley before him; — of course Bentley treated the citation with contempt, and applied to the King's Bench for his own familiar friend — the rule to prohibit; and, of course, the court granted it. Upon which this feud merged quietly into the bosom of the main one, which now awaited the decision of the Upper House of Parliament.

On the 6th of May, the case opened before this illustrious Court, who were now to furnish a *peripeteia* to an affair which had occupied and confounded all sorts of courts known to the laws or usages of this kingdom. 'The interest attached to the cause, and the personage whose fortunes were at stake,' says Dr. Monk, 'produced full houses on almost every day that it was argued.' The judges were ordered to attend the House during its continuance; and, from the novelty of the case or some other reason, it was followed by the Peers with singular zest and attention.

On the 8th of May, the judgment of the King's Bench was reversed, chiefly (it is believed) through a speech of Bishop Sherlock's. The House then undertook, after some debate, to deliberate separately upon all the articles of accusation preferred against Bentley.

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This deliberation extended into the next session; and, upon the 15th of February, 1733, final judgment was pronounced, giving to the Bishop of Ely permission to try the Master of Trinity on twenty of the sixty-four articles. The first court was held at Ely House on the 13th of June, 1733; and, on the 27th of April, 1734, the whole trial being concluded, Bishop Greene, unsupported, however, by his assessors, both of whom, it is known, were for a sentence of acquittal, 'in terms of great solemnity,' declared that Dr. Bentley was proved guilty both of dilapidating the goods of his college, and violating its statues; and, accordingly, *pronounced him to be deprived of the Mastership of Trinity College.*

At length, then, after infinite doubles through a chase of five-and-twenty years, the old fox is hunted to earth: but who shall be the man to smoke him out? Bentley saw no reason why the matter of execution might not be made to yield as good sport as the matter of trial. He had already provided an evasion; it was this: the statute says, that when convicted, the Master shall, without delay, be stripped of his office by the Vice-master. He only was authorized to execute the sentence. The course then was clear: a Vice-master was to be provided who would *not* do his duty. The Bishop had a sort of resource in such a case. But Bentley had good reasons for believing, that it would be found unserviceable. Wanted therefore immediately, for Trinity College, a stout-hearted son of thunder, able to look a bully in the face. How ardently must Bentley have longed to be his own Vice! As that could not be, he looked out for the next best on the roll.

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Meantime the Bishop issued three copies of his sentence — one to Dr. Bentley, one for the college gates, and a third to Dr. Hacket, the Vice-master, requiring him to see it executed. The odious Colbatch already rioted in his vengeance: more than delay he did not suspect; yet even this exasperated his venom, and he worried the poor Vice with his outcries.

Bentley, be it remembered, was now in his seventy-third year: his services to Trinity College, to classical literature, to religion, were greater than can be readily estimated. Of his prosecutors and judge, on the other hand, with a slight change in Caligula's wish, any honest man might desire for the whole body one common set of posteriors, that in planting a single kick he might have expressed his collective disdain of them, their acts, and their motives. Yet old as Bentley was, and critical as he found his situation, he lost no jot of his wonted cheerfulness: 'He maintained,' says his biographer, 'not only his spirits, but his accustomed gayety;' and in allusion to his own predicament, gave the candidates, as a subject for a theme, the following words of Terence —

——— 'hoc nunc dicis
Ejectos hinc nos: omnium rerum, heus, vicissitudo est!'

Hacket, however, was not a man to depend upon; he 'felt uneasy, and had no mind to become a victim in defence of one whom he regarded with no affection.' Luckily he was willing to resign: luckily, too, just then, Dr. Walker became eligible — a devoted friend, of whom Dr. Monk believes, that he 'would have cheerfully risked his life in the protection of his master.'[25]

Dr. Walker was elected. He was not a man to be

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terrified by ugly words, nor by grim faces. Bishop Greene sent his mandate to Dr. Walker, requiring him immediately to deprive the Master: *no attention was paid.* Colbatch put bullying questions: Dr. Walker '*declined to give any reply.*' Then Bishop Greene petitioned the House of Lords, the very Court which had directed him to try the Doctor: the House kicked the petition out of doors. Then Bishop Greene turned to the Court of King's Bench; and the Court granted a mandamus to Dr. Walker to do his duty. But that writ was so handled by Bentley's suggestions, that the judges quashed it. Then Bishop Greene procured another mandamus in another shape, viz. a mandamus to himself to compel Dr. Walker to do his duty. But that writ was adjudged, after long arguments, to be worse than the other. Then Bishop Greene obtained a third mandamus, which included some words that were thought certain to heal all defects: but upon argument it was found, that those very words had vitiated it. And in this sort of work Bentley had now held them in play four years since the sentence. Now, then, all mankind, with Bishop Greene at their head and Colbatch at their tail, verily despaired. 'Dr. Bentley had been solemnly sentenced and declared to be ejected; yet all the artillery of the supreme courts of the kingdom could not be so pointed as to get him within their range. Through four consecutive years after his sentence, writ upon writ, mandamus after mandamus, had been issued against him: but all in vain: budge he would not for gentle or simple: the smoke of his pipe still calmly ascended in Trinity Lodge. And like the care-hating old boy of Beaumont and Fletcher, he argued *that it always had been*

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so, and doubtless it always would be so. At length, when the third writ was quashed by the Judges of the King's Bench, after a solemn hearing on the 22d of April, 1738, his enemies became finally satisfied that 'this world was made for Cæsar;' and that to dislodge Dr. Bentley, by any forms of law yet discovered amongst men, was a problem of sheer desperation. From this day, therefore, that idle attempt was abandoned by all human beings, except Colbatch, who could find nobody to join him: and from this date, twenty-nine years from the opening of the process, and about thirty-eight from the opening of the quarrel, its extinction may be dated. The case appears to have been fatal to the See of Ely; for Bishop Moore had lost his life in trying Bentley; Bishop Fleetwood saved his by letting him alone; and Bishop Greene, after floundering in his own sentence for four years, departed this life in a few days after finding out that it never would be executed.

Thus ended this great affair, which occupied about two-thirds of Dr. Bentley's manhood.[26] After this he amused himself with prosecuting old Colbatch for 3*s.* 6*d.* which Colbatch (upon principles of ecclesiastical polity) vehemently desired to cheat him of. It is gratifying to add, that he trounced Colbatch, who was sentenced to pay 3*s.* 6*d.*, together with 2*s.* 6*d.* arrears, and £20 costs.[27] Colbatch talked of applying to a higher court: but afterwards thought better on that subject, and confined his groans to a book — which, it is to be hoped, no mortal ever read.

This last of his thousand-and-one lawsuits terminated in 1740: after which, he enjoyed a clear space of more than two years for assoiling himself from the

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irritation of earthly quarrels, and preparing for his end. His last appearance of a public nature, was on occasion of something which we must not call foolery in the offending parties, since Dr. Monk considers it 'alarming;' and here it was that he delivered his final jest. A youth, whose name has not reached posterity with much lustre, one Strutt, had founded a sect of atheists, by a book published in 1732. The Struttian philosophy had been propagated by Mr. Tinkler Ducket, a Fellow of Caius College. Tinkler, ambitious (it seems) of martyrdom in the cause of Struttism, privately denounced his own atrocities: a great fuss ensued: bishops and archbishops were consulted: and, finally, Tinkler was brought to trial upon a charge of Strutting. He was fully proved to have Strutted, though he attempted to deny it: and on the last day of trial, Dr. Bentley being wanted to make up a *quorum* of heads, and by way of paying honor to the father of the university, who could not easily go to *them*, the court, with its appendages, atheist and all, adjourned to *him*. Court being seated, Bentley begged to know which was the atheist: and upon Tinkler being pointed out to him, who was a little meagre man, 'Atheist!' said he, 'how! is that the atheist? Why, I thought an atheist would be at least as big as Burrough the beadle!' Burrough, it may readily be supposed, was a burly personage, fitted to enact the part of leader to a defying philosophy.

This incident occurred early in 1739. Some time further on in the same year, is fixed, conjecturally, as the period of a paralytic attack, from which it is certain that he suffered at *some* time in his latter years. That it was a slight one, is evident from the fact, that he

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acted as an examiner for a scholarship within a month of his death.

About the beginning of the next year he lost his wife, in the fortieth year of a union memorably happy. His two daughters, both married, united their pious attentions to soothe his old age, and to win his thoughts from too painful a sense of this afflicting trial: and one of them, Mrs. Cumberland, having four children, filled his else desolate mansion with the sound, long silent, of youthful mirth and gladness. 'Surrounded with such friends, the Doctor experienced the joint pressure of old age and infirmity as lightly as is consistent with the lot of humanity. He continued to amuse himself with reading; and, though nearly confined to his arm-chair, was able to enjoy the society of his friends, and several rising scholars, (Markland, John Taylor, Thomas Bentley, &c.,) who sought the conversation of the veteran Grecian: with them he still discussed the readings of classical authors, recited Homer, and expounded the doctrine of the Digamma.'

Mr. Cumberland's portrait of his grandfather's amiable old age, we forbear to quote, as probably familiar to most of our readers: but one or two peculiarities in the domestic habits of his latter years, as less known, we add from Dr. Monk: — 'It is recorded that Bentley enjoyed smoking with his constant companion (Dr. Walker); a practice which he did not begin before his seventieth year: he is stated also to have been an admirer of good port wine, while he thought contemptuously of claret; *which*, he said, *would be port if it could*. He generally wore, while sitting in his study, a hat with an enormous brim — as a shade to protect his eyes; and he affected more

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than ever a fashion of addressing his familiars with the singular pronouns *thou* and *thee*.'

There is, it seems, a tradition in Cambridge, that Bentley was accustomed to describe himself as likely to attain the age of fourscore years; but on what particular ground, is not said. In making this remark, he would observe, by way of parenthesis, that a life of that duration was long enough to read everything worth reading; and then reverting to the period he had anticipated for himself, he would conclude —

'Et tunc magna mei sub terris ibit imago.'

If this anticipation were really made by Bentley, it is a remarkable instance of that unaccountable spirit of divination which has haunted some people, (Lord Nelson, for instance, in the obstinate prediction before his final victory — *that the 21st of October would be his day*:) Bentley *did* accomplish his eightieth year, and a few months more. About the 10th of July, he was seized with what is supposed to have been a pleuritic fever. Dr. Heberden, at that time a young physician in Cambridge, for some reason not stated, (perhaps the advanced age of the patient,) declined to bleed him — a measure which Bentley himself suggested, and which is said to have been considered necessary by Dr. Wallis. That the indications of danger were sudden and of rapid progress, is probable from the fact, that Dr. Wallis, who was summoned from Stamford, arrived too late. Bentley expired on the 14th of July, 1742; and in his person England lost the greatest scholar by far that she ever has produced; greater than she *will* produce, according to all likelihood, under the tendencies of modern education

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Some account of his principal works, and a general estimate of his services to literature, and of his character and pretensions as a scholar, we reserve to a separate section.

PART II.

THE age is past in which men rendered a cheerful justice to the labors of the classical scholar. Joseph Scaliger, Isaac Casaubon, and the monster of erudition, Claudius Salmasius, are supposed by multitudes of sciolists to have misdirected their powers. In that case, Richard Bentley must submit to the same award. Yet it would perhaps be no difficult achievement to establish a better apology for the classical student than is contemplated by those who give the tone to the modern fashion in education.

What it is proposed to *substitute* for classical erudition, we need not too rigorously examine. Some acquaintance with the showy parts of Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry — a little *practical* Mathematics — a slight popular survey of the facts of History and Geography — a sketch of empirical Political Economy — a *little* Law — a *little* Divinity — perhaps even a *little* Medicine and Farriery; such are the elements of a fashionable education. All that is really respectable in a scheme of this complexion, the mathematics and the mechanical philosophy, judging by the evidence of the books which occasionally appear, should seem to be attained with any brilliant success only in that university (Cambridge) where these

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studies are pursued jointly with the study of classical literature. The notion of any hostility, therefore, between the philological researches of the Greek and Latin literator on the one hand, and the severe meditations on the other, of the geometrician and the inventive analyst — such a hostility as could make it necessary to weigh the one against the other — is, in practice, found to be imaginary. No *comparative* estimate, then, being called for, we may confine ourselves to a simpler and less invidious appreciation of classical erudition upon the footing of its *absolute* pretensions.

Perhaps a judicious pleading on this subject would pursue something of the following outline:

First. It is undeniable that the progress of *sacred* literature is dependent upon that of profane. The vast advances made in Biblical knowledge, and in other parts of divinity, since the era of the Reformation, are due, in a great proportion, to the *general* prosecution of classical learning. It is in vain to attempt a distinction between the useful parts of this learning and the ornamental: All are useful, all are necessary. The most showy and exquisite refinements in the doctrine of Greek melic metre, even where they do not directly avail us in expelling anomalies of syntax or of idiom from embarrassed passages, and thus harmonizing our knowledge of this wonderful language, yet offer a great indirect benefit: they exalt the standard of attainment, by increasing its difficulty and its compass; and a prize placed even at an elevation useless for itself, becomes serviceable as a guarantee that all lower heights must have been previously traversed.

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Secondly. The general effect upon the character of young men from a classical education, is pretty much like that which is sought for in travelling; more unequivocally even than *that*, coming at the age which is best fitted for receiving deep impressions, it liberalizes the mind. This effect is derived in part from the ennobling tone of sentiment which presides throughout the great orators, historians, and *littérateurs* of antiquity; and in part it is derived from the vast *difference* in temper and spirit between the modern (or Christian) style of thinking, and that which prevailed under a Pagan religion, connected, in its brightest periods, with republican institutions. The mean impression from *home-keeping*, and the contracted views of a mere personal experience, are thus, as much as by any other conceivable means, broken and defeated. Edmund Burke has noticed the illiberal air which is communicated to the mind by an education exclusively scientific, even where it is more radical and profound than it is likely to be under those theories which reject classical erudition. The sentiments which distinguish a *gentleman* receive no aid from any attainments in science; but it is certain, that familiarity with the classics, and the noble direction which they are fitted to impress upon the thoughts and aspirations, *do* eminently fall in with the few other chivalrous sources of feeling that survive at this day. It is not improbable, also, that a reflection upon the 'uselessness' of such studies, according to the estimate of coarse Utilitarians — that is, their inapplicability to any object of mercenary or mechanic science, co-operates with their more direct influences in elevating the taste. Thence, we may explain the reason of the universal hatred amongst

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plebeian and coarse-minded Jacobins to studies and institutions which point in this direction. They hate the classics for the same reason that they hate the manners of chivalry, or the characteristic distinctions of a gentleman.

Thirdly. A sentiment of just respect belongs to the classical scholar, if it were only for the numerical *extent* of the items which compose the great total of his knowledge. In separate importance, the acquisitions of the mathematician transcend *his:* each several proposition in that region of knowledge has its distinct value and dignity. But in the researches of the scholar, more truly than in any other whatsoever, the details are infinite. And for this infinity of acts, on the parts of the understanding and the memory, if otherwise even less important, he has a special claim upon our consideration.

Fourthly. The *difficulty*, as derived from peculiar idiom and construction, of mastering the two classical languages of antiquity, more especially the Greek, is in itself a test of very unusual talent. Modern languages are learned inevitably by simple efforts of memory. And, if the learner has the benefit of a rational plan of tuition, viz. the tuition of circumstances, which oblige him to speak the language, and to hear it spoken, for all purposes of daily life, there is perhaps no living idiom in Europe which would not be mastered in three months. Certainly, there is none which presupposes any peculiar talent, as a *conditio sine qua non* for its attainment. Greek *does;* and we affirm peremptorily, that none but a man of singular talent can attain (what, after all, goes but a small way in the accomplishments of a scholar) the power of

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reading Greek fluently at sight. The difficulty lies in two points: First, in the peculiar perplexities of the Greek construction; and, secondly, in the continual inadequation (to use a logical term) of Greek and modern terms; a circumstance which makes literal translation impossible, and reduces the translator to a continued effort of compensation. Upon a proper occasion, it would be easy to illustrate this point. Meantime the fact must strike everybody, be the explanation what it may, that very few persons ever *do* arrive at any tolerable skill in the Greek language. After seven years' application to it, most people are still alarmed at a sudden summons to translate a Greek quotation; it is even ill-bred to ask for such a thing; and we may appeal to the candor of those even who, upon a case of necessity, are able to 'do the trick,' whether, in reading a Greek book of history for their own private amusement, (Herodian for example,) they do not court the assistance of the Latin version at the side. Greek rarely becomes as familiar as Latin. And, as the modes of teaching them are pretty much the the same, there is no way of explaining this but by supposing a difficulty *sui generis* in the Greek language, and a talent *sui generis* for contending with it.

Upon some such line of argument as we have here sketched — illustrating the claims of the classical student according to the several grounds now alleged, viz. the difficulty of his attainments in any exquisite form, their vast extent, their advantageous tendency for impressing an elevated tone upon the youthful mind; and, above all, their connection with the maintenance of that '*strong book-mindedness*,' and massy erudition, which are the buttresses of a reformed

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church, and which failing (if they ever *should* fail), will leave it open to thousands of factious schisms, and finally even to destructive heresies — possibly a fair pleader might make out a case, stronger than a modern education-monger could retort, for the scholar, technically so called, meaning the man who has surrendered his days and nights to Greek, Latin, and the Biblical languages.

Such a scholar, and modelled upon the most brilliant conception of his order, was Bentley. Wisely concentrating his exertions, under a conviction, that no length of life or reach of faculties was sufficient to exhaust that single department which he cultivated, he does not appear to have carried his studies, in any instance, beyond it. Whatsoever more he knew, he knew in a popular way; and doubtless for much of that knowledge he was indebted to conversation. Carried by his rank and appointments (and, from a very early age, by the favor of his patron, Bishop Stillingfleet) into the best society, with so much shrewd sense, and so powerful a memory, he could not but bear away with him a large body of that miscellaneous knowledge which floats upon the surface of social intercourse. He was deficient, therefore, in no information which naturally belongs to an English gentleman. But the whole of it, if we except, perhaps, that acquaintance with the English law, and the forms of its courts, which circumstances obliged him to cultivate, was obtained in his hours of convivial relaxation; and rarely indeed at the sacrifice of a single hour, which, in the distribution of his time, he had allotted to the one sole vocation of his life — the literature of classical antiquity. How much he ac-

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complished in that field, will be best learned from a *catalogue raisonné* of his works, (including his contributions to the works of others,) and from a compressed abstract of that principal work to which he is indebted for much of the lustre which still settles upon his memory.

His *coup d'essai* in literature, as we have already mentioned, was his appendix to the Chronicle of Malelas. It was written in the winter of 1690; but not published until June, 1691. Bentley was at this time twenty-nine years old, and could not therefore benefit by any consideration of his age. But he needed no indulgences. His epistle travels over a prodigious extent of ground, and announces everywhere a dignified self-respect, combined with respect for others. In all that relates to the Greek dramatic poets, Euripides in particular, and in the final disquisition (which we have already analyzed) on the laws which govern the Latinization of Grecian proper names, the appendix to Malelas is still worthy of most attentive study.

He soon after began to prepare editions of Philostratus, of Hesychius, and the Latin poet Manilius. From these labors he was drawn off, in 1692, by his first appointment to preach the Boyle Lecture. Those sermons are published. They were serviceable to his reputation at that time, and are still worthy of their place as the inaugural dissertations in that distinguished series of English divinity. It would be idle to describe them as in any eminent sense philosophical; they are not so; but they present as able a refutation of the infidel notions then prevalent,[28] and (in the two latter lectures) as popular an application to the same

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purpose of the recent Newtonian discoveries, as the times demanded, or a miscellaneous audience permitted.

In 1694, Bentley was again appointed to preach the Boyle Lecture: but his sermons on that occasion have not been printed. On various pleas he delayed preparing them for the press so long, that before he found himself at leisure for that task, the solicitations of his friends had languished, and his own interest in the work had probably died away. Fifty-two years ago, when the life of Bentley was published in the Biographia Britannica, they were still in existence; but his present biographer has not been able to ascertain their subsequent fate.

By this time the Philostratus was ready for the press, but an accident put an end to that undertaking. The high duties upon paper, and other expenses of printing in England, had determined Bentley to bring out his edition at Leipsic; and accordingly one sheet was printed in that university. But Bentley, who had the eye of an amateur for masterly printing, and the other luxuries of the English and Dutch press, was so much disgusted with the coarseness of this German specimen, that he peremptorily put an end to the work, and transferred his own two collations of two Oxford MSS. to Olearius of Leipsic. In the edition published by this person in 1709, there will be found so much of Bentley's notes as were contained in the specimen sheet; these, however, extend no farther than page 11; and what is become of the rest, a matter of some interest to ourselves, we are unable to learn.

In 1695, Bentley assisted his zealous friend Evelyn in the revision of his *Numismata*.

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In July, 1696, on taking his Doctor's degree Bentley maintained three separate theses: one *on the Rationality of the Mosaic Cosmogony and Deluge;* a second *on the Divine Origin of the Christian Miracles;* and a third *on the Relation between the Christian and Platonic Trinities.* These themes (at any rate the last) appear to us somewhat above the reach of Bentley's philosophy, or indeed of any English philosophy, since the days of Henry More, Cudworth, and Stillingfleet. The last of these persons, however, his own friend and patron, had probably furnished Bentley with directions and materials for treating the question. This dissertation we should be delighted to read; but it seems to have vanished as completely as the public breakfast which accompanied it. On the Sunday following, he preached before the University what is called the Commencement Sermon (*of Revelation and the Messiah*). Many years afterwards, this was added as an appropriate sequel to an edition of his Boyle Lectures, in 1692. It is a powerful and learned defence of the Christian faith, and of the claims of its founder to the character of the Jewish Messiah.

Meantime, his professional exertions had not abated his zeal for literature. In the course of this year, he finished his notes and emendations to the text of Callimachus. These, together with a complete digest of that poet's fragments, admirably corrected, he transmitted to his learned friend Grævius of Utrecht, for the improvement of a sort of Variorum Callimachus, which he was then carrying through the press. This had been originally projected, and some part already printed, by a son of Grævius, who died prematurely. In the very first letter of Grævius, September 17,

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1692,[29] thus much had been explained to Bentley, — and that amongst the ornaments of the edition would be a copious commentary of Ezechiel Spanheim, a distinguished Prussian, envoy at one time to England from the court of Berlin, and next after Bentley, perhaps, the best Grecian of the age. Drest in this pomp of learned apparel, the muse of Callimachus came forth with unexpected effect: *pars minima est ipsa puella sui;* and Bentley was perhaps sincere in assuring Grævius (15th February, 1698) that, according to the judgment of one learned friend, no writer of antiquity had been so strictly endowed with editorial services.

In May 1697, was published the original Dissertations on Phalaris, as a supplement to the second edition of Wotton's Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning. By way of suitable accompaniments, were added shorter dissertations on the spurious Letters of Themistocles, Socrates, and Euripides; and finally on the Fables, and the personal deformity, imputed to Æsop. At the beginning of 1699, appeared the second (or complete) dissertation on Phalaris, from which (on account of the great expansion given to the principal theme) all supplementary parts were now unavoidably retrenched.

Soon after this period, the manifold business which occupied Bentley, upon his promotion to the headship of Trinity College, upon his marriage, and various University appointments, appears to have interrupted his literary pursuits; and perhaps he surrendered himself the more tractably to these avocations from the ordinary tenor of his life, in consideration of the excessive price of English paper, which, in 1698, he had assigned to Grævius[30] as a satisfactory motive for

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renouncing the press. However, when he did not work himself, he was always ready to assist those who did; and in 1701, we find him applying his whole academic influence to the promotion of the Prussian, Kuster's, edition of Suidas, which he enriched partly from the MSS. of the deceased Bishop Pearson, partly from his own stores.

In the summer of the year 1702, Bentley first formed the design of editing a body of classics for the use of the students in his own college; and a Horace, which occupied him at intervals for the next ten years, was selected as the leader of the series.

In 1708, by way of assisting his old friend, Ludolf Kuster, in a hasty edition of Aristophanes, he addressed to him three Critical Epistles on the *Plutus* and the *Clouds*. These were dislocated and mangled by Kuster, under the pressure of haste, and the unfortunate arrangements of the printer. Two, however, of the three have been preserved and published, exactly as Bentley wrote them; and in this instance, we are happy to agree with Dr. Monk that these letters (and, we may add, the general tone, and much of the peculiar merit which belongs to the Phalaris Dissertation) point out Aristophanes, beyond all other writers of antiquity, as that one who would have furnished the fullest arena for Bentley's various and characteristic attainments. About the same time, Bentley had the honor of giving a right direction to the studies of Tiberius Hemsterhuis, the founder of a distinguished school of continental scholars, whose metrical deficiencies had been made known by his recent edition of Julius Pollux. The two letters of Bentley have since been published by Ruhnken.

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In the year 1709, he assisted Davies in his edition of the Tusculan Questions of Cicero, by a large body of admirable emendations; and in the same year, he communicated to Needham, who was then editing Hierocles, a collection of conjectures on the text of that author, which, though not equally sound, have the customary Bentleian merit of extraordinary ingenuity.

It is one illustration of the universal favor which Bentley extended to the interests of knowledge, even in those departments which promised no glory to himself, that he had long labored to obtain a second and improved edition of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia. Sir Isaac, however, was, at this time, engrossed by his employments at the Mint; but at length, in this year, 1709, Bentley had the satisfaction of engaging Professor Cotes in that task, and of opening a long correspondence[31] between the Professor and Sir Isaac, which arranged the whole alterations and additions.

In the spring of 1710 was published one of Bentley's occasional works, which caused at that time, and yet continues to cause, some speculation. An unexplained mystery hung even then over the mode of publication; and a mystery still hangs over its motive. In the latter end of 1709, the well-known Clericus, or Le Clerc, whose general attainments Dr. Monk rates far too highly, published an edition of the Fragments of Menander and Philemon, with a brutish ignorance of Greek. Simple ignorance, however, and presumption, cannot be supposed sufficient to have provoked Bentley, who uniformly left such exposures to the inevitable hand of time. Yet so it was, that, in December of the same year, Bentley sate down and wrote

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extemporal emendations on three hundred and twenty-three passages in the Fragments, with a running commentary of unsparing severity upon the enormous blunders of Le Clerc. This little work, by a circuitous channel, in the spring of 1710, he conveyed into the hands of Peter Burman, the bitterest enemy of Le Clerc. It may readily be conceived that Burman, thirsty as he was at that particular moment for vengeance, received with a frenzy of joy these thunderbolts from the armory of Jove. He published the work immediately, under the title of *Emendationes in Menandri et Philemonis Reliquias, auctore Phileleuthero Lipsiensi*, and with an insulting preface of his own. Before the press had completed its work, Le Clerc heard of the impending castigation. The author's name also was easily suspected in the small list of Greek scholars. Le Clerc, who conducted a severe review, wrote in his usual spirit of dictatorial insolence to Bentley, calling upon him to disavow so shocking an attack. Bentley replied by calmly pointing out to him his presumption as a Grecian editor, and his arrogant folly as a bully. Meantime the book was published, and read with so much avidity, (although in a learned language,) that in three weeks the entire impression was exhausted. It was attacked by the old hornet James Gronovius, who hated Le Clerc and Bentley with an equal hatred, and also by the scoundred De Pauw; but, said Bentley, with the most happy application of a line from Phædrus, 'Nondum eorum ictus tanti facio, ut iterum a me vapulent:

Multo majoris colaphi mecum veneunt.'

On the 8th of December, 1711, Bentley put the

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finishing hand to his edition of Horace — the most instructive, perhaps, in its notes, of all contributions whatsoever to Latin literature. The attacks which it provoked were past counting; the applauses were no less vehement from every part of Europe: and, amongst others, from an old enemy — Atterbury, the ringleader in the Phalaris controversy. A second and improved impression of the work was immediately called for, and issued from the press of Amsterdam.

In 1713, Bentley replied, under his former signature of *Philelcutherus Lipsiensis*, to Anthony Collins's 'Discourse of Freethinking.' His triumph, in this instance, was owing less to his own strength than to the weakness of his antagonist. Collins had some philosophical acuteness, as he showed elsewhere; but of learning, properly so called, he had none. The most useful service which Bentley rendered to the public on this occasion, was the just coloring which he gave to an argument for impeaching the credit of the New Testament, recently impressed upon the timid and the scrupulous by the notoriety of Dr. Mill's labors upon its text. Many Christians had been scandalized and alarmed by a body of thirty thousand various readings in a text issuing from inspiration. But Bentley re-assured their trembling faith, by showing that an immense majority of these variations scarcely affected the sense at all; and, of those which did, few, indeed, would be found to disturb any cardinal doctrine, which, after all, was otherwise secured by unsuspected passages. It is an interesting reflection to us at this day, that the Collins here refuted was that friend of Locke, as appears from his letters, originally published by Des

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Maizeaux, upon whom he lavished every proof of excessive regard in the last moments of his life. He introduced him even with the most flattering recommendations to his hostess, Lady Masham, the daughter of that Cudworth who had spent his life in the refutation of philosophic scepticism![32]

In 1715, on occasion of the first Pretender's expedition, Bentley preached before the University a sermon on Popery, which, though merely occasional, ranks amongst the most powerful expositions of the corruptions introduced into pure Christianity by that stupendous superstition. The force of its natural and manly rhetoric may be conceived from this fact, that Sterne, the wholesale plagiarist, has borrowed from it a long passage for the sermon which he puts into the mouth of Corporal Trim, who is made to express its terrible energy by saying, that 'he would not read another line of it for all the world.'

On the 15th of April, 1716, Bentley, in a letter to Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, brought forward a scheme, which of itself should have immortalized him, for retrieving the original text of the New Testament *exactly as it was at the time of the Council of Nice*, without the difference of 'twenty words,' or 'even twenty particles.' Compressed within a few words, his plan was this: — Mill, and other collectors of various readings, had taken notice only of absolute differences in the *words* — never of mere variations in their *order and arrangement;* these they conceived to be purely accidental. Bentley thought otherwise; for he had noticed, that, wherever he could obtain the genuine reading of the old authorized Latin version, technically called the *Vulgate*, the order of the words exactly cor-

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responded to the order of the original Greek. This pointed to something more than accident. A sentence of St. Jerome ripened this suspicion into a certainty. Hence it occurred to him, that, if by any means he could retrieve the true text of the Latin Vulgate, as it was originally reformed and settled by St. Jerome, he would at once obtain a guide for selecting, amongst the crowd of variations in the present Greek text, that one which St. Jerome had authenticated as the reading authorized long before his day. Such a restoration of the Vulgate, Bentley believed to be possible by means of MSS., of which the youngest should reach an age of nine hundred years. How far this principle of restoration could have been practically carried through, is a separate question; but, for the principle itself, we take upon ourselves to say, that a finer thought does not occur in the records of inventive criticism. It is not a single act of conjectural sagacity, but a consequential train of such acts.

In the same year, Bentley wrote a letter to Biel upon the Scriptural glosses in our present copies of Hesychius, which he considered interpolations from a later hand. This letter, which evidences the same critical acquaintance with Hesychius, which, in the aids given to his friend Kuster, he had already manifested with Suidas, has been published by Alberti, in the Prolegomena to his edition of that lexicographer.

In this year also, a plan was agitated (according to one tradition, by the two Chief Justices, Parker and King,) for an edition of the Classics, *in usum Principis Frederici*. Such a project could not fail to suggest a competition with the famous French series, *in usum Delphini*. Difficulty there was none in making the

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English one far more learned; and, with that view, it was designed that Bentley should preside over the execution. For this service, he is said to have demanded £1,000 *per annum* for life; on the other hand, Lord Townshend, by the same account, would give no more than £500. Some misunderstanding arose, and, finally, the whole plan was dismissed by the court, in company with the liberal minister who had entertained it. Perhaps this is not to be regretted; for a *corpus* of editions, as much more learned than the Delphin, as Bentley was more learned than Huet, would stand a good chance of being almost useless to boys.

In 1717, Bentley preached before the King. This sermon was published; and is described by Dr. Monk as being, perhaps, not worse calculated to win the favorable opinion of general readers, than anything else which its author has left. For ourselves, we have not been so fortunate as to meet with it.

Not long after, in the same year, Bentley was elected the Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge. On the 1st of May, the day preceding his election, he delivered his probationary lecture. The subject, even more than the occasion, made this so interesting, that we do not hear, without indignation, of the uncertainty which all parties profess with regard to the fate of a copy of it, known to have been in existence forty years ago. The lecture treated the famous question of the disputed passage — On the Three Heavenly Witnesses, (I. Epist. of St. John, v. 7.) Porson, to whom such a lecture must have been peculiarly interesting, had read it; so had Dr. Vincent, the late Dean of Westminster. Could neither of these gentlemen

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have copied it? Or, if that were forbidden, could they not have mastered the outline of the arguments? — Meantime, as to the result, every body is agreed that Bentley peremptorily rejected the verse. Yet, in a correspondence, at the beginning of this very year, with some stranger, which has been since published, Bentley is less positive on that matter, and avows his determination to treat the case, not as a question for critical choice and sagacity, but simply as a question of fact — to be decided, whenever he came to that part of his new edition of the Greek Testament, by the balance of readings, as he should happen to find them on this side or that in the best MSS. 'What will be the event,' he says, 'I myself know not yet; having not used all the old copies I have information of.' Within the four months' interval between this correspondence and his probationary lecture, it is improbable that Bentley should have made any such progress in his Greek Testament, as could materially affect his view of this question; and we infer from that consideration, that, in his lecture, he must have treated it purely as a question for sagacity and tentative conjecture, not for positive evidence. This latter mode of deciding the case, by which he promised his correspondent that he would finally abide, remains therefore unaffected by the award of his lecture. We agree with Dr. Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta, that the controversy is not yet exhausted. In the following month, (June, 1717,) he delivered his inaugural oration, which lasted for two hours and a half, on entering upon the duties of his chair. This which unfortunately has not been preserved, except in the slight and sneering sketch of an enemy, appears to

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have been chiefly an apologetic account of his whole literary career; doubtless for the purpose of disarming the general presumption, that a course of study, which had been so peculiarly directed to what, in the old university phrase, are called the *humanities* of literature, could not but have impressed a bias upon his inquiries unfavorable to the austerer researches of *divinity*. He reminded his audience, however, that he had been appointed on two separate occasions a public champion of Christianity; and that, in another instance, when he had stepped forward as a volunteer in the same august service, he had earned the solemn thanks of the university.

In 1718, Bentley resumed, but suddenly and finally discontinued, the third part of his answer to Collins. He had agreed to pursue it, at the particular request of the Princess of Wales; and two half-sheets were actually printed; but conceiving himself ill-treated by the court, he protested that he would do nothing to gratify those who behaved no better than his declared enemies.

Meantime he had been prosecuting his great scheme for the restoration of the Nicene text of the New Testament, according to the opportunities of leisure which his public duties allowed him, with his usual demoniac energy, and with a generous disregard of expense. Through different agents, he had procured collations of MSS. all over Europe; and in particular, had maintained a correspondence with the Benedictines of St. Maur, one extract from which has been published by Sabatier, in his *Bibliorum Sacrorum Versiones Antiquæ*. By the autumn of 1720, his work was so far advanced, that, in October, he issued a formal pros-

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pectus, stating its plan, (as originally sketched, in the spring of 1716, to the Archbishop of Canterbury,) its form and price, and the literary aids which he counted upon. The twenty-second chapter of the Revelations accompanied these proposals, as a specimen — not of the paper or printing, (which were to be the best that Europe afforded,) — but of the editorial management. And with that just appreciation of his own merits which the honest frankness of Bentley would seldom allow him to suppress, he solemnly consecrated the work '*as a κειμήλιον, a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, a charter, a Magna Charta, to the whole Christian Church; to last when all the ancient MSS. may be lost and extinguished.*' Conyers Middleton, incapable of understanding this grand burst of enthusiasm, immediately wrote a pamphlet to disparage the project, which he stigmatized (in allusion to the South Sea schemes, recently exposed) as *Bentley's Bubble.* One instance will explain the character of his malice: He made it a theme for scurrilous insinuations against Bentley, that he published by subscription. Now, in any age, an expensive undertaking, which presupposes a vast outlay for the collation[33] (or occasionally the purchase) of MSS., and rare editions, is a privileged case, as respects subscriptions; but in that age every body published by subscription. Pope did so, and in that way made his fortune by the Iliad. And what marks the climax[34] in Middleton's baseness, *he himself published his knavish Life of Cicero,* in the most deliberate manner, *upon the ordinary terms of a subscription.* Early in January, 1721, appeared a caustic reply to Middleton's pamphlet, which, upon internal evidence, is, and was, ascribed to Bentley. In about three months, Middleton retorted in a

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pamphlet four times as long as his first, and openly avowing himself by name as the author. These pamphlets we have read; for they are printed in a quarto republication of Middleton's Miscellanies. And we are bold to say, in opposition to Dr. Monk, that they offer no shadow of sound or scholarlike objection to Bentley's *Programme*. That was written in one evening by candlelight. Why not? It fell into no real error by its precipitancy. Cavils are the best of Middleton's argument; malice his best inspiration; and, as to the beautiful style, which (according to the old catechism of Blair, &c.) Dr. Monk attributes to Middleton, we presume that many, of equal merit, are sold daily at sixpence a pound to trunk-makers and pastry-cooks.

It was the fate of Dr. Bentley, that every work executed or projected by him, should be assailed. Accordingly, on this occasion, concurrently with the pamphlets of Middleton appeared many others, with or without names, English and Latin, virulent or gentle. To Middleton, however, has always been imputed the honor of having crushed the project; how erroneously, we now first learn from Dr. Monk. Bentley could not be disturbed by what he had not seen; now he declared to Bishop Atterbury, that he 'scorned to read the rascal's book;' and there is full proof, that, for eight years and upwards after these attacks, he procured collations as zealously as ever. The subscriptions again, which are stated to have been not less than two thousand guineas, show that purchasers were undeterred by the clamors of malice. However, the fact is, that the work *did* at length languish, for what reason is still doubtful. Wetstein, in his Prolegomena, says,

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that the abandonment of the work rose out of Bentley's disgust at the meanness of the Treasury in refusing to remit the duty upon the paper for this national undertaking. The facts are truly stated; but we have proof that the effect was insufficient to retard his labor 'even for a day.' The best guess we can offer to account for the final wreck of so much labor and expense, is, that being continually withdrawn from Bentley's attention, by the perplexities of his multiplied lawsuits, until the shades of old age had overtaken him, the work gradually ceased to occupy his thoughts, or to interest his ambition.

During the long vacation of 1722, Bentley read a copy of Nicander's *Theriaca*, put into his hands by Dr. Mead, and wrote his corrections on the margin. These have since been published by Dr. Monk, in the *Cambridge Museum Criticum*.

In 1723, the edition of the Tusculan Questions, by Davies, to which Bentley had communicated its original value, was reprinted. On this occasion, he again enriched it with an ample dowry of his own conjectural emendations. These it was his intention to support by notes. Unfortunately, a pressure of business had pre-occupied his attention at the critical moment; the press could not wait; and the book was launched, leaving the best part of its freight behind; and that part, unfortunately, without which the rest was of little value.

In 1724, Dr. Hare, Dean of Worcester, originally a confidential friend of Bentley's, who had on three several occasions injured him by his indiscretion or his meanness, consummated his offences by an act of perfidious dishonesty: he published an edition of

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Terence, in which everything meritorious was borrowed, without acknowledgment, from the colloquial instructions of Bentley, imperfectly apprehended, and clumsily explained. In revenge for this treachery, Bentley carried rapidly through the press a Terence of his own; and by way of anticipating Hare, who had announced a Phædrus, he united an edition of that author (connected, as usual, with P. Syrus) in the same volume. This was published at the beginning of 1726. The Phædrus was a precipitate, in fact an extempore, performance; but the Terence is, in our opinion, of all Bentley's editions, the most brilliantly finished. With relation to the critic, undoubtedly his Horace is by much the most elaborately learned; but with relation to the interests of the author, his Terence is the most complete.

In 1731 occurred an incident in the literary life of Bentley, upon which no rational judgment has ever yet been pronounced. At the latter end of that year, he undertook his edition of the *Paradise Lost;* it was carried on with his usual haste, and was published in January, 1732. He was now seventy years old, and his age, combined with the apparent extravagance of some of his corrections, might seem at first, to countenance Dr. Monk's insinuation of dotage.[35] But the case is totally misconceived. His edition of Milton had the same merits as his other editions; peculiar defects it had, indeed, from which his editions of Latin classics were generally free; these, however, were due to no decays in himself, but to original differences in the English classic from any which he could have met with in Pagan literature. The romantic, or Christian, poetry was alien to Bentley's taste; he had no more

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sense or organs of perception for this grander and more imaginative order of poetry, than a hedge-hog for the music of Mozart. Consequently, whatsoever was peculiarly characteristic in it, seemed to him a monstrous abortion; and had it been possible that passages in the same impassioned key should occur in the austere and naked works of the Roman or Grecian muse, he would doubtless have proscribed them as interpolations of monks, copyists, or scholiasts, with the same *desperate hook*[36] which operated so summarily on the text of Paradise Lost. With these infirmities, and this constitutional defect of poetic sensibility, the single blunder which he committed, was in undertaking such a province. The management of it did him honor; for he complied honestly with the constitution of his mind, and was right in the sense of taking a true view, but from a false station. Whenever a wise man plays the fool, we may suspect that a woman is at the bottom; and for this blunder of Bentley's, we are to thank Queen Caroline, who had a curiosity to see the English Hercules at work upon some task within her own range of sympathy; and accordingly, with the same womanish folly which, in Queen Elizabeth, imposed upon Shakspeare the grotesque labor of exhibiting Falstaff in love, she laid her commands upon Bentley for a kind of service which obliged him too frequently to abjure all his characteristic powers and accomplishments. That a suspicion at times crossed his own mind, (his nephew's it certainly did,) that for her Majesty's amusement he was making himself a stupendous jackass, is very probable from his significant excuse at the end — '*non injussa cecini.*' Meantime we agree altogether with

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Dr. Monk, that to any *moral* blame in this affair, on account of his fiction of an editorial man of straw, Bentley is not liable, let Dr. Johnson say what he will. It was a fiction of modesty at once and of prudence, which saved him from the necessity of applying his unmeasured abuse immediately to Milton. This middleman, the editorial man of straw,[37] was literally a mediator between Milton and the Bentleian wrath of damnation, which is already too offensive even as applied to a shadow.

This foolery over, Bentley recoiled with the spring of a Roman catapulta to his natural pursuits. In 1732, he undertook an edition of Homer, chiefly with a view to the restoration of the digamma to its place and functions in the metre. This design he had first seriously adopted in 1726; and now, upon the instigation of Lord Carteret, he noted and corrected the entire Iliad and Odyssey, rejecting those lines which would not bend to his hypothesis. The Homer was never published; but the MS., having been bequeathed in 1786 to Trinity College by Dr. R. Bentley, the nephew, was afterwards liberally transmitted to Göttingen, for the use of Heyne, who, in his own edition of Homer, acknowledged the profoundest obligations to it, and made the world circumstantially acquainted with its merits.

The Homer must be considered as virtually the final labor of Bentley; for his Manilius, which he published in 1739, when he was in his 78th year, had been prepared for the press forty-five years before. The notes on this singular poem, which has always been as interesting to us as it was to Bentley and to Joseph Scaliger, have the usual merits and the usual faults of

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Bentley's notes — being all ingenious, sometimes very learned, defences of innovations on the received text, bold, original, or absolutely licentious, as may happen. In Horace or Lucan we seek for no more — but we confess, that in a poem like the Astronomicon, crowded with triple difficulties — of science in the first place; secondly, of science disfigured by the perplexed hypothesis of the old astronomy; and thirdly, of all this warped from its natural expression by the necessities of the metre and the ornaments of a poetic treatment, we read Bentley's philological notes with singular disadvantage after the philosophic commentaries of Joseph Scaliger. The astronomy has never been cleared up entirely, Scaliger having in this part committed singular errors. But much of the poem, which assigns the temperament, the bias of character, and habits of men born under all the leading aspects of the stars, is less in need of elucidation, unless when it is particularly corrupt; and in such places Bentley is of great service.

Fourteen years after the death of Bentley, Horace Walpole published at his private press a Lucan, illustrated by the notes of Bentley, combined with those of Grotius. This poet was within Bentley's range of sympathy: and, as plausible conjectures for the emendation of the text, we know of nothing comparable to his suggestions.

Such is the long list of Bentley's literary labors, without including his speculations upon four separate Greek inscriptions, and perhaps other occasional assistances, as yet imperfectly ascertained, to his friends, which his generosity made him at all times no less

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ready to grant, than the careless prodigality of inexhaustible wealth made him negligent to resume. We have also purposely excluded from our list the fugitive pamphlets of business, or of personal defence, by which Bentley met his ungenerous assailants; a part of his works which, as a good man, though with human infirmities, he would doubtless wish to be now cancelled or forgotten, under that comprehensive act of Christian forgiveness which there can be no doubt, that, in his latter days, he extended even to those unjust enmities which provoked them. Confining ourselves to his purely literary works, and considering the great care and attention which belong almost to each separate sentence in works of that class, we may perhaps say that, virtually, no man has written so much.

By way of bringing his characteristic merits within the horizon of the least learned readers, we shall now lay before them a close analysis of his ablest and most famous performance, the *Phalaris;* and it happens, favorably for our purpose, though singularly, that the most learned of Bentley's works is also that which is best fitted for popular admiration.

Phalaris had happened to say, that some worthy people in Sicily had been kind enough to promise him a loan; not, however, on any pastoral considerations, such as might seem agreeable to that age and country, but on the bare Judæan terms of *so much per shent* (δανείσειν). Here the forger of the Letters felt that it was indispensable to assign real names. Bills upon Simonides, indorsed by Pythagoras, would have been likely to fall to a discount in critical estimation,

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and to have damaged the credit of the *letters*. The contractors for his loan, therefore, are not humble individuals, but cities — Phintia, to wit, and Hybla. Well, and what of them? Were their acceptances likely to be protested for non-payment? By no means; both were probably solvent; and, at all events, their existence, which is *something*, is guaranteed by Ptolemy, by Antoninus, and by Pliny. 'But,' says Bentley, (oh that ominous *but!*) 'it is ill luck for this forger of letters, that a fragment of Diodorus was preserved, to be a witness against him.' From this little fragment, now raised up from the dust of ages, Bentley deduces a summary conviction of the forgery. This city of Phintia, in fact, had its name from the author of its existence, one Phintias; he was a petty prince, who flourished about the time of Pyrrhus the Epirot, and built the city in question, during the one hundred and twenty-fifth Olympiad;[38] that is to say, abiding by the chronology *most favorable* to the authenticity of the Letters, above 270 years after Phalaris. 'A pretty slip,' says Bentley — 'a pretty slip this of our Sophist, to introduce his tyrant borrowing money of a city almost three hundred years before it was named or built!'

Such is the starting argument of Bentley. It will be admitted to be a knock-down blow; and though only *one*, and applied to a single letter of the whole series, a candid looker-on will own, that it is such a one as settles the business; and no prudent champion, however game, would have chosen to offer himself to the scratch for a second round. However, *οἱ περὶ τὸν Βοιλία* thought otherwise.

The next argument is of the same description, be-

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ing a second case of anachronism; but it merits a separate statement. In the instance of Phintia the proof was direct, and liable to no demur; but here the anachronism is made out circumstantially. Hence it is less readily apprehended; and the Boyle party, in their anger or their haste, did in fact misapprehend it; and upon their own blunder they built a charge against Bentley of vicious reasoning, which gave him an opening (not likely to be missed by *him*) for inflicting two courses of the knout instead of one. The case is this: Stesichorus, the lyric poet, had incurred the displeasure of Phalaris, not for writing verses against him, but for overt acts of war; the poet had been levying money and troops, and, in fact, making hostile demonstrations at two separate places — *Aluntium* and *Alæsa*. Accordingly, Letter 92 takes him to task, and insinuates an ugly consequence: viz. the chance of being 'snapt' (so Bentley calls it) by the bull[39] before he got safe home to Himera. The objection raised upon this passage regards Alæsa: Did that town exist so early as the days of Phalaris? No, says Bentley, nor for a hundred and forty years after Phalaris — having been founded by Archonides in the second year of the 94th Olympiad, consequently one hundred and forty years after the death of Phalaris; and then, upon a testimony which cannot be resisted by a Boyle man, viz. the testimony of these very Letters, one hundred and fifty-two *at the very least*, after this particular letter. But might there not be other cities, earlier than this, which bore the same name? There might — in fact there were. How, then, shall it be known whether that particular Alæsa, which would involve the anachronism, viz. the Alæsa found-

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ed by Archonides, is the Alæsa of the Letter-writer? As the argument by which Bentley replies to this question has been so much misconceived, and is in fact not very clearly stated in either dissertation, we shall throw it into a formal syllogism.

Major Proposition. — The Alæsa of the Pseudo-Phalaris and Stesichorus is the maritime Alæsa.

Minor Proposition. — The maritime Alæsa is the Alæsa founded by Archonides.

Ergo. — The Alæsa of Archonides (viz. an Alæsa of nearly two centuries later than the era of Phalaris) is the Alæsa of the Pseudo-Phalaris.

Now comes a famous argument, in which Bentley makes play beautifully. Phalaris had been ill, and, wishing to reward his Greek physician in a manner suitable to a prince, amongst other presents he sends the doctor ποτηρίων θηρικλείων ζεύγη δέκα, *i. e.* ten couple or pair, of Thericlæan cups. What manner of things were these? 'They were,' says Bentley, 'large drinking-cups, of a peculiar shape, so called from the first contriver of them, one Thericles, a Corinthian potter.' Originally, therefore, as to the material, they must have been porcelain — or, however, earthen-ware of some quality or other, (Pliny having by general consent tripped in supposing Thericles a turner.) But, as often happens, in process of time, 'they were called Thericlæan from their *shape*, whatsoever artisan made them, or whether of earth, or of wood, or of metal.' So far well. But 'there is another thing,' says Bentley, 'besides a pretty invention, very useful to a liar and that is, a good memory.' For 'the next thing to be inquired is — the age of this Thericles; and we

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learn *that* from Athenæus — one[40] witness indeed, but as good as a multitude in a matter of this nature. *This cup* (says he) *was invented by Thericles, the Corinthian potter, who was contemporary with Aristophanes the comedian.*'

This is enough. Bentley goes on to compute, that all the surviving plays of Aristophanes range within a period of thirty-six years; so that, allowing the full benefit of this latitude to the Pseudo-Phalaris, viz. that Thericles invented his cups in the very *first* year of this period, still, even upon that concession, the very earliest baking of the potter's china will be one hundred and twenty years after the final baking of Phalaris himself.

This article in the first Dissertation was short; but the Oxford critique upon it furnished him with an occasion, and almost a necessity, for supporting it, in the second, with a *bravura* display of his learning upon all the collateral points that had been connected with the main question. And, as the attack had been in unusual terms of insolence, (asking him, for instance, how he 'durst' oppose such men as Grotius and Scaliger,[41]) Bentley was under no particular obligation to use his opportunities with forbearance, or to renounce his triumph. This was complete. It is not Boyle, or his half-learned associates, but the very heroes of classical literature for the preceding one hundred and fifty years — Buchanan, Scaliger, Grotius, Casaubon, Salmasius, who on this occasion (respectfully, but, as to the matter, effectually) are shown to be in error. Most readers are aware, that amongst the multifarious researches which belong to what is called learning, the *res metrica* has been developed more

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slowly than any other. The field, therefore, being so under-cultured, had naturally drawn the attention of an ambitious young scholar like Bentley; and, in his epistle to Mill upon John Malelas, he had already made his name illustrious by the detection of a canon in Anapæstic metre. 'Ned,' says Dr. Parr, writing to Dr. Maltby in 1814, 'I believe Bentley knew nothing scientifically of choral metre.' Why, no, Sam, perhaps he did not; neither did Porson, if we speak strictly of choral metre; and for Sam himself, little indeed upon any metre whatsoever, except that he somewhere conceives himself to have corrected a few loose iambics of a Latin comic poet, (a feat which did not require a Titan.) However, at that day (1690) it was no trifle to have revealed a canon which had certainly escaped the most eagle-eyed scholars we have mentioned. On the present occasion, it was an appropriate sequel of that triumph, and one which will remind scholars of a similar feat by Porson with regard to iambic metre, (see Pref. to the *Hecuba* of Euripides,) that a formidable array of passages, objected to by the Boyle party as overthrowing his canon, and twelve others, volunteered by himself, are all corrected in a way which, whilst it delivers his canon from the supposed contradiction, forces from him the finest display of his own critical sagacity.

The fourth argument exposes an anachronism pretty much like that of *Alæsa* in the second. The Pseudo-Phalaris having occasion to speak of the Zanclæans, and in three previous Letters of the Messanians, manifestly betrays that he thought Zancle and Messana two different towns. 'Certainly,' says Bentley, 'the

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true Phalaris could not write thus; and it is a piece of ignorance inexcusable in our Sophist not to know that these names belonged to one and the same city at different times.' But, perhaps, the change from the early name of Zancle, to the latter one of Messana, may have happened during the progress of these very Letters. The present arrangement of the Letters is indeed inconsistent with that supposition; for it is the eighty-fifth which mentions the old name Zancle, whilst the first, twenty-first, and eighty-fourth mention Messana. But that objection, if there were no other, might be eluded by supposing the particular order in which the Letters stand in our present editions to have been either purely accidental, or even arbitrarily devised by some one of the early *librarii*. But allowing all this, the evasion of Bentley's argument will still be impossible on grounds of chronology. Thucydides tells us the occasion of that irreparable expulsion which the Zanclæans suffered — and the time, viz. about the last year of the 70th Olympiad.[42] The same author states the circumstances under which the new name Messana arose; and though he does not precisely date this latter incident, he says generally that it was ὁ πολλῷ ὕστερον, (*not long after* the other.) Separate parts of this statement are corroborated by other historians; and, upon the whole, taking the *computus* least favorable to Bentley, the new name of Messana appears not to have been imposed by Anaxilaus until more than sixty years after Phalaris was dead and gone.

One objection there is undoubtedly to this argument, and Bentley frankly avows it; Pausanias antedates Anaxilaus by not less than one hundred and

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eighty years. But there is no need to recite the various considerations which invalidate his authority, since the argument derived from him is one of those which prove too much. Doubtless, it would account for the use of '*Messana*' in the Letters of Phalaris, but so effectually account for it as to make it impossible that *any other* name should have been familiarly employed at an age when '*Zancle*' must have been superannuated by a century. Such is the dilemma in which Bentley has noosed his enemies; skilfully leaving it a matter of indifference to his cause, whether they accept or reject the authority of Pausanias.

From this dilemma, however, Boyle attempts to escape, by taking a distinction between the town and the people who drew their name from it. Zanclæans, he thinks, might subsist under that name long after Zancle had changed its masters and forfeited its name. But this hypothesis is destroyed by means of an inscription which Bentley cites from a statue at Olympia, connected with the comment of the person who records it: the statue, it seems, had been set up by Evagoras, who inscribed himself upon it as a Zanclæan; from which single word the recorder infers the antiquity of the statue, arguing that the mere name '*Zanclæan*' sufficienily proved its era to have been anterior to the imposition of the modern name of Messana; whereas clearly, had there been a race of Zanclæans who survived (under that name) the city of Zancle, this argument would have been without force, and could not have occurred to the writer who builds upon it.

The fifth argument will, perhaps, not be thought

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so entirely satisfactory as it seemed to Bentley. Phalaris, in threatening the people of Himera, says — *αὐτοὺς ἐκτρίψω πίτυος δίκην* — *I will extirpate them like a pine-tree;* that is to say, root and branch. Now, this Delphic threat, and in these identical words, appears first of all in Herodotus, who explains the force of it to lie in this — that of all trees the pine only was *radically* destroyed by mere lopping. That historian ascribes the original use of this significant allusion to Crœsus, who did not *begin* his reign until six years after the pretended use of it by Phalaris. But Bentley conceives that he has sufficient reason to father it upon Herodotus himself; in which case it will be younger than the age of Phalaris by a century. But we confess ourselves dissatisfied; or, if that word is too strong, imperfectly satisfied. 'We see,' says Bentley, 'the phrase was then' (*i. e.* in the time of Crœsus) 'so new and unheard of, that it puzzled a whole city.' But it is probable that accidents of place, rather than of time, would determine the intelligibility of this proverb: wherever the pine-tree was indigenous, and its habits familiarly known, the allusion would suggest itself, and the force of it would be acknowledged, no matter in what age. And as to the remark that Aulus Gellius, in the title of a chapter now lost, seems to consider Herodotus as the real author of the saying, it amounts to nothing: at this day we should be apt to discuss any vulgar error which has the countenance of Shakspeare, under a title such as this — '*On the Shakspearian notion that a toad is venomous,*' meaning merely to remind our readers that the notion has a real popular hold and establishment, not surely that Shakspeare was the

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originator of it. The authority of Eustathius, so very modern an author, adds no strength at all to Bentley's hypothesis. No real links of tradition could possibly connect two authors removed from each other by nearly two thousand years. Eustathius ascribes, or seems to ascribe, the *mot* to Herodotus, not in a personal sense, but as a short-hand way of designating the *book* in which it is originally found. The truth is, that such a proverb would be co-eval and co-extensive with the tree. Symbolical forms are always delightful to a semi-barbarous age; such, for instance, as the emblematic advice of that silent monitor to a tyrant, who, walking through a garden, cut off the heads of all the plants which overtopped the rest. Threats more especially assume this form; where they are perfectly understood, they are thus made more lively and significant; and, on the other hand, where they are enigmatical, the uncertainty (according to a critical remark of Demetrius Phalereus) points the attention to them under a peculiar advantage of awe and ominous expectation.

The sixth argument is another case of the second and fourth. Phalaris exults that he had routed the Tauromenites and the Zanclæans. 'But,' says Bentley, 'there is an old true saying — *Πολλὰ καινὰ τὰ πολέμια — many new and strange things happen in war.* We have just now seen those same routed Zanclæans rise up again, after a thousand years, to give him a worse defeat. And now the others, too, are taking their time to revenge their old losses: for these, though they are called Tauromenites both here and in three other letters, make protestation against the name, and

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declare they were called Naxians in the days of the true Phalaris. *Taurominium, quæ antea Naxos*, says Pliny. Whence it is that Herodotus and Thucydides, because they wrote before the change of the name, never speak of Taurominium, but of Naxos.'

Yet it will be objected that Bentley himself has made Pythagoras contemporary with Phalaris: now of this very Pythagoras, Porphyry says — 'that he delivered Croton, Himera, and *Taurominium* from tyrants;' and Iamblichus says — 'that a young man of *Taurominium* being drunk, Pythagoras played him sober by a few airs of grave spondees.' A third writer also, Conon, says, of a person in the age of Cyrus the elder, contemporary with Pythagoras and Phalaris, that he 'went to *Taurominium* in Sicily.' The answer to all this is obvious: *Taurominium* is here used with the same sort of licensed *Prolepsis*, as when we say, *Julius Cæsar conquered France, and made an expedition into England*, though we know that Gaul and Britain were the names in that age.

The seventh, eighth, and eighteenth arguments may be thrown together, all turning upon the same objection, viz. that Phalaris is apt to appropriate the thoughts of better men than himself — a kind of robbery which possibly other royal authors have practised, but hardly (like Phalaris) upon men born long after their own time. The three cases of this, cited by Bentley, are of very different weight. Let us begin with the weakest. Writing to Polygnotus, Phalaris is found sporting this sentiment — λόγος ἔργου σκιὰ παρὰ τοῖς σωφρονεστέροις πεπίστευται — *that words are regarded as the shadow of deeds by persons of good sense.* It

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is a very notable saying, and we are obliged to the author of it; and, if Phalaris had not modestly hinted that others had said it before him, we might have taken it for his own. But then there was either a strange jumping of good wits, or Democritus was a sorry plagiary; for he laid claim to the first invention of it. What shall we say to this matter? Democritus had the character of a man of probity and wit. Besides, here are Plutarch and Diogenes, two witnesses that would scorn to flatter. This bears hard upon the author of the Letters. But how can we help it? He should have minded his hits better, when he was minded to play the tyrant. For Democritus was too young to know even Pythagoras; τὰ τῶν χρόνων μάχεται — *considerations of chronology are inconsistent with it;* and yet Pythagoras survived Phalaris.' Such is Bentley's argument; but undoubtedly it is unfair. He says '*besides*,' as though Plutarch and Diogenes were supplementary evidences to a matter otherwise established upon independent grounds; whereas it is from them only, and from Suidas, whom he *afterwards* brought forward, that we know of any such claim for Democritus. Again, Bentley overrates their authority. That of Plutarch, upon all matters of fact and critical history, is at this day deservedly low; and, as to Diogenes Laertius, nobody can read him without perceiving that precisely upon this department of his labor, viz. the application of all the stray apophthegms, prose epigrams, and 'good things,' which then floated in conversation, he had no guide at all. Sometimes there might be a slight internal indication of the author; philosophic sarcasms, for instance, of every age, were ascribed boldly to the cynical Diogenes; sometimes an

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old tradition might descend with the saying; but much more frequently every aphorism or pointed saying was attributed by turns to each philosopher in succession, who, in his own generation, had possession of the public ear. Just the same thing has happened in England; multitudes of felicitous *mots* have come down through the 18th century to our days — doing duty first under the names of Swift, Dr. Sheridan, &c., next of Lord Chesterfield, then of Quin, Foote, and above all, of George Selwyn, who enjoyed a regal benefit of claim over all waifs and derelicts; and, finally, of Jekyll, Brinsley Sheridan, Courtenay, Sam Rogers, and Thomas Moore. Over and above all this, Bentley is obliged to make two concessions, which take the edge off his argument. Michael Psellus ascribes the saying to Simonides; and Isidore, the Pelusiot, generally to the Lacedæmonians. Now, at all events, this breaks the unanimity of the ascription to Democritus, though each for itself should happen to be false. The objection to Simonides is, that he was but seven years old when Phalaris was killed. This, though surely, in a matter so perplexed as the chronology of that era, it is driving rather closely, we may allow. But what objection is there to the Lacedæmonians? Certainly we can discern, in the very nature of the sentiment, a reason that *may* have influenced Isidore for tracing it up to a *Laconic* parentage; but though this is an argument for suspicion, it is none for absolute rejection. Neither does Bentley make any objection of that sort. Here again he seems to rely upon chronology; for his own words are no stronger than these, — that 'though the date be undetermined, it might *fairly be presumed* to be more recent than he,'

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(*i. e.* Phalaris.) '*Fairly to be presumed!*' is that all? And why is it to be presumed? Simply because 'four parts out of five' among the Lacedæmonian apophthegms collected by Plutarch are, in Bentley's judgment, later than the age of Phalaris. Even this leaves a chance not quite inconsiderable, that the anachronism may not exist in the apophthegm before us. But, finally, had Bentley been called on for his proof of the particular proportions here assigned to the Anti-Phalaridean and Post-Phalaridean apophthegms, it would perhaps have appeared that the present argument of his was utterly worthless. For how came he to discriminate two classes? Of necessity, by some marks, (as, suppose diction of a certain quality, more or less archaic, and metrical arrangement, which would belong to all the γνωμαι taken from the dramatic writers.) And are these *criteria* sufficient? Undoubtedly they are; for example, before the iambics of the Greek tragedy existed, iambic apophthegms could not be detached from it. No such metrical γνωμη, therefore, can pretend to an earlier date than that of the drama itself. Well, then, having so effectual a test, with what propriety could Bentley throw the decision upon a ratio of chances — 'four out of five?' For no matter if the chances against a fact had been even a thousand to one before examination, yet if, *after* examination and submission to the test, the result were in favor of that fact, it will be established no less certainly than if the chances had been just the other way. The positive application of the test is transcendent to all presumptions and probabilities whatsoever, however reasonable it might have been to rely upon them in a case where no examination had been possible. So much for this

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section, which — though the weakest of the whole — is wound up in the most stinging manner; for Boyle having argued that apparent plagiarisms in a case like this proved nothing, since, in fact, no absolute originality, and therefore no manifest plagiarism, could be imagined in sentiments which belong to human nature itself, Bentley assures him that he is mistaken — exhibiting in his own person a refutation of that maxim; 'for there are many such *nostrums* in his book, such proper and peculiar mistakes, as were never thought on nor said by any man before him.'

The argument in the eighteenth section, which would fix upon Phalaris a reference to an epitaph first cited by Demosthenes in his Crown Oration, delivered in the third year of the 112th Olympiad, nearly two hundred and twenty years after his own death, is about as dubious as the last. But the case in the eight section is unanswerable. Phalaris is made to say — *Θνητοὺς γὰρ ὄντας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχειν, ὡς φασί τινες, οὐ πρόσηκει* — (i. e. *That we, being ourselves mortal, should cherish immortal anger, is, according to the saying, unfitting.*) Now, here the iambic metre, and the tone of a tragic *γνωμὴ*, are too evident to leave any doubts about the fountain from which the Pseudo-Phalaris is drawing.

The inference of Bentley is — 'that, if this iambic came from the stage, it must be later than Phalaris, let it belong to what poet soever, tragic or comic.' Boyle, on the other hand, is 'very well satisfied that there were both tragic and comic poets before the days of Phalaris.' And upon this, in law phrase, issue is joined.

Comedy is discussed in the present section. Bentley argues the following points against Boyle: — First,

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that Epicharmus is to be considered the father of Comedy upon more and better authorities than Susarion; Secondly, this being admitted, that upon chronological grounds Phalaris could not borrow a verse from comedy; Thirdly, even supposing Susarion to have contributed something to the invention, yet that this could not have availed Phalaris, unless he had come over *incognito* to the villages of Attica, inasmuch as 'his plays were extemporal, and never published in writing;' and, Fourthly, granting even 'that they *were* published, it is more likely they were in tetrametres and other chorical measures, than in iambics.' And why so? Because, as the Drama grew up from a festival, in which the main elements were singing and dancing, it is certain that the earliest metres were those which adapted themselves to dancing. It is, however, true, though at that time unknown to the learned, that an unpublished MS., of one Diomedes Scholasticus upon Dionysius Thrax, which MS. is in the King's Library, asserts, that 'Susarion was the beginner of comedy in verse, whose plays were all lost in oblivion: but there are two or three iambics of a play of his still remembered. In fact, there are in all five: the first four in this very MS. which had been seen only by Bentley, (and some of them in two other authors;) the last (which, by the way, seems to us a later addition by way of *ἐπιμυθίον*) in Stobæus. We shall give the whole, as the sentiment unfortunately belongs to all ages:

Ἀκούετε, λεώς· Συσαρίων λέγει τάδε
Ὑιὸς Φιλίνᾳ Μεγαρόθεν Τριποδίσκιος·
Κακὸν γυναῖκες· ἀλλ' ὅμως, ὦδημόται,
Οὐκ ἐστὶν οἰκεῖν οἰκίαν ἄνευ κακοῦ.
Καὶ γὰρ τὸ γῆμαι, καὶ τὸ μὴ γῆμαι, κακόν.

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Hear, O people: thus speaks Susarion, &c. Women are a torment; but still, my countrymen, there is no keeping house without this torment. To marry, then, and not to marry, is alike calamitous. Bentley produces this evidence (which, by the way, he corrects capitally) against himself; but disarms it chiefly by this argument. Susarion is here introduced addressing the audience in his own person; now *that*, taken in connection with the iambic metre, will prove the verses to be no part of a play. For though sometimes the poet *did* address the parterre, yet this was always done through the chorus; and what were the measures that the chorus used at that time? 'Never iambics, but always anapæsts or tetrametres; and I believe,' says Bentley, 'there is not one instance that the chorus speaks at all to the *pit* in iambics; to the actor it sometimes does.' Boyle, in treating the case of Susarion, had made much use of a passage in the Arundel Marbles. Unfortunately the words, which he particularly relied on, were mere emendations of Palmerius and Selden. Now it happened that Selden, whose Greek knowledge we ourselves consider miserably inaccurate, had in this instance made but a very imperfect examination of the marble chronicle itself. The consequence was, that Boyle had here unintentionally prepared an opening for a masterly display of skill on the part of Bentley, who had the pleasure at one and the same moment of exhibiting his Greek without ostentation — of doing a critical service to that famous Arundelian monument, on which so many learned heads had been employed — of dragging after him, as captives, a whole host of heroes in literature,

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whom he had indisputably defeated — and finally, of establishing his triumph in the question immediately before him.[43] All this learning, however, Bentley fails not to remind his readers, is *ex abundanti*, so much over and above what was necessary to decide the dispute, and, in fact, an *excursus* forced from him by his antagonist. For in reality certain words in the apophthegm, no ways essential to its expression, are proofs (or so Bentley regards them) that the Pseudo-Phalaris was borrowing not merely from the Greek drama before it existed, but from a specific dramatist, Euripides, to wit; and a specific tragedy now lost, viz. Philoctetes. However, we must own that this part of the argument appears to us questionable at least, and perhaps positively wrong; questionable, because Bentley has laid far too much stress on two words so exceedingly common as ἔχειν and προσήκει, the rest being (as he himself admits) absolutely indispensable to the expression of the thought, and therefore sure to occur to any writer having occasion to express it. To these two words confessedly he commits the entire burden of the tragedian's claim; and upon the ground, that, where so many equivalent expressions were at hand, it was hardly to be supposed that two persons writing independently, 'would have hit upon the same by chance.' But we reply, that the words ἔχειν and προσήκει, each containing an iambus, are convenient, and likely to offer to any man writing in iambic metre, which several of Bentley's equivalents are not. At any rate, the *extent* of the coincidence is not sufficient. But, secondly, we think that unquestionably the apophthegm was *not* from the fragment of the Philoctetes; for the words there stand thus: —

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Ὥσπερ δὲ θνητὸν καὶ τὸ σῶμ' ἡμῶν ἔφυ,
Οὕτω προσήκει μηδὲ τὴν ὀργὴν ἔχειν
Ἀθάνατον.

In this there is some difference, even as to the form of the thought; and the Pseudo-Phalaris must greatly have disturbed the order, *and, without apparent reason,* to obtain his own. But the best answer is this, that the words, as they now stand, are in a natural iambic arrangement —

Θνητοὺς μὲν ὄντας ἀθάνατον ὀργὴν ἔχειν
Οὐ ——— προσήκει.

The defect in the second line might be supplied in a thousand ways. And we therefore throw Bentley back upon that general form of his argument, which he imagined to be superseded by a special one: King Phalaris, in any case, is detected borrowing from a tragic drama, if not from this particular drama of Euripides; and as elsewhere we have seen him drawing loans from cities before they were founded, so here he is manifestly borrowing a sentiment from some tragedian unknown, before tragedy itself existed.

The two next arguments may be thrown together. In the first of them, Phalaris is convicted of borrowing a phrase (*τὸν ὄλεθρον εὗρε*) from Callimachus; and another (*ἑτέρῳ δαίμονι*, in the sense of *bad fortune*) perhaps also from Callimachus — if not, from Pindar; no matter which, since either way there would be an anachronism. These cases are, perhaps, doubtful; in fact, the acknowledged coincidence of two original poets, shows that the last phrase, at any rate, had gained a sort of proverbial footing. Not so with regard to the word *philosopher*, which furnishes the matter for another

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section. The 56th Letter is addressed *to Pythagoras the Philosopher;* this being only the superscription, may have been the addition of a copier; and, if so, the argument of Bentley would be eluded; but in the 23d Letter, the word *philosophy* cannot be detached from the context. Now, it is universally agreed, that Pythagoras himself introduced[44] the word; a fact which hardly needs an attestation; however, from a crowd of authors, Bentley quotes Cicero to the following effect: — 'That, when Pythagoras had discoursed before Leon, (the tyrant of Sicyon,) that prince, much taken with his wit and eloquence, asked him what art or trade he possessed. '*Art*,' says Pythagoras, '*I profess none; I am a philosopher.*' Leon, in admiration of the newness of the name, inquired what these *philosophers* were, and wherein they differed from other men.' On this, says Bentley, 'What a difference is here between the two tyrants! The one knows not what *philosopher* means: the other seems to account it as threadbare a word as the name of wise men of Greece; and that, too, before he had ever spoken with Pythagoras. We cannot tell which conversation was first. If Phalaris was the first, the Epistles must be a cheat. But, allowing Leon's to be the first, yet it could not be long after the other; and it is very hard to believe that the fame of so small a matter could so soon reach Phalaris's ear in his castle, through his guard of blue-coats, and the loud bellowing of his bull.' In a note on the word blue-coats,[45] Bentley says, 'This is not said at random; for I find the Agrigentines forbade their citizens to wear blue clothes, because blue was Phalaris's livery.'

Boyle's answer is characteristic at once of his breed-

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ing as a man of quality, and his pursuits as a scholar: for he takes a scholarlike illustration, and he uses it like a courtier. Queen Elizabeth, it seems, in addressing one of the universities, introduced, upon her own authority, the word *Fœminilis*. Now, could that learned body have paid her a more delicate compliment, asks Boyle, than by using the royal word in its answer? Bentley rejects this as a piece of unworthy adulation; not that Bentley was always above flattering; but his mind was too coarse and plain to enter into the spirit of such romantic and Castilian homage: his good sense was strong, his imaginative gallantry weak. However, we agree with him that, previously to any personal conversation with Pythagoras, the true Phalaris could not possibly have used this new designation 'as familiarly as if it had been the language of his nurse,' but 'would have ushered it in with some kind of introduction.'

In the following section comes on to be argued, the great question of the age of Tragedy. The occasion is this: In the 63d Epistle, Phalaris 'is in great wrath with one Aristolochus, a tragic poet, that nobody ever heard of, for writing tragedies against him.' Bentley amuses himself a little with the expression of 'writing tragedies *against* a man;' and with the name of Aristolochus, whom he pronounces a *fairy* poet, for having kept himself invisible to all the world since his own day; though Boyle facetiously retorts, that, judging by the length of his name, he must have been a giant, rather than a fairy. But the strength of Bentley's objection is announced in this sentence: — '*I* must take the boldness to tell Phalaris, who am out of his reach, that he lays a false crime to the poet's charge;

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for there was no such thing nor word as tragedy when he tyrannized at Agrigentum.' Upon this arose the dispute concerning the earliest date of tragedy.

In treating this interesting question, Bentley first addresses himself to the proof that Thespis, and not Epigenes or Phrynicus, was the true and original inventor of tragedy; and that no relics of any one Thespian drama survived in the age of Aristotle; consequently, that those fragments which imposed upon Clemens Alexandrinus and others, were forgeries; and he points out even the particular person most liable to the suspicion of the forgery, viz. Heraclides Ponticus, a scholar of Aristotle's. The fact of the forgery is settled indeed upon other evidence; for these four monstrous words, Κναξίβι, Χθυπτης, Φλεγμω, Δροψ, occur in the iambics attributed to Thespis. Now these words are confessedly framed as artificial contrivances for including the entire twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet. But Bentley makes it tolerably evident that no more than eighteen, certainly not twenty-four, existed in the age of Thespis. The lines, then, are spurious; and the imaginary evidences for the fact of Thespis having written anything, are got rid of. And as to any supplementary argument from the Alcestis, supposed to be ascribed to him by the Arundel Marbles, that is overthrown — 1. By the received tradition that Thespis admitted no female character into his plays: *à fortiori*, then, that he could not have treated a subject, the whole passion of which turned upon a female character; but, 2. More effectually by the triumphant proof which Bentley gives, that the Arundelian *Alcestis* was a pure fiction of Selden's, arising out of imperfect examination. Next, however,

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let it be conceded that Thespis *did* write, will that be of any service to Boyle? This introduces the question of the precise era of Thespis. Now, on the Oxford Marble, most unfortunately the letters which assign this are obliterated by time and weather. But Bentley suggests an obvious remedy for the misfortune, which gives a *certain* approximation. The name of Thespis stands between two great events, viz. the defeat of Crœsus by Cyrus, immediately preceding, and the accession of Darius, immediately following. The first of these is placed by all great chronologists in the first year of the 59th Olympiad; the last, in the second year of the 65th Olympiad. *Between* these dates, then, it was (a latitude of twenty-five years) that Thespis founded the tragic drama. And this being so, it follows, obviously, that Phalaris, who perished in the third year of the 57th Olympiad, could not have afforded a subject to tragedy during his lifetime. Boyle most idly imagines an error in the marble chronicle, through an omission of the sculptor. Certainly the σφαγματα *operarum* are well known to literary men of our times, but hardly where the proof-sheets happen to be marble; and after all, Bentley shows him that he would take no benefit by this omission. Three collateral disquisitions on Phrynicus, the successor of Thespis, on Solon, and on the origin of the word *tragedy*, are treated elaborately, and with entire success; but they depend too much on a vast variety of details to admit of compression.

In the Twelfth Section, Bentley examines the dialect. 'Had all other ways failed us,' says he, 'of detecting this impostor, yet his very speech had betrayed him: for his language is Attic; but he had forgotten that

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the scene of these Epistles was not Athens, but Sicily, where the Doric tongue was generally spoken and written. Pray, how came that idiom to be the court language at Agrigentum?' Athens, the μισοτύραννος, or tyrant-hating, by old prerogative, was not likely to be a favorite with the greatest of tyrants. And above all, we must consider this — that in the age of Phalaris, before literature had given to the Attic dialect that supremacy which it had afterwards, there was no one reason for valuing this exotic dialect, (as it was to Phalaris,) or giving it any sort of preference to the native dialect of Sicily.

But it is objected that Phalaris was born at Astypalæa, an island where, in early times, there existed an Attic colony. Now, in answer to this — waiving the question of fact, would he, who for twenty years had been a tax-gatherer in Sicily, have not learned the Doric? Studying popularity, would he have reminded the natives, by every word he uttered, that he was a foreigner? But perhaps he was *not* born at Astypalæa: there is a strong presumption that he was born in Sicily: and even if at Astypalæa, there is 'direct evidence that it was a Dorian colony, not an Athenian; for it was planted by the Megarians.'

But other eminent Sicilians, it may be said, quitted the Doric for the Attic in their writings. True: but *that* was in solemn compositions addressed to the world, epic poems and histories — not in familiar letters, 'mostly directed to the next towns, or to some of his own domestics, about private affairs, or even the expenses of his family, and never designed for the public view.'

'Yet,' retorts Boyle, 'we have a letter of Dion of

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Syracuse to Dionysius the Tyrant, and a piece of Dionysius's, both preserved among Plato's Epistles, and written in such a dialect as if both prince and philosopher (to use the Doctor's phrase) had gone to school at Athens.'

Here, rejoins Bentley, he is 'very smart upon me; but he lashes himself; for the philosopher really *did* go to school at Athens, and lived with Plato and Speusippus:' and as to the prince, though he 'did not go to Athens, yet Athens, as I may say, went to him; for not Plato only, but several other philosophers, were entertained by him at his court in Syracuse.'

But again, says Boyle, thinking to produce a memorable and unobjectionable case, because taken from Scripture, Epimenides the Cretan did not write in the Cretic dialect; for, in the line cited from him by St. Paul, —

Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται, κακὰ θηρία, γαστέρες ἀργαί,

the word ἀεὶ would in the Cretic dialect have been ἀιες. Even from this position, so difficult as it might seem at this time of day to dispute, Bentley's unrelenting scourge immediately forces him: he produces a Cretic epistle and a Cretic inscription, (of absolute authority, being on marble,) both of which present the form ἀεὶ. But, even had it been otherwise, we must remember, that from a poem to a familiar epistle, *non valet consequentia;* the latter could not abandon the dialect native to the writer, without impeaching its credit. And so *fatal* is Bentley's good luck, here as everywhere, that he produces a case where a letter of this very Epimenides, which still survives, was denounced as spurious

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by an ancient critic, (Demetrius the Magnesian,) for no other reason than because it was not Cretic in its dialect, but Attic.

With his customary bad fortune, Boyle next produces Alcæus and Sappho, as persons 'who were born in places where the Ionic was spoken, and yet wrote their lyric poems in Æolic or Doric.' For this assertion he really had some colorable authority, since both Ælian and Suidas expressly rank Lesbos among the Ionian cities. Yet, because Meursius, and before him, Brodæus, and after both, Bentley himself, had all independently noticed the word Lesbos as an error for Lebedos, Bentley replies in the following gentle terms: — 'I protest I am ashamed even to refute such miserable trash, though Mr. Boyle was not ashamed to write it. What part is it that I must teach him? That Alcæus and Sapphc were natives of Lesbos? But it is incredible he should be ignorant of that. Or, that the language of Lesbos was Æolic? Yes, *there* his learning was at a loss; he believed it was Ionic.' It is then demonstrated, by a heap of authorities, not only that Lesbos was an Æolian city, but that, (as Strabo says,) in a manner, it was the metropolis of Æolian cities.

Well, but Agathyrsides, at least, quitted his Samian or Doric dialect for Ionic. Answer: There was no such person; nor did the island of Samos speak Doric, but Ionic Greek.

Andronicus of Rhodes, then, in his still surviving Commentary on Aristotle's Ethics. The Commentary does indeed survive; but that the author was a Rhodian, is a mere conceit of a modern, and a very unlearned person.[46] This fact had been already stated by Daniel Heinsius, the original editor of Andronicus.

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Well, at any rate, Dionysius of Halicarnassus: that case is past disputing. Why, yes; he was of Doric birth undoubtedly, and undoubtedly he wrote in the Attic dialect. But then, in the first place, he *lived* amongst those who had nothing to do with the Doric — which was one reason for abjuring his native dialect; and secondly, which is the material difference between him and Phalaris, he wrote in the age of Augustus Cæsar — when the Attic dialect had been established for four centuries as the privileged language of Grecian literature.

'*But the most remarkable instance of all,*' says Boyle, '*is that of Zaleucus, King of the Locrians, a Doric colony: the preface to whose laws is preserved, and has plainly nothing of the Doric dialect in it.*' Sad fate of this strongest of all instances! His inexorable antagonist sets to work, and, by arguments drawn from place, time, and language, makes it pretty nearly a dead certainty that the pretended laws of Zaleucus were as pure a fabrication as the Letters of Phalaris. Afterwards he makes the same scrutiny, and with the same result, of the laws attributed to Charondas; and in the end, he throws out a conjecture that both these forgeries were the work of some sophist not even a native Greek; a conjecture which, by the way, has since been extended by Valckenaer to the Pseudo-Phalaris himself, upon the authority of some Latin idioms.[47]

[N. B. Any future editor of Bentley's critical works ought to notice the arguments of Warburton, who, in the *Divine Legation*, endeavors to support the two lawgivers against Bentley.]

The use of the Attic dialect, therefore, in an age

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when as yet no conceivable motive had arisen for preferring that to any other dialect, the earliest morning not having dawned of those splendors which afterwards made Athens the glory of the earth, is of itself a perfect detection of the imposture. But let this be waived. Conceive that mere caprice, in a wilful tyrant like Phalaris, led him to adopt the Attic dialect: *stet pro ratione voluntas.* Still, even in such a case, he must have used the Attic of his own day. Caprice might go abroad, or it might go back in point of time; but caprice could not prophetically anticipate, as Phalaris does, the diction of an age long posterior to his own. Upon this subject Bentley expresses himself in a more philosophic tone than he usually adopts. 'Every living language,' says he, 'like the perspiring bodies of living creatures, is in perpetual motion and alteration. Some words go off, and become obsolete; others are taken in, and by degrees grow into common use; or the same word is inverted to a new sense and notion; which, in tract of time, makes as observable a change in the air and features of a language, as age makes in the lines and mien of a face.' Boyle, however, admitting this as a general law, chooses to suppose that the Greek language presented an eminent exception to it; insomuch that writings, separated by an interval of two thousand years, were, in his judgment, nearer to each other in point of phraseology, than English works separated by only two centuries. And as the reason of this fancied stability, he assigns the extended empire of the Greeks. Bentley disputes both the fact and the reason. As to the fact, he says that the resemblance between the old and modern Greek literature was purely mimetic. Why else, he

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asks, arose the vast multitude of scholiasts? Their aid was necessary to explain phrases which had become obsolete. As to extensive empire, no better cause can be assigned why languages are *not* stationary. In the Roman language, for example, more changes took place during the single century between the Duilian column (*i. e.* the first naval victory of the Romans) and the comedies of Terence, than during the four centuries preceding. And why? Because in that century the Roman eagles first flew beyond the limits of Italy. Again, with respect to the Athenian dialect, we find, from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that already by the time of the great orators, the peculiar Attic of Plato and Thucydides had become antiquated, although these last stood in the same relation of time to Demosthenes, that Dryden did to Pope. Now this is sufficiently explained by the composition of the Athenian population in the 110th Olympiad, as afterwards recorded by Athenæus. At that time there were twenty-one thousand citizens, ten thousand naturalized foreigners, and four hundred thousand slaves. Under this proportion of nineteen foreigners[48] to one native, well might the dialect suffer rapid alterations.

Thus far Bentley maintained his usual superiority. But in the particular examples which he adduced, he was both unexpectedly penurious and not always accurate. The word Θυγατερες, *daughters*, used in the Hebrew manner for *young women*, was indisputably a neologism impossible to the true Phalaris. So also of προτρέπειν used for προφέρειν. With respect to the phrase Παίδων ἐρασταί, used for *lovers of children*, which Bentley contends must have been equivalent in the elder ages to the infamous word Παιδερασταί, it has been

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since supposed that he was refuted by Markland, and v. 1088 of the *Supplices* of Euripides; but on the whole, we are of opinion that Bentley was right. It was the prerogative of the Tragic Drama, as of poetry in general, to exalt and ennoble: Thus, for instance, 'filled her with thee a goddess fair,' in Milton's L'Allegro, would in plain prose become almost an obscene expression; but, exalted and sustained by the surrounding images, it is no more than allowably voluptuous. In the absolute prose of Phalaris, we think with Bentley that the phrase could not have borne an innocent meaning. Thus far Bentley was right, or not demonstrably wrong; but in the two next instances he errs undeniably; and the triumph of Boyle, for the first time and the last, cannot be gainsaid. Bentley imagined that προδιδωμι, in the unusual sense of *giving beforehand*, (instead of *betraying*,) had no countenance from the elder writers; and he denounced the word διωκω, when applied to the *pursuing an object of desire*, believing that it was applicable only to the case of *an enemy pursuing one who fled*. Here we see the danger, in critical niceties, of trusting to any single memory, though the best in the world. And we can well believe Bentley when he charges his oversight upon the hurry of the 'press staying for *more copy*.' Having erred, however, the best course is to confess frankly and unreservedly; and this Bentley does. But in one point he draws from his very error an advantageous inference: his Oxford enemies had affected to regard him as a mere index-hunter; and Alsop had insolently described him as '*virum in volvendis Lexicis satis diligentem*.' Now, says Bentley, it was just because I was *not* what they

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would represent me, just because I too much neglected to search Lexicons and Indexes, and too entirely relied on my own reading and unassisted memory, that this one sole error in my first hasty dissertation remained, like the heel of Achilles, to show a touch of human infirmity, in what else might have claimed the immaculateness of a divine origin.

Upon a final examination of the Letters, Bentley detected three other words, which manifestly belonged to a later and a philosophic era — viz., *Πρόνοια*, used not in the sense of *foresight*, but of *Divine Providence*; *Στοιχεῖον*, which at first meant a *letter* or an element of words, used for *element* in the natural philosopher's sense; and *Κοσμος* for *the world*. But the truth is, that this line of argument threw Bentley upon the hard task of proving negatives. It might be easy, as occasions offered, to show that such a word *was* used by a particular age; one positive example sufficed for *that:* but difficult indeed to show that it was *not*. The whole is a matter of practice and feeling; and without any specific instances of modern idiom, which yet might perhaps still be collected by a very vigilant critic, no man of good taste, competently prepared, will hesitate to condemn the Letters as an imposture, upon the general warrant of the style and quality of the thoughts; these are everywhere redolent of a state of society highly artificial and polished, and argue an era of literature matured, or even waning, as to the division of its several departments, and the pretensions of its professors.

The argument which succeeds in the Fourteenth and Nineteenth Sections, is equally ludicrous and convincing. Throughout the Letters, Phalaris sports a most

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royal munificence, and gives away *talents* with as much ease as if they had been sixpences. Now, the jest of the matter is, that Sicilian talents were really not much more. The Attic forger of the Letters, naturally thinking of the Attic talent, (worth about £180,) forgot or had never learned, that the Sicilian talent was literally *two thousand times* less in value. Thus Phalaris complains of a hostile invasion, as having robbed him of *seven talents;* which, if they could be supposed Attic talents, make £1260 sterling; but, being Sicilian talents, no more than 12*s.* 7*d.* Again, he gives to a lady, as her marriage portion, five talents, meaning, of course, Attic talents, (*i. e.* £900); but what the true Phalaris must have understood by that sum was — nine shillings! And in other places he mentions Δραχμαί, coins which were not Sicilian. Boyle endeavored to resist these exposures, but without any success; and the long dissertation on Sicilian money which his obstinacy drew from Bentley, remains a monument of the most useful learning, as it corrects the errors of Gronovius, and other first-rate authorities, upon this very complex topic.

Meantime, the talent everywhere meant to be understood was the Athenian; and upon that footing, the presents made by Phalaris are even more absurd by their excess, than upon the Sicilian valuation of the talent by their defect. Either way, the Pseudo-Phalaris is found offending against the possibilities of the time and of the place. One instance places the absurdity in a striking light, both as respects the giver and the receiver. Gold was at that time very scarce in Greece, so that the Spartans could not, in every part of that country, collect enough to gild the face of a

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single statue; and they finally bought it in Asia of Crœsus. Nay, long afterwards, Philip of Macedon, being possessed of one golden cup, weighing no more than half a pound Troy, could not sleep, if it were not placed under his pillow. But, perhaps, Sicily had what Greece wanted? So far from it, that, above seventy years after Phalaris, Hiero, King of Syracuse, could not obtain gold enough for a single tripod and a Victoria, until after a long search, and a mission to Corinth; and even then his success was an accident. So much for the powers of the giver. Now for the receiver. A physician in those days was not paid very liberally; and even in a later age, the following are the rates which the philosopher Crates assigns as a representative scale for the practice of rich men: — 'To a cook, £30; to a physician, 8*d.*; to a toad-eater, £900; to a moral adviser — *smoke*;[49] to a courtezan, £180; to a philosopher, 4*d.*' But this was satire. True: yet, seriously, not long after the death of Phalaris, we have an account of the fees paid to Democedes, the most eminent physician of that day. His salary for a whole year from the people of Ægina was £180. The following year he was hired by the Athenians for £300; and the year after that by a prince, richer than Phalaris, for £360; so that he never got so much as a guinea a-day. Yet, in the face of these facts, Phalaris gives to *his* physician, Polycletus, the following presents for a single cure: — four goblets of refined gold, two silver bowls of unrivalled workmanship, ten couple of large Thericlæan cups, twenty young boys for his slaves, fifteen hundred pounds in ready money, besides a pension for life, equal to the highest salaries of his generals or admirals; all

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which, says Bentley, though shocking to common sense, when supposed to come from Phalaris, a petty prince of a petty district in Sicily, 'is credible enough, if we consider that a sophist was the paymaster;' who, as the actors in the Greek comedy paid all debts with lupins, pays *his* with words.

As his final argument, Bentley objects that the very invention of letter-writing was due to Atossa the Persian Empress, younger than Phalaris by one or two generations. This is asserted upon the authority of Tatian, and of a much more learned writer, Clement of Alexandria. But, be that as it may, every person who considers the general characteristics of those times, must be satisfied that, if the epistolary form of composition existed at all, it was merely as a rare agent in sudden and difficult emergencies — rarer, perhaps, by a great deal, than the use of telegraphic[50] dispatches at present. As a species of literary composition, it could not possibly arise until its use in matters of business had familiarized it to all the world. Letters of grace and sentiment would be a remote afterthought upon letters of necessity and practical negotiation. Bentley is too brief, however, on this head, and does not even glance at some collateral topics, such as the Lacedæmonian Caduceus and its history, which would have furnished a very interesting *excursus*. His reason for placing this section last is evident. The story of Mucianus, a Roman of consular rank, who had been duped by a pretended letter of Sarpedon's, (that same Sarpedon, *si Diis placeat*, who is killed in the Iliad by Patroclus,) furnishes him with a parting admonition, *personally* appropriate to his antagonist — that something more even than the

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title of *Honorable*[1] 'cannot always secure a man from cheats and impostures.'

In the Sixteenth Section, which might as properly have stood last, Bentley moves the startling question, (able of itself to decide the controversy,) 'in what secret cave' the letters had been hidden, 'so that nobody ever heard of them for a thousand years?' He suggests that some trusty servant of the tyrant must have buried them under ground; 'and it was well he did so; for if the Agrigentines had met with them, (who burned both him and his relations and his friends,) they had certainly gone to pot.' [The foreign translator of the two Phalaris Dissertations (whose work, by the way, was revised by the illustrious Valckenaer) is puzzled by this phrase of '*going to pot*,' and he translates it conjecturally in the following ludicrous terms: 'Si enim eas invenissent Agritentini, sine dubio *sergendis natibus inserviissent*.'] Boyle, either himself in a mist, or designing to mystify his readers, cites the cases, as if parallel cases, of Paterculus and Phædrus, the first of whom is not quoted by any author now extant till Priscian's time — five hundred years later than his own era — and not again until nine hundred years after Priscian: as to Phædrus, supposed to belong to the Augustan era, he is first mentioned by Avienus, four hundred years after this epoch, and never once again, until his works were brought to light by Pithou late in the sixteenth century. These cases Boyle cites as countenancing that of Phalaris. But Bentley will not suffer the argument to be so darkened: the thousand years which succeeded to Priscian and Avienus were years of barbarity; there was little literature, and little in-

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terest in literature, through that long night in Western Europe. This sufficiently accounts for the obscurity in which the two Latin authors slumbered. But the thousand years which succeeded to Phalaris, Solon, and Pythagoras, were precisely the most enlightened period of that extent, and, in fact, the only period of one thousand successive years, in the records of our planet, that has uninterruptedly enjoyed the light of literature. So that the difference between the case of Phalaris, and those which are alleged as parallel by Boyle, is exactly this: that the Pseudo-Phalaris was first heard of in 'the very dusk and twilight before the long night of ignorance;' whereas Phædrus, Lactantius, &c. suffered the more natural effect of being eclipsed by that light. The darkness which extinguished the genuine classics, first drew Phalaris into notice. Besides, that in the cases brought forward to countenance that of Phalaris, the utmost that can be inferred is no more than a negative argument, those writers are simply not quoted; but from *that* no argument can be drawn, concluding for their non-existence. Whereas, in the case of Phalaris, we find various authors — Pindar, for instance, Plato, Aristotle, Timæus, Polybius, and others, down even to Lucian — talking of the man in terms which are quite inconsistent with the statements of these letters. And we may add, with regard to other distinguished authors, as Cicero in particular, that on many occasions, their very silence, under circumstances which suggested the strongest temptation to quote from these letters, had they been aware of their existence, is of itself a sufficient proof that no such records of the Sicilian tyrant had ever reached them by report.

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Finally, the *matter* of the letters, to which Bentley dedicates a separate section of his work, is decisive of the whole question to any man of judgment who has reviewed them without prejudice or passion. Strange it is at this day to recollect the opposite verdicts on this point of the controversy, and the qualifications of those from whom they proceeded. Sir William Temple, an aged statesman, and practised in public business, intimate with courts, a man of great political sagacity, a high-bred gentleman, and of brilliant accomplishments, singles out these letters not merely as excellent in their kind, but as one argument amongst others for the unapproachable supremacy in all intellectual pretensions of the ancients; on the other hand, Bentley, a young scholastic clergyman of recluse habits, comparatively low in rank, and of humble breeding, pronounces the letters to be utterly despicable, and unworthy of a prince. On such a question, and between such judges, who would hesitate to abide by the award of the sage old diplomatist? Yet a single explanation discredits his judgment: he was angry and prejudiced. And the actual result is — that every reader of sense heartily accedes to Bentley's sentence — 'You feel, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, commanding a million of subjects.'

It remains that we should say a few words on Bentley's character, and the general amount of his claims. This part of his task, Dr. Monk, for a reason quite unintelligible to us, has declined; and Dr. Parr has

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attempted it with his usual sonorous tympany of words, but with no vestiges of distinct meaning, or of appropriate commendation. We do not design, on this occasion, to supply their omissions by a solemn and minute adjudication of Bentley's *quantum meruit* in every part of his pretensions; that will be a proper undertaking, and one from which we shall not shrink, in connection with some general review of the leading scholars since the restoration of letters, English and continental. At present, we shall confine ourselves to a brief and unpretending suggestion of some few principal considerations, which should guide our estimate of Bentley's services to literature.

Bentley was a man of strong 'mother wit,' and of masculine good sense. These were his primary advantages; and he had them in excess, if excess belongs to gifts of that quality. They are gifts which have not often illuminated the labors of the great classical scholar; who, though necessarily a man of talent, has rarely been a man of powerful understanding. In this there is no contradiction; it is possible to combine great talents with a poor understanding; and such a combination is, indeed, exceedingly common. The Scaligers, perhaps, were men of commanding sense. Isaac Casaubon, who has been much praised for his sense, (and of late more than ever by Messrs. Southey and Savage Landor,) was little above mediocrity in that particular. His notices of men and human life are, for the most part, poor and lifeless commonplaces. Salmasius, a greater scholar, was even meaner as a thinker. To take an illustration or two from our own times, Valckenaer and Porson — the two best Grecians, perhaps, since Bentley — were both poor

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creatures in general ability and sense. Porson's *jeux d'esprit*, in the newspapers of his day, were all childish and dull beyond description: and, accordingly, his whig friends have been reduced to the sad necessity of lying and stealing on his behalf, by claiming (and even publishing) as Porson's, a copy of verses, (*The Devil's Sunday Thoughts*,) of which they are well assured he did not write a line. Parr, again, a good Latin scholar, though no Grecian, for general power of thought and sense, was confessedly the merest driveller of his age. But Bentley was not merely respectable in this particular: he reached the level of Dr. Johnson, and was not far short of the powers which would have made him a philosopher.

The next great qualifications of Bentley were, ingenuity, and (in the original sense of that term) sagacity. In these he excelled all the children of men; and as a verbal critic will probably never be rivalled. On this point we remember an objection to Bentley, stated forcibly by Mr. Coleridge; and it seemed, at the time, unanswerable; but a little reflection will disarm it. Mr. Coleridge had been noticing the coarseness and obtuseness of Bentley's poetic sensibilities, as indicated by his wild and unfeeling corruptions of the text in *Paradise Lost*. Now, here, where our knowledge is perfectly equal to the task, we can all *feel* the deficiencies of Bentley: and Mr. Coleridge argued, that a Grecian or Roman of taste, if restored to life, would, perhaps, have an equally keen sense of the ludicrous, in most of the emendations introduced by Bentley into the text of the ancient classics; a sense which, in these instances, is blunted or extinguished to us by our unfamiliar command over the two languages. But this

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plausible objection we have already answered in another place. The truth is, that the ancient poets are much more than the Christian poets within the province of unimaginative good sense. Much might be said, and many forcible illustrations given, to show the distinction between the two cases; and that from a poet of the Miltonic order, there is no inference to a poet such as Lucan, whose connections, transitions, and all the process of whose thinking, go on by links of the most intelligible and definite ingenuity; still less any inference to a Greek lexicographer like Suidas, or Hesychius, whose thoughts and notices proceed in the humblest category of mere common sense. Neither is it true, that, with regard to Milton, Bentley has always failed. Many of his suggestions are sound. And, where they are not, this does not always argue bluntness of feeling; but, perhaps, mere defect of knowledge. Thus, for example, he has chosen, as we remember, to correct the passage,

> 'That on the *secret* top
> Of Horeb or of Sinai,' &c.

into *sacred* top; for he argued, that the top of a mountain, exposed to the whole gaze of a surrounding country, must of all places be the least private or secret. But, had he happened to be familiar with mountains, though no higher than those of England, he would have understood that no secrecy is so complete, and so undisturbed by sound or gaze from below, as that of a mountain-top such as Helvellyn, Great Gavel, or Blencathara.[52] Here, therefore, he spoke from no defect of feeling, but from pure defect of knowledge. And, after all, many of his better suggestions on the text

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of Milton will give an English reader an adequate notion of the extraordinary ingenuity with which he corected the ancient classics.

A third qualification of Bentley, for one province of criticism at least, was the remarkable accuracy of his ear. Not that he had a peculiarly fine sense for the rhythmus of verse, — else the divine structure of the Miltonic blank verse would have preserved numerous fine passages from his 'slashing' proscription. But the independent beauty of sounds, and the harsh effect of a jingle of syllables, no critic ever felt more keenly than he; and hence, on many occasions, he either derived originally, or afterwards supported, his corrections.

This fineness of ear perhaps first drew his attention to Greek metre, which he cultivated with success, and in that department may be almost said to have broken the ground.

The Digamma, and its functions, remain also trophies of his exquisite sagacity in hunting backward, upon the dimmest traces, into the aboriginal condition of things. The evidences of this knowledge, however, which Heyne used and published to the world, are simply his early and crude notes on the margin of his Homer. But the systematic treatise, which he afterwards developed upon this foundation, was unknown to Heyne, and it is still unknown to the world. This fact, which is fully explained in Mr. Sandford's late excellent edition of Thiersch's Greek Grammar (p. 312 – 13), has been entirely overlooked by Dr. Monk.

The same quality of sagacity, or the power of *investigating* backward, (in the original sense of that meta-

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phor,) through the corruptions of two thousand years, the primary form of the reading which lay buried beneath them, a faculty which in Bentley was in such excess, that it led him to regard every MS. as a sort of figurative Palimpsest, in which the early text had been overlaid by successive layers of alien matter, was the fruitful source both of the faults and the merits of his wonderful editions. We listen with some impatience to Dr. Monk, when he falls in with the common cant on this subject, as though Bentley had injured a reader by his new readings. Those whose taste is really fine enough to be offended by them, (and we confess, that in a poet of such infinite delicacy as Horace, we ourselves are offended by the obtrusion of the new lections into the text,) are at liberty to leave them. If but here and there they improve the text, (and how little is *that* to say of them!) *lucro ponatur*. Besides, the received text, which Bentley displaced, was often as arbitrary as his own. Of this we have a pleasant example in the Greek Testament: that text which it was held sacrilege in Bentley to disturb, was in fact the text of Mr. Stephens the printer, (possibly of a clever compositor,) who had thus unintentionally become a sort of *conscience* to the Protestant churches It was no more, therefore, than a fair jest in Bentley, upon occasion of his own promised revision of the text, — 'Gentlemen, in me behold your Pope.'

Dr. Monk regrets that Bentley forsook Greek studies so often for Latin; so do we; but not upon Dr. Monk's reason. It is not that Bentley was inferior, as a Latin scholar, to himself as a Grecian; it is, tha Grecians, as good as he, are much rarer than Latinists of the same rank.

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Something must be said of Bentley's style. His Latinity was assailed with petty malignity, in two set books, by Ker and Johnson. However, we see no justice in Dr. Monk's way of disparaging their criticisms, as characteristic of schoolmasters. Slips are slips; faults are faults. Nor do we see how any distinction can be available between schoolmasters' Latin and the Latin of sublimer persons in silk aprons. The true distinction which would avail Bentley we take to be this. In writing Latin there are two distinct merits of style; the first lies in the mere choice of the separate words; the second, in the structure and mould of the sentence. The former is within the reach of a boy armed with a suitable dictionary, which distinguishes the gold and silver words, and obolizes the base Brummagem copper coinage. The other is the slow result of infinite practice and original tact. Few people ever attain it; few ever *could* attain it. Now, Bentley's defects were in the first accomplishment; and a stroke of the pen would everywhere have purified his *lexis*. But his great excellence was in the latter, — where faults, like faults in the first digestion, are incapable of remedy. No corrections, short of total extirpation, will reach *that* case; blotting will not avail: '*una* litura potest.' His defect, therefore, is in a trifle; his success in the rarest of attainments. Bentley is one of those who *think* in Latin, and not among the poor frosty translators into Latin under an overruling tyranny of English idiom. The phrase *puritas sermonis*, used for *purity of style*, illustrates Bentley's class of blemishes. We notice it, because Ker, Dr. Monk, and Dr. Parr, have all concurred in condemning

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it. *Castitas* might be substituted for *puritas*, as to *sermonis*, (*pace virorum tantorum*,) it admits of apology.

Bentley's English style was less meritorious; but it was sinewy, native, idiomatic, though coarse and homely. He took no pains with it: where the words fell, there they lay. He would not stop to modulate a tuneless sentence; and, like most great classical scholars of that day, he seemed to suppose that no modern language was capable of a better or worse.[53] How much more nobly did the Roman scholars behave — Cicero, Varro, &c. — who, under every oppression of Greek models, still labored to cultivate and adorn their own mother tongue! And even the example of Addison, whom Bentley so much admired, might have taught him another lesson; for though this great writer, unacquainted with the real powers of the English language,[54] had flippantly pronounced it a 'brick' edifice, by comparison with the marble temples of the ancients, yet he did not the less take pains to polish and improve it. Brick, even, has its own peculiar capacities of better and worse. Bentley's lawless pedantries of '*putid*' and '*negoce*,'[55] though countenanced by equal filth in L'Estrange and many writers of the day, must, in any age, have been saluted with bursts of laughter; and his formal defence of the latter word was even more insufferably absurd than the barbarism which he justified. On the other hand, the word *ignore*, which he threw in the teeth of Mr. Boyle, had been used by that gentleman's uncle in many of his works: it is, in fact, Hibernian, which Bentley did not know; and in England is obsolete,[56] except in the use of grand juries. Being upon this subject, we must take the liberty of telling Dr. Monk,

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that his own expressions of '*overhaul*,' for *investigate*, and '*attackable*,' are in the lowest style of colloquial slang. The expression of a '*duty*' being '*due*,' which is somewhere to be found in his book, is even worse.

As a theologian, Bentley stood in the same circumstances as the late Bishop of Llandaff. Both were irregularly built for that service; both drew off the eyes of the ill-natured, and compensated their deficiencies by general ability; both availed themselves of a fortunate opportunity for doing a *popular* service to Christianity, which set their names above the more fully accomplished divines of their day; both carried, by a *coup-de-main*, the King's professorship of divinity at Cambridge, which is the richest in the world; and, finally, both retreated from its duties.

In conclusion, we shall venture to pronounce Dr. Bentley the greatest *man* amongst all scholars. In the complexion of his character, and the style of his powers, he resembled the elder Scaliger, having the same hardihood, energy, and elevation of mind. But Bentley had the advantage of earlier polish, and benefited by the advances of his age. We should pronounce him, also, the greatest of *scholars*, were it not that we remember Salamasius. Dr. Parr was in the habit of comparing the Phalaris dissertation with that of Salmasius *De Lingua Hellenistica*. For our own parts, we have always compared it with the same writer's *Plinian Exercitations*. Both are among the miracles of human talent: but with this difference, that the Salmasian work is crowded with errors; whilst that of Bentley, in its final state, is absolutely without spot or blemish.

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In taking a final leave of any interesting man, whom (whether as writers or as readers) we had accompanied through the chances and changes of a biographic record, although it is true that what in such a man first engaged our notice *must* have been something by which he was distinguished from his fellows, not the less what we should most regard in him when seen for the last time, would be those points in which he simply resembled them. True it is, that he never could have won the right to such a biographic memorial except by *differing* from his brothers: nevertheless it is certain, that our last gaze would settle upon the points in which he *agreed* with them; upon his passions and his fortunes; upon the calamitous incidents of his life, and the magnanimity with which he supported them; upon his infirmities as a child of earth, and his consolations as a child of heavenly hopes.

Bentley's life, through forty years (that is, through the entire period of his mature manhood), had been one unrelenting combat with malignant enemies. And yet this singular result had followed, that his enemies reaped the full harvest of mortification and wrath which such a rancorous feud was fitted to produce, whilst he through all this period had enjoyed a sunshine of perpetual peace. The storm had raved through forty years — tormenting the very air up to the barriers of Bentley's doors and windows; but it had never been suffered to gain an entrance, or to violate the sanctity of his happy fireside; even as the life-destroying vapours in coal mines suffer an arrest at the very moment when they reach the meshes of the safety-lamp. One golden sanctuary did Bentley enjoy, and *that* was his own hearth; one unfailing comforter, and *that* was his own wife.

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Her at length he lost. From her, after a union of forty years, during which her confidential advice, but still more her faithful sympathy, had cheered and sustained him often through great difficulties, but at some periods through great dangers, at last the grave parted him. And the opinion of all men was, that now beyond a doubt he would drift away into hopeless gloom. But, just as his last anchor was unsettling, and beginning to drive before this great billowy anguish, suddenly a new morning of consolation ascended for *him* — a resurrection of pathetic hopes. His married daughter came to Trinity Lodge, and by her pious attentions first of all recalled him from wandering thoughts and unprofitable fretting. Next, she drew him at intervals within the circle of her children; led him to take an interest in their joyous sports; and filled his halls with the music of infant laughter, which for seventy years had been a sound unknown to *him*. An Indian summer crept stealthily over his closing days; a summer less gaudy than the mighty summer of the solstice, but sweet, golden, silent; happy, though sad; and to Bentley, upon whom (now eighty years old) his last fatal illness rushed as suddenly as it moved rapidly through all its stages, it was never known that this sweet mimicry of summer — a spiritual or fairy echo of a mighty music that has departed — is as frail and transitory as it is solemn, quiet, and lovely.[57]

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DR. PARR AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

PART I.

THE time is come when, without offence, the truth may be spoken of Dr. Parr.[58] Standing by the side of the grave, men's eyes, as it were, fastened upon the very coffin of an excellent person, all literary people under any restraint of honorable feelings — all writers who have trained themselves to habits of liberal sympathy and of generous forbearance — everybody, in short, but the very rash or very juvenile, the intemperate or malignant — put a seal upon their lips. Grief, and the passionate exaggerations of grief, have a title to indulgent consideration, which, in the upper walks of literature, is not often infringed; amongst polished Tories, amongst the coterie of this journal, we may

* *The Works of Samuel Parr, LL.D. with Memoirs of hi Life and Writings, and a Selection from his Correspondence.* By JOHN JOHNTSONE, M. D.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. With Biographical Notices of many of his Friends, Pupils, and Contemporaries. By the REV. WILLIAM FIELD.

Parriana; or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. By E. H. BARKER, Esq.

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say — *never*. On this principle it was that we prescribed to ourselves most willingly a duty of absolute silence at the time of Dr. Parr's death, and through the years immediately succeeding. The sorrow of his numerous friends was then keen and raw. For a warm-hearted man — and Dr. Parr was such — there is an answerable warmth of regret. Errors and indiscretions are forgotten; virtues are brought forward into high relief; talents and accomplishments magnified beyond all proportions of truth. These extravagances are even graceful and becoming under the immediate impulses which prompt them: and for a season they are, and ought to be, endured. But this season has its limits. Within those limits the rule is — *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.[59] Beyond them, and when the privilege of recent death can no longer be sustained, this rule gives way to another — *De mortuis nil nisi verum et probabiliter demonstratum*. This canon has now taken effect with regard to Dr. Parr. The sanctities of private grief have been sufficiently respected, because the grief itself has submitted to the mitigation of time. Enough has been conceded to the intemperance of sorrowing friendship: the time has now arrived for the dispassionate appreciation of equity and unbiassed judgment.

Eighteen years have passed away since we first set eyes upon Dr. Samuel Parr. Off and on through the nine or ten years preceding, we had heard him casually mentioned in Oxford, but not for any good. In most cases, the anecdote which brought up his name was some pointless parody of a Sam-Johnsonian increpation, some Drury-Lane counterfeit of the true Jovian thunderbolts:

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'Demens qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
Ære et cornipedum sonitu simularet equorum.'

In no instance that we recollect had there appeared any felicity in these colloquial fulminations of Dr. Parr. With an unlimited license of personal invective, and with an extravagance of brutality not credible, except in the case of one who happened to be protected by age and by his petticoats, — consequently with one power more than other people enjoy, who submit themselves to the restraints of courtesy, and to the decencies of social intercourse, — the Doctor had yet made nothing of his extra privilege, nor had so much as once attained a distinguished success. There was labor, indeed, and effort enough, preparation without end, and most tortuous circumgyration of periods; but from all this sonorous smithery of hard words in *osity* and *ation*, nothing emerged — no wrought massy product — but simply a voluminous smoke. Such had been the fortune, whether fairly representing the general case or not, of our own youthful experience at second-hand in respect to Dr. Parr, and his colloquial prowess. When we add, that in those years of teeming and fermenting intellects, at a crisis so agitating for human interests upon the very highest scale, no mere philologists or *grammaticaster* — though he had been the very best of his class — could have held much space in our thoughts; and, with respect to Dr. Parr in particular, when we say that all avenues to our esteem had been foreclosed from our boyish days by one happy sarcasm of the Pursuits of Literature, where Parr had been nicknamed, in relation to his supposed model, *the Birmingham Doctor*;[60] and, finally, when we assure the reader that he was the one sole specimen

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of a whig parson that we had ever so much as heard of within the precincts of the Church of England; — laying together all this, it may be well presumed, that we did not anticipate much pleasure or advantage from an hour's admission to Dr. Parr's society. In reality having heard all the fine colloquial performers of our own times, we recoiled from the bare possibility of being supposed to participate in the curiosity or the interest which, in various degrees, possessed most of those who on that morning surrounded us. The scene of this little affair was — a front drawing-room in the London mansion of one of Dr. Parr's friends. Here was collected a crowd of morning visitors to the lady of the house: and in a remote back drawing-room was heard, at intervals, the clamorous laugh of Dr. Samuel Parr, then recently arrived from the country upon a visit to his London friend. The miscellaneous company assembled were speedily apprised *who* was the owner of that obstreperous laugh — so monstrously beyond the key of good society; it transpired, also, *who* it was that provoked the laugh; it was the very celebrated *Bobus* Smith. And, as a hope was expressed that one or both of these gentlemen might soon appear amongst us, most of the company lingered in the reasonable expectation of seeing Dr. Sam — we ourselves, on the slender chance of seeing Mr. Bobus. Many of our junior readers, who cannot count back far beyond the year in question, (1812,) are likely to be much at a loss for the particular kind of celebrity, which illustrated a name so little known to fame in these present days, as this of Bobus Smith. We interrupt, therefore, our little anecdote of Dr. Parr, with the slightest outline of Mr. Smith's story and his pretensions.

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Bobus, then, (who drew his nickname, we conjecture, though the *o* was pronounced long, from subscribing the abbreviated form of *Bob*^{us}, for his full name *Robertus*) — a brother of the Rev. Sydney Smith, who now reposes from his jovial labors in the Edinburgh Review, upon the bosom of some luxurious English Archdeaconry, — had first brought himself into great notice at Cambridge by various specimens of Latin verse, in the Archaic style of Lucretius. These we have sought for in vain; and, indeed, it appears from a letter of Mr. Smith's to Dr. Parr, that the author himself has retained no copies. These Latin verses, however, were but bagatelles of sport. Mr. Smith's serious efforts were directed to loftier objects. We had been told, as early as 1806, (how truly we cannot say,) that Mr. Bobus had publicly avowed his determination of first creating an ample fortune in India, and then returning home to seize the post of Prime Minister, as it were by storm; not that he could be supposed ignorant, how indispensable it is in ordinary cases, that good fortune, as well as splendid connections, should concur with commanding talents, to such a result. But a condition, which for other men might be a *sine quâ non*, for himself he ventured to waive, in the audacity, said our informant, of conscious intellectual supremacy. So at least the story went. And for some years, those who had heard it continued to throw anxious gazes towards the Eastern climes, which detained her destined premier from England. At length came a letter from Mr. Bobus, saying, 'I'm coming.' The fortune was made; so much, at least, of the Cambridge menace had been fulfilled; and in due time Bobus arrived. He took the necessary steps

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for prosecuting his self-created mission: he caused himself to be returned to Parliament for some close borough: he took his seat: on a fitting occasion he prepared to utter his maiden oration: for that purpose he raised himself bolt-upright upon his pins: all the world was hushed and on tiptoe when it was known that Bobus was on his legs: you might have heard a pin drop. At this critical moment of his life, upon which as it turned out, all his vast cloud-built fabrics of ambition were suspended, when, if ever, he was called upon to rally, and converge all his energies, suddenly his presence of mind forsook him: he faltered: rudder and compass slipped away from him: and — oh! Castor and Pollux! — Bobus foundered! nor, from that day to this, has he been heard of in the courts of ambition. This catastrophe had occurred some time before the present occasion; and an event which had entirely extinguished the world's interest in Mr. Bobus Smith had more than doubled ours. Consequently we waited with much solicitude. At length the door opened; which recalls us from our digression into the high road of our theme: for not Mr. Bobus Smith, but Dr. Parr entered.

Nobody announced him; and we were left to collect his name from his dress and his conversation. Hence it happened, that for some time we were disposed to question ourselves whether this might not be Mr. Bobus even, (little as it could be supposed to resemble him,) rather than Dr. Parr, so much did he contradict all our rational preconceptions. 'A man,' said we, 'who has insulted people so outrageously, ought not to have done this in single reliance upon his professional protections; a brave man, and a man of honor,

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would here have carried about with him, in his manner and deportment, some such language as this, — "Do not think that I shelter myself under my gown from the natural consequences of the affronts I offer; mortal combats I am forbidden, sir, as a Christian minister, to engage in; but, as I find it impossible to refrain from occasional license of tongue, I am very willing to fight a few rounds, in a ring, with any gentleman who fancies himself ill-used." ' Let us not be misunderstood; we do not contend that Dr. Parr should often, or regularly, have offered this species of satisfaction. But we *do* insist upon it — that no man should have given the very highest sort of provocation so wantonly as Dr. Parr is recorded to have done, unless conscious that, in a last extremity, he was ready, like a brave man, to undertake a short turn-up, in a private room, with any person whatsoever whom he had insulted past endurance. A doctor, who had so often tempted a cudgelling, ought himself to have had some ability to cudgel. Dr. Johnson assuredly would have acted on that principle. Had volume the second of that same folio with which he floored Osborn, happened to lie ready to the prostrate man's grasp, nobody can suppose that Johnson would have gainsaid his right to retaliate; in which case, a regular succession of rounds would have been established. Considerations such as these, and the Doctor's undeniable reputation (granted even by his most admiring biographers) as a sanguinary flagellator, throughout his long career of pedagogue, had prepared us — nay, entitled us — to expect in Dr. Parr a huge carcass of man, fourteen stone at the least. Even his style, pursy and bloated, and his sesquipedalian words, all warranted the same conclusion. Hence,

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then, our surprise, and the perplexity we have recorded, when the door opened, and a little man, in a a buz wig, cut his way through the company, and made for a *fauteuil* standing opposite to the fire. Into this he *lunged;* and then forthwith, without preface or apology, began to open his talk upon us. Here arose a new marvel and a greater. If we had been scandalized at Dr. Parr's want of thewes and bulk, conditions so indispensable for enacting the part of Sam. Johnson, much more, and with better reason, were we now petrified with his voice, utterance, gestures, and demeanor. Conceive, reader, by way of counterpoise to the fine[61] enunciation of Dr. Johnson, an infantine lisp — the worst we ever heard — from the lips of a man above sixty, and accompanied with all sorts of ridiculous grimaces and little stage gesticulations. As he sat in his chair, turning alternately to the right and to the left, that he might dispense his edification in equal proportions amongst us, he seemed the very image of a little French gossiping abbé.

Yet all that we have mentioned, was, and seemed to be, a trifle by comparison with the infinite pettiness of his matter. Nothing did he utter but little shreds of calumnious tattle — the most ineffably silly and frivolous of all that was then circulating in the Whig *salons* of London against the Regent.[62] He began precisely in these words: 'Oh! I shall tell you' (laying a stress upon the word *shall*, which still further aided the resemblance to a Frenchman) 'a sto-hee' (lispingly for story) 'about the Pince Thegent' (such was his nearest approximation to *Prince Regent.*) 'Oh, the Pince Thegent — the Pince Thegent! — what a sad, sad man he has turned out? But you *shall* hear. Oh! what a

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Pince! what a Thegent! — what a sad Pince Thegent!' And so the old babbler went on, sometimes wringing his little hands in lamentation, sometimes flourishing them with French grimaces and shrugs of shoulders, sometimes expanding and contracting his fingers like a fan. After an hour's twaddle of the lowest and most scandalous description, suddenly he rose and hopped out of the room, exclaiming all the way, '*Oh! what a Pince, oh, what a Thegent, — did anybody ever hear of such a sad Pince — such a sad Thegent, such a sad, sad Pince Thegent? Oh, what a Pince,*' &c., *da capo*.

Not without indignation did we exclaim to ourselves, on this winding up of the scene, 'And so that then, that lithping slander-monger, and retailer of petty scandal and gossip, fit rather for washerwomen over their tea, than for scholars and statesmen, is the champion whom his party propound as the adequate antagonist of Samuel Johnson! Faugh!'——— We had occasion, in this instance, as in so many others which we have witnessed, to remark the conflict between the natural and the artificial (or adopted) opinions of the world, and the practical triumph of the first. A crowd of ladies were present: most of them had been taught to believe that Dr. Parr was a prodigious scholar, and in some mysterious way, and upon something not exactly known or understood except by learned men, a great authority, and, at all events, what is called — *a public character*. Accordingly, upon his first entrance, all of them were awed — deep silence prevailed — and the hush of indefinite expectation. Two minutes dispersed that feeling; the Doctor spoke, and the spell was broken. Still, however, and long afterwards, some of

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them, to our own knowledge, continued to say — 'We suppose' (or, 'we have been told') 'that Dr. Parr is the modern Johnson.' Their artificial judgments clung to them after they had *evidently* given way, by a spontaneous movement of the whole company, to the natural impression of Dr. Parr's conversation. For no sooner was the style and tendency of Dr. Parr's gossip apparent, than a large majority of those present formed themselves into little parties, entered upon their own affairs, and, by a tacit convention, agreed to consider the Doctor as addressing himself exclusively to the lady of the house and her immediate circle. Had Sam. Johnson been the talker, nobody would have presumed to do this; secondly, nobody, out of regard to his own reputation, would have been so indiscreet as to do this; he would not have acknowledged weariness had he felt it; but, lastly, nobody would have wished to do this: weariness was impossible in the presence of Sam. Johnson. Neither let it be said, that perhaps the ladies present were unintellectual, and careless of a scholar's conversation. They were not so: some were distinguished for ability — all were more or less tinctured with literature. And we can undertake to say, that any man of tolerable colloquial powers, speaking upon a proper topic, would have commanded the readiest attention. As it was, every one felt, (if she did not even whisper to her neighbor,) 'Here, at least, is nothing to be learned.'

Such was our first interview with Dr. Parr; such its issue. And now let us explain our drift in thus detailing its circumstances. Some people will say, the drift was doubtless to exhibit Dr. Parr in a disadvantageous light — as a petty gossiper, and a man of mean per-

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sonal appearance. No; by no means. Far from it We have a mean personal appearance ourselves; and we love men of mean appearance. Having one spur more than other men to seek distinction in those paths where nature has not obstructed them, they have one additional chance (and a great one) for giving an extended development to their intellectual powers. Many a man has risen to eminence under the powerful reaction of his mind in fierce counter-agency to the scorn of the unworthy, daily evoked by his personal defects, who with a handsome person would have sunk into the luxury of a careless life under the tranquillizing smiles of continual admiration. Dr. Parr, therefore, lost nothing in *our* esteem by showing a meanish exterior. Yet even this was worth mentioning, and had a value in reference to our present purpose. We like Dr. Parr: we may say even, that we love him for some noble qualities of heart that really *did* belong to him, and were continually breaking out in the midst of his singular infirmities. But this, or even a still nobler moral character than Dr. Parr's, can offer no excuse for giving a false elevation to his intellectual pretensions, and raising him to a level which he will be found incapable of keeping when the props of partial friendship are withdrawn. Our object is to value Dr. Parr's claims, and to assign his true station both in literature and in those other walks of life upon which he has come forward as a public man. With such a purpose before us, it cannot be wholly irrelevant to notice even Dr. Parr's person, and to say, that it was at once coarse, and in some degree mean; for his too friendly biographers have repeatedly described his personal appearance in flattering terms, and more than once have

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expressly characterized it as 'dignified;' which it was *not*, according to any possible standard of dignity, but far otherwise; and it is a good inference from such a misstatement to others of more consequence. His person was poor; and his features were those of a clown — coarse, and ignoble, with an air, at the same time, of drollery, that did not sit well upon age, or the gravity of his profession. Upon one feature, indeed, Dr. Parr valued himself exceedingly; this was his eye: he fancied that it was peculiarly searching and significant: he conceited, even, that it frightened people; and had a particular form of words for expressing the severe use of this basilisk function: 'I *inflicted* my eye upon him,' was his phrase in such cases.[63] But the thing was all a mistake: his eye could be borne very well: there was no mischief in it. Doubtless, when a nervous gentleman, in a pulpit, who was generally the subject of these inflictions, saw a comical looking old man, from below, levelling one eye at him, with as knowing an expression as he could throw into it, — mere perplexity as to the motive and proper construction of so unseasonable a personality might flutter his spirits; and to the vain, misjudging operator below, might distort this equivocal confusion, arising out of blank ignorance of his meaning, into the language of a conscious and confessing culprit. Explanations, in the nature of the thing, would be of rare occurrence: for some would not condescend to complain; and others would feel that the insult, unless it was for the intention, had scarcely body enough and tangible shape to challenge inquiry. They would anticipate, that the same man, who, in so solemn a situation as that between a congregation and their pastor, could offer such

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an affront, would be apt to throw a fresh ridicule upon the complaint itself, by saying — 'Fix my eye upon you, did I? Why, that's all my eye with a vengeance. Look at you, did I? Well, sir, a cat may look at a king.' This said in a tone of sneer: and then, with sneer and strut at once, 'I trust, sir, — humbly, I take leave to suppose, sir, that Dr. Parr is not so obscure a person, not so wholly unknown in this sublunary world, but he may have license to look even at as great a man as the Reverend Mr. So-and-so.' And thus the worthy doctor would persevere in his mistake, that he carried about with him, in his very homely collection of features, an organ of singular power and effect for detecting hidden guilt.

A mistake at all events it was; and his biographers have gone into it as largely under the delusions of friendship, as he under the delusions of vanity. On this, therefore, we ground what seems a fair inference — that, if in matters so plain and palpable as the character of a man's person, and the expression of his features, it has been possible for his friends to fall into gross errors and exaggerations, much more may we count upon such fallacies of appreciation in dealing with the subtler qualities of his intellect, and his less determinable pretensions as a scholar. Hence we have noticed these lower and trivial misrepresentations as presumptions with the reader, in aid of our present purpose, for suspecting more weighty instances of the same exaggerating spirit. The *animus*, which prompted so unserviceable a falsification of the real case, is not likely to have hesitated in coming upon ground more important to Dr. Parr's reputation, and at the same time, much more susceptible of a sincere latitude of

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appraisement, even amongst the neutral. It is so with a view to a revision of too partial an adjudication, that we now institute this inquiry. We call the whole estimates to a new audit; and submit the claims of Dr. Parr to a more equitable tribunal. Our object, we repeat, is — to assign him his true place, as it will hereafter be finally assigned in the next, or more neutral generation. We would anticipate the award of posterity; and it is no fault of ours, that, in doing so, it will be necessary to hand the doctor down from that throne in the cathedral of English clerical merit, on which the intemperate zeal of his friends has seated him for the moment, into some humble prebendal stall. Far more agreeable it would naturally have been to assist in raising a man unjustly depreciated, than to undertake an office generally so ungracious as that of repressing the presumptuous enthusiasm of partisans, where it may *seem* to have come forward, with whatever exaggerations, yet still in a service of disinterested friendship, and on behalf of a man who, after all, was undeniably clever, and, in a limited sense, learned. The disinterestedness, however, of that admiration which has gathered about Dr. Parr is not so genuine as it may appear. His biographers (be it recollected) are bigots, who serve their superstition in varnishing their idol: they are Whigs, who miss no opportunity of undervaluing Tories and their cause: they are Dissenters, who value their theme quite as much for the collateral purpose which it favors of attacking the Church of England, as for its direct and avowed one of lauding Dr. Parr. Moreover, in the letters (which, in the undigested chaos of Dr. Johnstone's collection, form three volumes out of eight) Dr. Parr himself ob-

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tains a mischievous power, which, in a more regular form of composition, he would not have possessed, and which, as an honest man, we must presume that he would not have desired. Letters addressed to private correspondents, and only by accident reaching the press, have all the license of private conversation. Most of us, perhaps, send a little treason or so at odd times through the post-office; and as to *scand. magn.*, especially at those unhappy (luckily rare) periods when Whigs are in power, if all letters are like our own, the Attorney-General would find practice for a century in each separate day's correspondence. In all this there is no blame. *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* But publication is another thing. Rash insinuations, judgments of *ultra* violence, injurious anecdotes of loose or no authority, and paradoxes sportively maintained in the certainty of a benignant construction on the part of the individual correspondent — all these, when printed, become armed, according to circumstances of time and person, with the power of extensive mischief. It is undeniable, that through Dr. Parr's published letters are scattered some scores of passages, which, had he been alive, or had they been brought forward in a direct and formal address to the public, would have called forth indignant replies of vehement expostulation or blank contradiction. And many even of his more general comments on political affairs, or on the events and characters of his times, would have been overlooked only upon the consideration that the place which he occupied, in life or in literature, was not such as to aid him in giving effect to his opinions.

In many of these cases, as we have said already, the

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writer had a title to allowance, which those who publish his letters have *not*. But there are other cases which call for as little indulgence to him as to them. In some of his political intemperances, he may be considered as under a twofold privilege: first, of place — since, as a *private* letter-writer, he must be held as within the protection and the license of his own fireside; secondly, of time — since, on a general rule of construction, it may be assumed that such communications are not deliberate, but thrown off on the spur of the occasion: that they express, therefore, not a man's settled and abiding convictions, but the first momentary impulses of his passion or his humor. But in many of his malicious sarcasms, and disparaging judgments, upon contemporaries who might be regarded, in some measure, as competitors with himself, either for the prizes of clerical life, or for public estimation, Dr. Parr could take no benefit by this liberal construction. The sentiments he avowed in various cases of this description were not in any respect hasty or unconsidered ebullitions of momentary feeling. They grew out of no sudden *occasions;* they were not the product of accident. This is evident; because uniformly, and as often almost as he either spoke or wrote upon the persons in question, he gave vent to the same bilious jealousy in sneers or libels of one uniform character; and, if he forbore to do this in his open and avowed publications, the fair inference is, that his fears or his interest restrained him; since it is notorious, from the general evidence of his letters and his conversation, that none of those whom he viewed with these jealous feelings could believe that they owed anything to his courtesy or his moderation.

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For example, and just to illustrate our meaning, in what terms did he speak and write of the very eminent Dean of Carlisle, and head of Queen's College, Cambridge — the late Dr. Isaac Milner? How did he treat Bishop Herbert Marsh? How, again, the illustrious Bishop Horsley? All of them, we answer, with unprovoked and slanderous scurrility; not one had offered him any slight or offence, — all were persons of gentlemanly bearing, though the last (it is true) had shown some rough play to one of Parr's pet heresiarchs, — all of them were entitled to his respect by attainments greatly superior to his own, — and all of them were more favorably known to the world than himself, by useful contributions to science, or theologic learning. Dean Milner had ruined his own activities by eating opium; and he is known, we believe, by little more than his continuation of the Ecclesiastical History, originally undertaken by his brother Joseph, and the papers which he contributed to the London Philosophical Transactions. But his researches and his accomplishments were of wonderful extent; and his conversation is still remembered by multitudes for its remarkable compass, and its almost Burkian[64] quality of elastic accommodation to the fluctuating accidents of the occasion. The Dean was not much in the world's eye: at intervals he was to be found at the tables of the great; more often he sought his ease and consolations in his honorable academic retreat. There he was the object of dislike to a particular intriguing *clique* that had the ear of Dr. Parr. He was also obnoxious to the great majority of mere worldlings, as one of those zealous Christians who are usually denominated *evangelical*, and by scoffers are called *the*

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saints; that is to say, in common with the Wilberforces, Thorntons, Hoares, Elliots, Babingtons, Gisbornes, &c., and many thousands of less distinguished persons in and out of Parliament, — Dean Milner assigned a peculiar emphasis, and a more significant interpretation, to those doctrines of original sin, the terms upon which redemption is offered — regeneration, sanctification, &c. which have the appearance of being the *characteristic* and peculiar parts in the Christian economy. Whether otherwise wrong or right in these views, it strikes us poor lay critics (who pretend to no authoritative knowledge on these great mysteries), that those, who adopt them, have at all events, a *primâ facie* title to be considered less worldly, and more spiritual-minded, than the mass of mankind; and such a frame of mind is at least an argument of fitness for religious contemplations, in so far as temper is concerned, be the doctrinal (or merely intellectual) errors what they may. Consequently, for our own parts, humbly sensible as we are of our deficiencies in this great science of Christian philosophy, we could never at any time join in the unthinking ridicule which is scattered by the brilliant and the dull upon these peculiarities. Wheresoever, and whensoever, we must freely avow, that evidences of real non-conformity to the spirit of this impure earth of ours, command our unfeigned respect. But *that* was a thing which the worthy Dr. Parr could not abide. He loved no high or aerial standards in morals or in religion. Visionaries, who encouraged such notions, he viewed (to express it by a learned word) as ἀεροβατοῦντας, and as fit subjects for the chastisement of the secular arm. In fact, he would have persecuted a little upon *such* a

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provocation. On Mr. Pitt and the rest who joined in suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act, Dr. Parr was wont to ejaculate his pastoral benediction in the following after-dinner toast — '*Qui suspenderunt, suspendantur!*' And afterwards upon occasion of the six bills provoked by the tumults at Manchester, Glasgow, &c., his fatherly blessing was daily uttered in this little fondling sentiment, — 'Bills for the throats of those who framed the bills?' On the same principle, he would have prayed fervently — had any Isaac Milner infested his parish — 'Let those who would exalt our ideals of Christianity, be speedily themselves exalted!' And therefore, if any man inquires upon what grounds it was that Dr. Parr hated with an intolerant hatred — scorned — and sharpened his gift of sneer upon — the late Dean of Carlisle — we have here told him 'the reason why;' and reason enough, we think, in all conscience. For be it known, that, over and above other weighty and obvious arguments for such views, Dr. Parr had a standing personal irritation connected with this subject — a continual 'thorn in the flesh' — in the relations subsisting between him and his principal, the incumbent of his own favorite and adopted parish. As the position of the parties were amusing to those who were in possession of the key to the right understanding of it, viz. a knowledge of their several views and opinions, we shall pause a moment to describe the circumstances of the case.

Dr. Parr, it is well known, spent a long period of his latter life at Hatton, a village in Warwickshire. The living of Hatton belonged to Dr. Bridges, who, many a long year ago, was well known in Oxford as one of the Fellows in the magnificently endowed col-

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lege of Magdalen; that is to say, Dr. Bridges was the incumbent at the time when some accident of church preferment brought Dr. Parr into that neighborhood. By an arrangement which we do not exactly understand, the two doctors, for their mutual convenience, exchanged parishes. We find it asserted by Dr. Johnstone, that on Dr. Parr's side the exchange originated in a spirit of obliging accommodation. It may be so. However, one pointed reservation was made by Dr. Bridges [whether in obedience to church discipline or to his private scruples of conscience — we cannot say] viz. — that, once in every year, (according to our remembrance, for a series of six consecutive Sundays,) he should undertake the pulpit duties of the church. On this scheme the two learned clerks built their *alterni fœdera regni;** and, like two buckets, the Drs. Bridges and Parr went up and down reciprocally for a long succession of years. The waters, however, which they brought up to the lips of their parishioners, were drawn from two different wells; for Dr. Bridges shared in the heresy of the Dean of Carlisle. Hence a system of energetic (on Dr. Parr's side, we may say — of fierce) mutual counteraction. Each, during his own reign, labored to efface all impressions of his rival. On Dr. Bridges's part, this was probably, in some measure, a necessity of conscience; for he looked upon his flock as ruined in spiritual health by the neglect and ignorance of their pastor. On Dr. Parr's, it was the mere bigotry of hatred, such as all schemes of teaching are fitted to provoke which appeal to a standard of ultra perfection, or exact any peculiar sanctity of life. Were Bridges right, in that case, it was clear that Parr was wrong by miserable defect.

* Their compact of alternate sovereignty.

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But, on the other hand, were Parr right, then Bridges was wrong only by superfluity and redundance Such was the position, such the mutual aspects, of the two doctors. Parr's wrath waxed hotter and hotter. Had Dr. Bridges happened to be a vulgar sectarian, of narrow education, of low breeding, and without distinguished connections, — those *etesian* gales or annual monsoons, which brought in his periodical scourge, would have been hailed by Parr as the harbingers of a triumph in reversion. Yielding the pulpit to his rival for a few Sundays, he would have relied upon the taste of his parishioners for making the proper distinctions. He would have said, — 'You have all eyes and ears — you all know that fellow; you all know me: I need say no more. Pray, don't kick him when he comes again.' But this sort of contempt was out of the question, and that kindled his rage the more. Dr. Bridges was a man of fortune; travelled and accomplished; familiar with courts and the manners of courts. Even that intercourse with people of rank and fashion, which Parr so much cultivated in his latter years, and which, to his own conceit, placed him so much in advance of his own order, gave him no advantage over Dr. Bridges. True, the worthy fanatic (as some people called him) had planted himself in a house at Clifton near Bristol, and spent all his days in running up and down the lanes and alleys of that great city, carrying Christian instruction to the dens of squalid poverty, and raising the torch of spiritual light upon the lairs of dissolute wretchedness. But, in other respects, he was a man *comme il faut*. However his mornings might be spent, his *soirées* were elegant; and it was not a very unusual event to meet

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a prince or an ambassador at his parties. Hence, it became impossible to treat him as altogether abject, and a person of no social consideration. In that view, he was the better man of the two. And Parr's revenge, year after year, was baulked of its food. In this dilemma of impotent rage, what he could — he did! — And the scene was truly whimsical. Regularly as Dr. Bridges approached, Dr. Parr fled the country. As the wheels of Dr. Bridges were heard muttering in advance, Dr. Parr's wheels were heard groaning in retreat. And when the season of this annual affliction drew to a close, when the wrath of Providence was spent, and the church of Hatton passed from under the shadows of eclipse into renovated light, then did Dr. Parr — cautiously putting out his feelers to make sure that the enemy was gone — resume the spiritual sceptre. He congratulated his parish of Hatton that their trials were over; he performed classical *lustrations*, and Pagan rites of expiation; he circled the churchyard nine times *withershins* (or inverting the course of the sun); he fumigated the whole precincts of Hatton church with shag tobacco; and left no stone unturned to cleanse his little Warwickshire fold from its piacular pollution.

This anecdote illustrates Dr. Parr's temper. Mark, reader, his self-contradiction. He hated what he often called 'rampant orthodoxy,' and was never weary of running down those churchmen who thought it their duty to strengthen the gates of the English church against Popish superstitions and Popish corruptions on the one hand, or Socinianism on the other. Yet, let anything start up in the shape of zealous and fervid devotion — right or wrong — and let it threaten to

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displace his own lifeless scheme of ethics, or to give a shock of galvanism to his weekly paralytic exhortations 'not upon any account or consideration whatsoever to act *improperly* or in opposition to the dictates of reason, decorum, and prudence;' let but a scintillation appear of opposition in that shape, and who so ready to persecute as Dr. Parr? Fanaticism, he would tell us, was what he could not bear; fanaticism must be put down: the rights of the church must be supported with rigor; if needful, even with severity. He was also a great patron of the church as against laymen; of the parson as against the churchwarden; of the rector's right to graze his horse upon the graves; of the awful obligation upon his conscience to allow of no disrespectable, darned, or ill-washed surplice; of the solemn responsibility which he had undertaken in the face of his country to suffer no bell-ringing except in canonical hours; to enforce the decalogue, and also the rubric: to obey his ecclesiastical superiors within the hours of divine service; and finally, to read all proclamations or other state documents sent to him by authority, with the most dutiful submission, simply reserving to himself the right of making them as ridiculous as possible by his emphasis and cadence.[65] In this fashion Dr. Parr manifested his reverence for the church establishment; and for these great objects it seemed to him lawful to persecute. But as to purity of doctrine, zeal, primitive devotion, the ancient faith as we received it from our fathers, or any service pretending to be more than lip service, for all such questionable matters it was incumbent upon us to show the utmost liberality of indifference on the most modern and showy pattern, and, except for Popery, to rely

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upon Bishop Hoadly. This explanation was necessary to make the anecdote of Dr. Bridges fully intelligible; and that anecdote was necessary to explain the many scornful allusions to that reverend gentleman, which the reader will find in Dr. Johnstone's collection of letters; but above all, it was necessary for the purpose of putting him in possession of Dr. Parr's character and position as a member of the Church of England.

To return from this digression into the track of our speculations, Dean Milner and Dr. Bridges stood upon the same ground in Dr. Parr's displeasure. Their offence was the same: their criminality perhaps equal: and it was obviously of a kind that, for example's sake, ought not to be overlooked. But Herbert Marsh was not implicated in their atrocities. No charge of that nature was ever preferred against *him*. His merits were of a different order; and confining our remarks to his *original* merit, and that which perhaps exclusively drew upon him the notice of Mr. Pitt's government, not so strictly clerical. His earliest public service was, his elaborate statement of the regal conferences at Pilnitz, and his consequent justification of this country in the eyes of Europe, on the question then pending between her and the French Republic, with which party lay the *onus* of first virtual aggression, and with which therefore, by implication, the awful responsibility for that deluge of blood and carnage which followed. This service Herbert Marsh performed in a manner to efface the remembrance of all former attempts. His next service was more in the character of his profession — he introduced his country to the very original labors in theology of the learned Michaelis, and he expanded the compass and

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value of these labors by his own exertions. Patriots, men even with the feeblest sense of patriotism, have felt grateful to Dr. Marsh for having exonerated England from the infinite guilt of creating a state of war lightly — upon a weak motive — upon an unconsidered motive — or indeed upon any motive or reason whatsoever; for a reason supposes choice and election of the judgment, and choice there can be none without an acknowledged alternative. Now it was the triumphant result of Dr. Marsh's labors, that alternative there was practically none, under the actual circumstances, for Great Britain; and that war was the mere injunction of a flagrant necessity, coupling the insults and the menaces of France with what are now known to have been the designs, and indeed the momentary interests, of the predominant factions at that epoch. Herbert Marsh has satisfied everybody almost but the bigots, (if any now survive,) of Jacobinism as it raged in 1792 and 1793, when it held its horrid Sabbaths over the altar and the throne, and deluged the scaffolds with innocent blood. All but those he has satisfied. Has he satisfied Dr. Parr? No. Yet the Doctor was in absolute frenzy of horror, grief, and indignation, when Louis XVI. was murdered. And, therefore, if the shedding of what he allowed to be most innocent blood could justify a war, and the refusal of all intercourse but the intercourse of vengeance with those who, at that period, ruled the scaffold, then in that one act (had there even been wanting that world of weightier and prospective matter, which did in fact impel the belligerents) Dr. Parr ought in reason to have found a sufficient justification of war. And so perhaps he would. But *Dis aliter*

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visum est; and his *Di* and *Di majorum gentium* — paramount to reason, conscience, or even to discretion, unless such as was merely selfish, were the Parliamentary leaders from whom he expected a bishopric, (and would very possibly have got it, had some of them lived a little longer in the first decade of this century, or he himself lived to the end of this present decade.[96]) Hence it does not much surprise us, that, in spite of his natural and creditable horror, on hearing of the fate of the French king, he relapsed into Jacobinism so fierce, that two years after a friend, by way of agreeable flattery, compliments him as being only '*half* a *sanscullotte;*' a compliment, however, which he doubtless founded more upon his confidence in Dr. Parr's original goodness of heart, and the almost inevitable contagion of English society, than on any warrant which the Doctor had yet given him by words or by acts, or any presumption even which he was able to specify, for so advantageous an opinion. Well, therefore, might Herbert Marsh displease Dr. Parr. He was a Tory, and the open antagonist of those by whom only the fortunes of *sanscullottes*, thorough-bred or half-bred, had any chance of thriving; and he had exposed the hollowness of that cause to which the Doctor was in a measure sold.

As to Horsley, his whole life, as a man of letters and a politician, must have won him the tribute of Dr. Parr's fear and hatred; a tribute which he paid as duly as his assessed taxes. Publicly indeed, he durst not touch him; for the horrid scourge which Horsley had wielded at one time, in questions of scholarship and orthodoxy, still resounded in his ears. But in his letters and conversation, Dr. Parr fretted forever at his

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eminence, and eyed him grudgingly and malignly; and those among his correspondents, who were not too generous and noble-minded to pay their court through his weaknesses, evidently were aware that a sneer at Bishop Horsley was as welcome as a basket of game. Sneers, indeed, were not the worst: there are to be found in Dr. Parr's correspondence some dark insinuations, apparently pointed at Horsley, which involve a sort of charges that should never be thrown out against any man without the accompaniment of positive attestations. What may have been the tenor of that bishop's life and conversation, we do not take upon us to say. It is little probable, at this time of day, under the censorious vigilance of so many unfriendly eyes, and in a nation where even the persons upon the *judicial* bench exhibit in their private lives almost a sanctity of deportment, that a dignitary of the English Church will err by any scandalous immorality. Be that however as it may, and confining our view to Horsley in his literary character, we must say, that he is far beyond the reach of Dr. Parr's hostility. His writings are generally excellent: as a polemic and a champion of his own church, he is above the competition of any modern divine. As a theologian, he reconciles the nearly contradictory merits of novelty and originality with well-meditated orthodoxy: and we may venture to assert, that his *Sermons* produced the greatest impression, and what the newspapers call 'sensation,' of any English book of pure divinity, for the last century. In saying this we do not speak of the sale; what that might be, we know not; we speak of the strength of the impression diffused through the upper circles, as apparent in the reverential terms, which, after the appearance of

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that work, universally marked the sense of cultivated men in speaking of Bishop Horsley — even of those who had previously viewed him with some dislike in his character of controversialist. Let the two men be compared; not the veriest bigot amongst the Dissenters, however much he would naturally prefer as a companion, or as a subject for eulogy, that man who betrayed[67] the interests of his own church to him who was its column of support and ornament, could have the hardihood to insinuate that Dr. Horsley was properly, or becomingly, a mark for the scurrilities of Dr. Parr. In what falls within the peculiar province of a schoolmaster, we think it probable (to make every allowance which candor and the simplicity of truth demand) that Dr. Parr had that superior accuracy which is maintained by the practice of teaching. In general reach and compass of intellect, in theology, in those mixed branches of speculative research which belong equally to divinity and to metaphysics, (as in the Platonic philosophy, and all which bears upon the profound doctrine of the Trinity,) or (to express the matter by a single word) in philosophic scholarship, and generally in vigor of style and thought, we suppose Horsley to have had, in the eyes of the public, no less than in the reality of the case, so prodigiously the advantage, that none but a sycophant, or a false friend, would think of suggesting seriously a comparison so disadvantageous to Dr. Parr. But at all events, let the *relations* of merit be what they may in Horsley, certainly his absolute merit is unquestionable; and the continued insults of Dr. Parr are insufferable

Upon these flagrant justifications, individual attacks past counting, besides a general *system* of disparagement

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and contumely towards the most distinguished pretensions in church and state, unless ranged on the side of the Whigs, or even if presuming to pause upon those extremities which produced a schism in the Whig club itself, we stand for a sufficient apology in pressing the matter strongly against Dr. Parr. A rejoinder on *our* side has in it something of vindictive justice. Tories, and not Tories only, but all who resist anarchists, (for that Dr. Parr did not blazon himself in that character, was due to the lucky accident which saved him from any distressing opportunities of *acting* upon his crazy speculations,) have an interest in depressing to their proper level those who make a handle of literature for insidious party purposes, polluting its amenities with the angry passions proper to our civil dissensions, and abusing the good nature with which we Tories are always ready to welcome literary merit, without consideration of politics, and to smile upon talent though in the ranks of our antagonists. The Whigs are once more becoming powerful, and we must now look more jealously to our liberalities. Whigs are not the kind of people to be trusted with improper concessions: Whigs 'rampant,' (to use Dr. Parr's word,) still less. Had Dr. Parr been alive at this hour, he would have stood fair for the first archbishopric vacant; for we take it for granted that the Duke of Wellington, according to his peculiar system of tactics, would long ere now have made him a bishop. Let us therefore appraise Dr. Parr; and to do this satisfactorily, let us pursue him through his three characters, the triple *role* which he supported in life — of Whig politician; secondly, of scholar, (or, expressing our meaning in its widest extent, of literary man;) and finally of theologian.

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These questions we shall discuss in a separate section; and, from the many personal notices which such a discussion will involve, and the great range of literary topics which it will oblige us to traverse, we may hope to make it not unamusing to our readers. There are, in every populous community, many different strata of society, that lie in darkness, as it were, to each other, from mere defect of mutual intercourse; and in the literary world there are many chambers that have absolutely no communication. Afterwards, when twenty — thirty — sixty years have passed away — by means of posthumous memoirs, letters, anecdotes, and other literary records — they are all brought in a manner face to face; and we, their posterity, first see them as making up a whole, of which they themselves were imperfectly conscious. Every year makes further disclosures; and thus a paradox is realized — that the more we are removed from personal connection with a past age of literature, the better we know it. Making Dr. Parr for the moment a central figure to our groups, we shall have it in our power to bring upon the stage many of the persons who figured in that age as statesmen, or leaders in political warfare; and most of those who played a part, prominent or subordinate, in literature; or who conspicuously filled a place amongst the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the state.

Meantime, as an appropriate close to this preliminary section, we shall put a question — and, in a cursory way, we shall discuss the proper answer to it — upon Dr. Parr as a man of the world, and ambitious candidate for worldly distinctions; in short, as the architect of his fortunes. Was he, in this light, an able and successful man? Or, separating the two parts of that

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question which do not *always* proceed concurrently, if he were not successful in a degree corresponding to his own wishes and the expectations of his friends, if it is notorious that he missed of attaining those prizes which he never hesitated to avow as the objects that stimulated his ambition, in what degree are we to ascribe his failure to want of talent, to misdirection of his talent, to a scrupulous and fastidious integrity, to the injustice of his superiors, or, finally, to mere accidents of ill luck? One man in each ten thousand comes into this world, according to the homely saying, 'with a silver spoon in his mouth;' but most of us have a fortune to make — a station to create. And the most general expression, by far the most absolute and final test, of the degrees in which men differ as to energy and ability, is to be found in the large varieties of success which they exhibit in executing this universal object. Taking life as a whole, luck has but little sway in controlling its arrangements. Good sense and perseverance, prudence and energy, these are the fatal deities that domineer over the stars and their aspects. And when a man's coffin knocks at the gates of the tomb, it is a question not unimportant, among other and greater questions, What was he on beginning life, what is he now? Though in this, as in other things, it is possible to proceed in a spirit of excess, still, within proper restrictions, it is one even of a man's moral obligations, to contend strenuously for his own advancement in life; and, as it furnishes, at the same time, a criterion as little ambiguous as any for his intellectual merits, few single questions can be proposed so interesting to a man's reputation, as that which demands the amount of his success in playing

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for the great stakes of his profession or his trade. What, then, was the success of Dr. Parr?

The prizes which the Doctor set before his eyes from his earliest days, were not very lofty, but they were laudable; and he avowed them with a *naïveté* that was amusing, and a frankness that availed at least to acquit him of hypocrisy. They were two — a mitre and a coach-and-four. 'I am not accustomed,' says he, (writing to an Irish bishop,) 'to dissemble the wishes I once had' [this was in 1807, and he then had them more than ever] 'of arriving at the profits and splendor of the prelacy, or the claims to them which I believe myself to possess. The bishopric he did not get; there he failed. For the coach-and-four, he was more fortunate. At the very latest period of his life, when the shades of death were fast gathering about him, he found himself able to indulge in this luxury — and, as his time was obviously short, he wisely resolved to make the most of it; and upon any or no excuse, the Doctor was to be seen flying over the land at full gallop, and scouring town and country with four clerical-looking long-tailed horses. We believe he even meditated a medal, commemorating his first ovation by a faithful portrait of the coach and his own episcopal wig in their meridian pomp; he was to have been represented in the act of looking out of the window, and 'inflicting his eye' upon some hostile parson picking his way through the mud on foot. On the whole, we really rejoice that the Doctor got his coach and his four resounding coursers. The occasional crack of the whip must have sounded pleasantly in his ears at a period when he himself had ceased to operate with that weapon — when he was no more than an *emeritus* pro-

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fessor and μαζιγοφορος[68] no longer. So far was well; but still, we ask, how came it that his coach panels wanted their appropriate heraldic decoration? How was it that he missed the mitre? — Late in life, we find him characterizing himself as an 'unpreferred, calumniated, half-starving country parson;' no part of which, indeed, was true; but yet, we demand, — How was it that any colorable plea existed, at that time of his career, to give one moment's plausibility to such an exaggeration? Let us consider.

Dr. Parr was the son of a country practitioner in the humbler departments of medicine. Parr, senior, practised as a surgeon, apothecary, and accoucheur. From him, therefore, his son could expect little assistance in his views of personal aggrandizement. But *that* was not necessary. An excellent Latin scholar, and a man who brought the rare sanction (sanctification — we were going to say) of clerical co-operation and countenance to so graceless and reprobate a party as the Whigs, who had scarcely a professional friend to say grace at their *symposia*, must, with any reasonable discretion in the conduct of his life, have been by much too valuable an article on the Whig establishment to run any risk of neglect. The single clerk, the one sole *reverend* man of letters, who was borne upon their books, must have had a priceless value in the eyes of that faction — when 'taking stock,' and estimating their alliances. To them he must have been what the *Emperor of Morocco* is to the collector of butterflies. To have lost this value, to have forfeited his hold upon their gratitude, and actually to have depreciated as he grew older, and better known to the world, implies too significantly some gross mis-

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conduct, or some rueful indiscretions. The truth is this; and for Parr's own honor, lest worst things should be thought of him than the case really warrants, his friends ought to make it known — though a man of integrity, he could not be relied upon: in a muster of forces, he was one of the few that never could be absolutely reckoned and made sure of. Neither did his scruples obey any known law: he could swallow a camel, and strain at a gnat, and his caprice was of the most dangerous kind; not a woman's caprice, which is the mere mantling of levity, and readily enough obeys any fresh impulse, which it is easy to apply in an opposite direction. Dr. Parr's caprices grew upon another stock; they were the fitful outbreaks of steady, mulish wrong-headedness. This was a constitutional taint, for which he was indebted to the accoucheur. Had the father's infirmity reached Dr. Parr in his worldly career, merely in that blank neutral character, and affected his fortunes through that pure negative position of confessed incapacity to help him, which is the whole extent of disastrous influence that the biographical records ascribe to him — all would have been well. But the old mule overruled his son to the end of his long life, and controlled his reiterated opportunities of a certain and brilliant success, by the hereditary taint in the blood which he transmitted to him, in more perhaps than its original strength. The true name for this infirmity is, in the vulgar dialect, *pig-headedness*. Stupid imperturbable adherence, deaf and blind, to some perverse view that abruptly thwarted and counteracted his party, making his friends stare, and his opponents laugh; in short, as we have said, pure pig-headedness, — *that* was the

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key to Dr. Parr's lingering preferment: and, we believe, upon a considerate view of his whole course, that he threw away ten times the amount of fortune, rank, splendor, and influence that he ever obtained; and with no countervailing indemnity from any moral reputation, such as would attend all consistent sacrifices to high-minded principle. No! on the contrary with harsh opposition and irritating expressions of powerful disgust from friends in every quarter — all conscious that, in such instances of singularity, Dr. Parr was merely obeying a demon, that now and then mastered him, of wayward, restive, moody self-conceit, and the blind spirit of contradiction. Most of us know a little of such men, and occasionally suffer by such men in the private affairs of life — men that are unusually jealous of slights, or insufficient acknowledgments of their personal claims and consequence: they require to be courted, petted, caressed: they refuse to be compromised or *committed* by the general acts of their party; no, they must be specially consulted; else they read a lesson to the whole party on their error, by some shocking and revolting act of sudden desertion, which, from a person of different character, would have been considered perfidy. Dr. Johnstone himself admits, that Parr was 'jealous of attention, and indignant at neglect;' and on one occasion endeavors to explain a transaction of his life, by supposing that he may have been 'hurried away by one of those torrents of passion, of which there are too many instances in *his* life.'[69] Of the father, Parr obstretrical, the same indulgent biographer remarks, (p. 10,) that he was 'distinguished by the rectitude of his principles;' and, in another place, (p. 21,) he

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pronounces him, in summing up his character, to have been 'an honest, well-meaning Tory;' but, at the same time, confesses him to have been 'the petty tyrant of his fireside,' — an amiable little feature of character, that would go far to convince his own family, that 'rectitude of principles' was not altogether incompatible with the practice of a ruffian.

Tory, however, Parr, senior, was *not:* he was a Jacobite, probably for the gratification of his spleen, and upon a conceit that this arrayed him in a distinct personal contest with the House of Hanover; whereas, once confounded amongst the prevailing party of friends to that interest, as a man-midwife, he could hardly hope to win the notice of his Britannic Majesty. His faction, however, being beaten to their heart's content, and his own fortune all going overboard in the storm, he suddenly made a bolt to the very opposite party: he ratted to the red-hot Whigs: and the circumstances of the case, which are as we have here stated them, hardly warrant us in putting a very favorable construction upon his motives. As was the father, so was the son: the same right of rebellion reserved to himself, whether otherwise professing himself Jacobite or Whig; the same peremptory duty of passive obedience for those of his household; the same hot intemperances in politics; the same disdain of accountableness to his party leaders; and, finally, the same 'petty tyranny of the fireside.' This last is a point on which all the biographers are agreed: they all record the uncontrollable ill temper and hasty violence of Dr. Parr within his domestic circle. And one anecdote, illustrating his intemperance, we can add ourselves. On one occasion, rising up from table,

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in the middle of a fierce discussion with Mrs. Parr, he took a carving knife, and applying it to a portrait of that lady hanging upon the wall, he drew it sharply across the jugular, and cut the throat of the picture from ear to ear, thus murdering her in effigy.

This view of Parr's intractable temper is necessary to understand his life, and in some measure to justify his friends. Though not (as he chose himself to express it, under a momentary sense of his slow progress in life, and the reluctant blossoming of his preferment) 'a half-starved parson,' yet most unquestionably he reaped nothing at all from his long attachment to Whiggery, by comparison with what he would have reaped had that attachment been more cordial and unbroken, and had he, in other respects, borne himself with more discretion; and above all, had he abstained from offensive personalities. This was a rock on which Parr often wrecked himself. Things, and principles, and existing establishments, might all have been attacked with even more virulence than he exhibited, had his furious passions allowed him to keep his hands off the persons of individuals. Here lay one class of the causes which retarded his promotion. Another was his unbecoming warfare upon his own church. 'I am sorry,' said one of his earliest, latest, and wisest friends, (Bishop Bennet,) — 'I am sorry you attack the church, for fear of consequences to your own advancement.' This was said in 1792. Six years after, the writer, who had a confidential post in the Irish government, and saw the dreadful crisis to which things were hurrying, found it necessary to break off all intercourse with Dr. Parr; so shocking to a man of principle was the careless levity with

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which this minister of peace, and his immediate associates, themselves in the bosom of security, amongst the woods of Warwickshire, scattered their firebrands of inflammatory language through the public, at a period of so much awful irritation. Afterwards, it is true, that when the Irish crisis had passed, and the rebellion was suppressed, his respect for Parr as a scholar led him to resume his correspondence. But he never altered his opinion of Parr as a politician; he viewed him as a man profoundly ignorant in politics; a mere Parson Adams in the knowledge of affairs, and the real springs of political action, or political influence; but unfortunately with all the bigotry and violent irritability that belong to the most excited and interested partisan; having the passions of the world united with the ignorance of the desert; coupling the simplicity of the dove with the fierce instincts of the serpent.

The events of his life moved under this unhappy influence. Leaving college prematurely upon the misfortune[70] of his father's death, he became an assistant at Harrow under the learned Dr. Sumner. About five years after, on Dr. Sumner's death, though manifestly too young for the situation, he entered into a warm contest for the vacant place of head-master. Notwithstanding the support of Lord Dartmouth and others, he lost it; and unfortunately for his peace of mind, though, as usual, he imagined all sorts of intrigues against himself, yet the pretensions of his competitor, Benjamin Heath, were such as to disabuse all the world of any delusive conceit, that justice had not been done. Parr, it must be remembered, then only twenty-five years old, had, in no single instance, distinguished himself; nor had he even fifty years after

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— no, nor at the day of his death — given any evidences to the world that he was comparable to Heath as a Grecian. The probable ground of Heath's success was a character better fitted to preside over a great school, (for even the too friendly biographers of Parr admit that he did not command the respect of the boys,) and his better established learning. Naturally enough, Parr was unwilling to admit these causes, so advantageous to his rival, as the true ones. What then, is *his* account of the matter? He says, that he lost the election by a vote which he had given to John Wilkes, in his contest for Middlesex. To John Wilkes — mark *that*, reader! Thus early had this 'gowned student' engaged his passions and his services in the interest of brawling, intriguing faction.

This plan failing, he set up a rival establishment in the neighborhood of Harrow, at Stanmore; and never certainly did so young a man, with so few of the ordinary gurantees to offer — that is to say, either property, experience, or connections — meet with such generous assistance. One friend lent him two thousand pounds at two per cent., though his security must obviously have been merely personal. Another lent him two hundred pounds without any interest at all. And many persons of station and influence, amongst whom was Lord Dartmouth, gave him a sort of countenance equally useful to his interests, by placing their sons under his care. All came to nothing, however; the establishment was knocked up, and clearly from gross defects of management. And, had his principal creditor pressed for repayment, or had he shown less than the most generous forbearance, which he continued through twenty-one years, (in fact until the repayment

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was accomplished without distress,) Parr must have been ruined; for in those days there was no merciful indulgence of the laws to hopeless insolvents; unless by the favor of their creditors, they were doomed to rot in prison. Now, in this one story we have two facts illustrated, bearing upon our present inquiry — first, the extraordinary good luck of Parr; secondly, his extraordinary skill in neutralizing or abusing it.

What young man, that happens to be penniless at the age of twenty-five, untried in the management of money, untried even as the *presiding* master in a school, would be likely to find a friend willing to intrust him, on his personal responsibility, (and with no prospect for the recovery of his money, except through the tardy and uncertain accumulation of profits upon an opposition school,) with so large a sum as two thousand pounds? Who, in an ordinary way, could count upon the support of a nobleman enjoying the ear and confidence of royalty? Lastly, who would so speedily defeat and baffle, by his own unassisted negligence and flagrant indiscretions, so much volunteer bounty? At this time of his life, it strikes us, in fact, that Dr. Parr was mad. The students at Stanmore were indulged in all sorts of irregularities. *That*, perhaps, might arise from the unfortunate situation of the new establishment — too near to its rival; and in part, also, from the delicate position of Parr, who, in most instances, had come under an unfortunate personal obligation to the young gentlemen who followed him from Harrow. But in his habits of dress and deportment, which drew scandal upon himself, and jealousy upon his establishment, Parr owed his ill success to nobody but himself. Mr. Roderick, his assistant, and

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a most friendly reporter, says, that at this time he 'brought upon himself the ridicule of the neighborhood and passengers by many foolish acts; such as riding in high prelatical pomp through the streets on a black saddle, bearing in his hand a long cane or wand, such as women used to have, with an ivory head *like a crosier*, which was probably the reason why he liked it. We see by this he was already thinking of the bishopric. 'At other times he was seen stalking through the town in a dirty striped morning-gown: *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.*' When we add, that Dr. Parr soon disgusted and alienated his weightiest friend amongst the residents at Stanmore, Mr. Smith, the accomplished rector of the place, we cannot wonder that little more than five years saw that scheme at an end.[71]

The school at Stanmore he could not be said to leave; it left *him:* such was his management, that no fresh pupils succeeded to those whom the progress of years carried off to the universities. When this wavering rushlight had at length finally expired, it became necessary to think of other plans, and in the spring of 1777 he accepted the mastership of Colchester school. Even there, brief as his connection was with that establishment, he found time to fasten a quarrel upon the trustees of the school in reference to a lease; and upon this quarrel he printed (though he did not publish) a pamphlet. Sir William Jones, his old schoolfellow, to whom, as a lawyer, this pamphlet was submitted, found continual occasion to mark upon the margin such criticisms as these, '*too violent — too strong.*' The contest was apparently *de lanâ caprinâ:* so at least Sir William thought.[72]

But, luckily, he was soon called away from these

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miserable feuds to a more creditable sort of activity. In the summer of 1778, the mastership of the public grammar-school at Norwich became vacant: in the autumn, Parr was elected; and in the beginning of 1779, he commenced his residence in that city. Thus we see that he was unusually befriended in all his undertakings. As a private speculator at Stanmore, as a candidate for Colchester, as a candidate for Norwich, he was uniformly successful as far as it is possible that encouragement the most liberal, on the part of others, can overrule a man's own imprudence. The mastership of Norwich has certainly been considered a valuable prize by others. How it happened that Parr found it otherwise, or whether mere restlessness and love of change were his governing motives, does not appear; but it is certain, that in August, 1785, he sent in his resignation; and at Easter, 1786, he went to reside at the parsonage house at Hatton, in the county of Warwick, where he opened a private academy. And though, as old age advanced, he resigned his pupils, Hatton continued to be his place of residence.

This, then, was the haven, the perpetual curacy of Hatton, into which Dr. Parr steered his little boat, when he had already passed the meridian[73] of his life. And (except upon a visit) he never again left it for any more elevated abode. For a philosopher, we grant that a much happier situation cannot be imagined than that of an English rural parson, rich enough to maintain a good library. Dr. Parr was exactly in those circumstances: but Dr. Parr was no philosopher. And assuredly this was not the vision which floated before his eyes at Stanmore, when he was riding on his 'black saddle,' in prelatical pomp, with his ivory

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crosier in his fist. The coach-and-four and mitred panels, must then have flourished in the foreground of the picture. But at that time he was between twenty-five and thirty: now he was turned forty — an age when, if a man should not have made his fortune, at least he out to see clearly before him the road by which it *is to be* made. Now what was Parr's condition at this time, in respect to that supreme object of his exertions? We have no letter on that point in this year, 1786: but we have one in 1782, when it does not appear (and indeed can hardly be supposed possible) that his situation was materially different. Writing to a man whom he valued, but then under a cloud of distress, and perhaps wishing to excuse himself for not sending him money, he thus states the result of his labors up to that date: — 'You desire my confidence; and I therefore add, that the little progress I have made in worldly matters, the heavy loss I have sustained by the war, the inconsiderable advantages I have gained by a laborious and irksome employment, and the mortifying discouragements I have met with in my clerical profession, have all conspired to depress my spirits, and undermine my constitution. I was content to give up ecclesiastical preferment, while I had a prospect of making some comfortable provision for my old age in my business as a teacher: but the best of my years have now elapsed; and I am, through a most vexatious and trying series of events, not a shilling richer than when I went to Stanmore. I have this very week closed an account, on which I stood indebted near £2000, which I was obliged to borrow when I launched into active life. My house at Stanmore, I sold literally for less

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money than I expended on the repairs only. To this loss of more than a thousand pounds, I am to add near £700, which I *may* lose entirely, and *must* lose in a great measure, by the reduction of St. Vincent and St. Kitt's. My patience, so far as religion prescribes it, is sufficient to support me under this severity of moral trial. But the hour is past in which I might hope to secure a comfortable independency; and I am now laboring under the gloomy prospect of toiling, with exhausted strength, for a scanty subsistence to myself and my family. It is but eighteen months that I could pronounce a shilling my own. Now, indeed, *meo sum pauper in ære* — but my integrity I have ever held fast.'

Possibly; but integrity might also have been held fast in a deanery; and certainly Dr. Parr will not pretend to hoax us with such a story, as, that 'integrity' was all that he contemplated from his black saddle in Stanmore. Undoubtedly, he framed to himself some other good things, so fortunately arranged, that they could be held *in commendam* with integrity. Such, however, was the naked fact, and we are sorry for it, at the time when Dr. Parr drew near to his fortieth year — at which age, as all the world knows, a man must be a fool if he is not a physician. Pass on, reader, for the term of almost another generation; suppose Dr. Parr to be turned of sixty, and the first light snows of early old age to be just beginning to descend upon him, and his best wig to be turning gray; — were matters, we ask, improved at that time? Not much. Twenty years from that Easter on which he had entered the gates of Hatton, had brought him within hail of a bishopric; for his party were just then

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in power. Already he could descry his sleeves and his rochet; already he could count the pinnacles of his cathedral; — when suddenly Mr. Fox died, and his hopes evanesced in spiral wreaths of fuming Orinoco. Unfortunate Dr. Parr! Once before he had conceived himself within an inch of the mitre; *that* was in the king's first illness, when the regency intrigue gave hopes, at one time, that Mr. Pitt would be displaced. Dr. Parr had then been summoned up to London; and he had gone so far as to lay down rules for his episcopal behavior. But the king suddenly recovered; many a grasping palm was then relaxed abruptly; and, alas! for Dr. Parr, whether people died or recovered, the event was equally unfortunate. Writing, on August 25, 1807, to the Bishop of Down, he says, — 'If Mr. Fox had lived and continued in power, he certainly would have made me a bishop.' Now if Dr. Parr meant to say that he had a distinct promise to that effect, that certainly is above guessing; else we should almost presume to guess, that Mr. Fox neither would, nor possibly could, have made Dr. Parr a bishop. It is true, that Mr. Fox meant to have promoted the Bishop of Llandaff of that day, who might seem to stand in the same circumstances as a literary supporter; at least Lord Holland said to a friend of ours, — 'Had our party remained in office, we should have raised the Bishop of Llandaff to the Archbishopric of York.' But then why? Lord Holland's reason was this, — 'For he' (meaning Dr. Watson) 'behaved very well, I can assure you, to us,' (meaning by *us* the whole coalition probably of Grenvilles and Foxes.) Now, this reason (we fear) did not apply, in Mr. Fox's mind, to Dr. Parr; he had behaved violently, in-

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discreetly, foolishly, on several occasions; he had thoroughly disgusted all other parties; he had not satisfied his own. And once, when, for a very frivolous reason, he gave a vote for Mr. Pitt at the Cambridge election, we are satisfied ourselves that he meditated the notable policy of ratting; conceiving, perhaps, that it was a romantic and ideal punctilio of honor to adhere to a doomed party; and the letter of Lord John Townshend, on that occasion, convinces us that the Whigs viewed this very suspicious act in that light. Even Dr. Johnstone, we observe, doubts whether Mr. Fox would have raised Dr. Parr to the mitre. And, as to everybody else, they shuddered at his very name. The Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, gave him a hearty curse, *more suo*, instead of a prebend; and Lord Grenville assigned, as a reason against making him a bishop, his extreme unpopularity[74] with his own order. As one proof of that, even the slight distinction of preaching a visitation sermon had never once been offered to Dr. Parr, as he himself tells us, in 1816, when he had completed his seventieth year, notwithstanding he had held preferment in five different counties. Nor was it, in fact, offered for six years more; and then, being a hopeful young gentleman of seventy-six, he thought proper to decline the invitation.

Next, for the emoluments of his profession, — Was he better off, as regards *them*? Else, whence came the coach-and-four? We answer, that, by mere accidents of good luck, and the falling-in of some extraordinary canal profits, Dr. Parr's prebend in the cathedral of St. Paul's, given to him by Bishop Lowth upon the interest of Lord Dartmouth, in his last year or two,

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produced him an unusually large sum; so that he had about three thousand a-year; and we are glad of it. He had also an annuity of three hundred a-year, granted by the Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford in consideration of a subscription made for Dr. Parr by his political friends. But this was a kind of charity which would not have been offered, had it not been felt that, in the regular path of his profession, he had not drawn, nor was likely to draw, any conspicuous prizes. In fact, but for the two accidents we have mentioned, his whole regular income from the church, up to a period of advanced age, when Sir Francis Burdett presented him to a living of about £200 per annum, was £93 on account of his living — and £17 on account of his prebend.

Such were the ecclesiastical honors, and such the regular ecclesiastical emoluments of Samuel Parr. We do not grudge him the addition, as regards the latter, which, in his closing years, he drew from the liberality of his friends and the accidents of luck. On the contrary, we rejoice that his last days passed in luxury and pomp; that he sent up daily clouds of undulating incense to the skies; and that he celebrated his birthday with ducal game and venison from the parks of princes; finally, we rejoice that he galloped about in his coach-and-four, and are not angry that, on one occasion, he nearly galloped over ourselves.

Still, we rejoice that all these luxuries came to him irregularly, and not at all, or indirectly, and by accident, through the church. As regards *that*, and looking not to the individual, but entirely to the example, we rejoice that, both for her honors and emoluments, Dr. Parr missed them altogether. Such be the fate,

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we pray heartily, of all unfaithful servants, in whatsoever profession, calling, or office of trust! So may *those* be still baffled and confounded, who pass their lives in disparaging and traducing their own honorable brethren; and who labor (whether consciously and from treachery, or half-consciously and from malice and vanity) for the subversion of institutions which they are sworn and paid to defend!

Our conclusion, therefore, the *epimuthion* of our review, is this — that, considered as a man of the world, keenly engaged in the chase after rank and riches, Dr. Parr must be pronounced to have failed; that his rare and late successes were casual and indirect; whilst his capital failures were due exclusively to himself. His two early bosom friends and schoolfellows, Dr. Bennet and Sir W. Jones, he saw raised to the rank of a bishop and a judge — whilst he was himself still plodding as a schoolmaster. And this mortifying distinction in their lots was too obviously imputable, not to any more scrupulous integrity in *him*, flattering and soothing as that hypothesis was to his irritated vanity, but solely to his own hot-headed defect of self-control — baffling the efforts of his friends, and neutralizing the finest opportunities. Both of those eminent persons, the bishop, as well as the judge, deeply disapproved of his conduct; though they agreed in candor, and in the most favorable construction of his meaning; and though they allowed him the largest latitude for his politics — one of them being a liberal Tory, and the other an ardent Whig. And yet, with the full benefit of this large privilege, he could not win their toleration to his indiscretions. So that, purely by his

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own folly, and in headstrong opposition to the concurring tendencies of his opportunities and his aids, Samuel Parr failed utterly as a man of the world. It remains to inquire — how much better he succeeded in establishing his character as a politician, a scholar, and a divine.

PART II.

READER! perhaps you have heard of churls, who, being embarked in the same ship for an East India voyage, or engaged as associates in the same literary undertakings, have manifested no interest at all in the partners of their hopes and hazards. We, for our parts, have heard of a monster — and otherwise not a bad monster — among the contributors to this very Journal, who sent his 'article' most punctually — punctually received his *honorarium* — punctually acknowledged its receipt by return of post, but in no one instance, through a period of several years, thought proper to express satisfaction in any one 'article' of his *collaborateurs*, or interest in their characters, or curiosity about their names; who seemed, in fact, wilfully and doggedly unaware of their existence; and, in one word, by a single act of profound selfishness, annihilated, to his own consciousness, all contemporary authors, however closely brought into connection with himself.

Far be such apathy from Christopher North and his friends! The merest *poco-curante*, or misanthrope,

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whom long experience of the world has brought to the temper of fixed and contemptuous disregard for man as a species, not seldom makes an exception in favor of the particular John, William, or James, whom accident has embarked in the same little boat with himself. Dan Dancer, the miser, fought the battles of the paupers in his own neighborhood, and headed them in their campaigns for rights of common and turbary with the most disinterested heroism. Elwes, the prince of misers, sometimes laid aside his narrow cares for the duties of a patriot. No man so memorably selfish, who has not, on some occasion of his life, felt the social instinct which connects his else contemptible race, and acknowledged the duties which grow out of it. As to the good and generous, they cannot travel so much as a Jewish Sabbath-day's journey in company with another, participating in common purposes for the time, and liable to common inconveniences of weather or accident, and even to common possibilities of danger, without recognizing something beyond a stranger's claim to offices of kindness or courtesy in the transient relations of a fellow-traveller.

Yet these are, in their nature, felt to be perishable connections; neighborhood is a relation either purely of accident, or of choice not determined by consideration of neighbors. And the brief associations of public carriages or inns are as evanescent as the sandy columns of the Great Desert, which the caprices of the wind build up and scatter, shape and unshape in a moment. Seldom, indeed, does a second sun shine upon fellow-travellers in modern England. And neighborhood, if a more durable tie, is often one even less consciously made known to the parties concerned.

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If, then, connections casual as these, where the *vinculum* of the relation is so finely spun as to furnish rather a verbal classification to the logician than a practical subject of duties to the moralist, are yet acknowledged by the benevolent as imposing some slight obligations of consideration and service, much more ought an author to find, in the important circumstances which connect the ministers of the press, in their extensive fellowship of duties, rights, powers, interests, and necessities, a bond of fraternal alliance, and more than fraternal sympathy. Too true it is, that authors are sometimes blockheads, very probably coxcombs, and by possibility even knaves. Too commonly it happens that, in the occasions and the motives which originally drew them into authorship, there is little or nothing to command respect. *Venter largitor ingeni* is the great feeder of the Metropolitan press; and, amongst the few who commence authors upon arguments less gross and instant, there are not many who do so from impulses entirely honorable.

Considerations such as these are at war with all sentiments of regard for the mere hacks of the press, who, having no *natural* summons to so fine a vocation, pervert literature — the noblest of professions — into the vilest of trades. But wherever *that* is not *primâ facie* presumable, wherever circumstances allow us to suppose that a man has taken up the office of author with adequate pretensions, and a proper sense of his responsibilities — every other author of generous nature will allow him the benefit of that privilege which all over the world attaches to co-membership in any craft, calling, or guild whatsoever — even those which are illiberal or mechanical; *à fortiori* in those which

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are intellectual. Surgeons bleed surgeons for love, physicians assassinate physicians gratis. Superannuated actors are everywhere free, or ought to be, of the theatre. And an author who has exercised his craft in a liberal and gentlemanly spirit, is entitled in that character to the courtesies of all professional authors, and to entire amnesty as respects his politics. These claims we cheerfully allow; and we come to the consideration of Dr. Parr as a scholar and as an author with perfect freedom from all prejudice, anxious to give him the fullest benefit of his real merits, and dismissing all unpleasant recollections of that factious and intemperate character which he put forward in politics and divinity.

Dr. Parr as an author! That very word in our ear sounds ridiculous, apart from every question upon the quality or value of what he wrote. As a literary man, as a scholar, prepared by reading and research for appreciating a considerable proportion of the past or the current literature — we are willing to concede that Dr. Parr stood upon somewhat higher ground than the great body of his clerical brethren. But even this we say with hesitation. For it is scarcely to be believed, except by those who have gone with an observing eye into English society, how many rural clergymen go down to their graves unheard of by the world, and unacquainted with the press, unless perhaps by some anonymous communication to a religious magazine, or by an occasional sermon; who have beguiled the pains of life by researches unusually deep into some neglected or unpopular branches of professional learning. Such persons, it is true, are in general unequally learned; so indeed are most men;

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so, beyond all men, was Dr. Parr. We do not believe that he possessed any one part of knowledge accurately, unless it were that section of classical learning which fell within his province as a schoolmaster. The practice of a long life naturally made him perfect in that; perfect at least in relation to the standard of that profession. But how small a part of classical researches lie within the prescriptive range of a practising schoolmaster! The duties of a professor in the universities or final schools have a wider compass. But it must be a pure labor of supererogation in a teacher of any school for boys, if he should make his cycle of study very comprehensive. Even within that cycle, as at this time professed by some first-rate teachers, was Dr. Parr master of everything? In some of its divisions was he even master of anything? For example, how much did he know — has he left it upon record, in any one note, exegetical or illustrative, upon any one obscure or disputed passage of any one classic, that he knew anything at all in the vast and interminable field of classical antiquities? The formulæ of the Roman calendar were known to him as a writer of Latin epitaphs. True, but those are mastered easily in ten minutes: did he know, even on that subject, anything farther? To take one case amongst a thousand, when the year 1800 brought up a question[75] in its train — was it to be considered the last year of the eighteenth century, or the first of the nineteenth? Did Dr. Parr come forward with an oracular determination of our scruples, or did he silently resign that pleading to the humble hands of the laureate — Pye? Or again, shifting from questions of time to those of space, has Dr. Parr

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contributed so much as his mite to the very interesting, important, and difficult subject of classical geography? Yet these were topics which lay within his beat as a schoolmaster. If we should come upon the still higher ground of divinity, and Christian antiquities, perhaps upon those it might appear that Dr. Parr had absolutely no pretensions at all. But not to press such questions too closely or invidiously, whatever might be the amount of his attainments under these heads, were it little or were it much, scanty as the measure of our faith in them, or co-extensive with the vaunts of his friends, — still all this has reference only to his general capacity as a man of letters: whereas we are called upon to consider Dr. Parr also as an author; indeed we have now no other means for estimating his *posse* as a scholar, than through his *esse* as a writer for the press.

This is our task; and this it is which moves our mirth, whilst it taxes the worthy doctor and his friends with a spirit of outrageous self-delusion. Dr. Parr as an author! and what now might happen to be the doctor's works? For we protest, upon our honor, that we never heard their names. Was ever case like this? Here is a learned doctor, whose learned friend has brought him forward as a first-rate author of his times; and yet nothing is extant of his writing, beyond an occasional preface, or a pamphlet on private squabbles. But are not his *Opera Omnia* collected and published by this friendly biographer, and expanded into eight enormous tomes? True, and the eight tomes contain, severally, the following hyperbolical amount of pages: —

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	Pages.
Vol. I.	850
" II.	701
" III.	715
" IV.	718
" V.	715
" VI.	699
" VII.	680
" VIII.	656
Total,	5734

Yes! Five thousand seven hundred and thirty-four octavo pages, many of them printed in a small type, are the apparent amount of Samuel Parr's works in the edition of Dr. Johnstone; and it is true, besides, that the very *élite* of his papers are omitted — such as his critical notices of books in the Monthly and Critical Reviews, or the British Critic, and his essay on the word *Sublime*, addressed to Mr. Dugald Stewart. Add what is omitted, and the whole would be little short of seven thousand pages. And yet, spite of that, not one work of Dr. Parr's is extant, which can, without laughter, assume that important name. The preface to Bellenden is, after all, by much the weightiest and most regular composition, and the least of a fugitive tract. Yet this is but a *jeu d'esprit*, or classical prolusion. And we believe the case to be unexampled, that, upon so slender a basis, a man of the world, and reputed a man of sense, should set up for an author. Well might the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* (1797) demand — 'What has Dr. Parr written? A sermon or two, rather long; a Latin

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preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too,) consisting of a cento of Latin and Greek expressions, applied to political subjects; another Preface to some English Tracts; and two or three English Pamphlets about his own private quarrels — and this man is to be compared with Dr. Samuel Johnson!!' [7th Edit. p. 219.]

Certainly the world had never before seen so great a pomp of pretension rising from so slight a ground. The delusion was absolutely unrivalled, and prevailed throughout Dr. Parr's long life. He and his friends seemed constantly to appeal to some acknowledged literary reputation, established upon foundations that could not be shaken, and notorious to all the world. Such a mistake, and in that extent, was never heard of before. Dr. Parr talked, and his friends listened, not only as giving and receiving oracles of moral wisdom, but of wisdom owned as such by all the world; whereas, this *auctoritas* (to borrow a Roman word for its Roman sense) whether secretly due to the doctor or not, evidently could not exist as a fact, unless according to the weight and popularity of published works, by which the world had been taught to know him and respect him. Starting, originally, from the erroneous assumption insinuated by his preposterous self-conceit, that he was Johnson redivivus, he adopted Johnson's colloquial pretensions; and that was vainglorious folly; but he also conceived that these pretensions were familiarly recognized; and that was frenzy. To Johnson, as a known master in a particular style of conversation, everybody gave way; and upon all questions with *moral* bearings, he was supposed to have the rights and precedency of a judicial chair. But this prerogative he had held in right of his works;

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works — not which he *ought* to have written, (see Dr. Johnstone's Memoirs of Parr, p. 464,) but which he *had* written, printed, and published. Strange that Dr. Parr should overlook so obvious a distinction! Yet he *did* so for fifty years. Dining, for instance, at Norfolk house, the Duke having done him the honor to invite him to the same table with the Prince of Wales, such was his presumption in the presence of the heir apparent, of the Premier Peer of England, and all the illustrious leaders from the Opposition side of the two houses, that he fully believed it to be his vocation to stand forward as the spokesman of the company. It gave him no check, it suggested no faltering scruple, that Mr. Fox was on one side the table, and Sheridan on the other. His right he conceived it to be to play the foremost part, and to support the burden of conversation between his Royal Highness and the splendid party assembled to meet him. Accordingly, on some casual question arising as to the comparative merits of Bishop Hurd and Archbishop Markham, as Greek scholars, in which the Prince delivered a plain and sensible evidence in favor of the latter, from facts of his own youthful experience; — Parr strutted forward with the mingled license of jacobinism and paradox, to maintain a thesis against him. 'I,' said the Prince of Wales, 'esteem Markham a much greater, wiser, and more learned man than Hurd, and a better teacher; and you will allow me to be a judge, for they were both my preceptors.' Here was a direct opinion; and the Prince afterwards gave reasons for it equally direct. A simple answer, as brief as the original position, was all that good breeding or etiquette allowed. But Dr.

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Parr found an occasion for a *concio*, and prepared to use it. 'Sir,' said he, 'is it your royal highness's pleasure that I should enter upon the topic of their comparative merits as a subject of discussion?' — '*Yes*,' said the Prince, 'Then, sir,' said Dr. Parr, 'I differ entirely from your Royal Highness in opinion.' — One would suppose by his formal preparation, that Parr was some serjeant at law rising to argue a case before the judges in Westminster Hall. The Prince, however, had permitted him to proceed: what else could a gentleman do? And, by way of acknowledging this courteous allowance, with the true soul of a low-bred democrat, Parr starts with a point blank contradiction of his Royal Highness, put as broadly and coarsely as he knew how: this was to show his 'independence,' for Jacobins always think it needful to be brutal, lest for one moment they might pass for gentlemen.[76]

Perhaps there are not ten men in Europe, occupying at the time no higher station than that of *country* schoolmaster, who would have had the front — in the presence of the Prince of Wales, or the Dauphin of France — to step before the assembled wits of Paris or London, and the great leaders of parties, as the rightful claimant of the royal ear, and natural representative of the illustrious party assembled at Norfolk House — all distinguished by high birth, talents, or station. Brass, triply bronzed, was requisite for this. 'Thou art the great toe of this society; because that thou, being lowest, basest, meanest, still goest foremost.' But arrogance towards his fellow-claimants was not enough for Dr. Parr, unless he might also be arrogant towards the prince. In high-bred society, all disputation whatsoever — nay, all continued discussion

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— is outrageously at war with the established tone of conversation; a dispute must be managed with much more brilliancy, much more command of temper, a much more determinate theme, and a much more obvious progress in the question at issue, than are commonly found — not to prove grievously annoying to all persons present, except the two disputants. High-breeding and low-breeding differ not more in the degrees of refinement, which characterize their usages, than in the good sense upon which these usages have arisen. Certainly mere good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out the intolerable absurdity of allowing two angry champions to lock up and sequestrate, as it were, the whole social enjoyment of a large party, and compel them to sit 'in sad civility' witnesses of a contest, which can interest the majority neither by its final object nor its management. *Social* pleasure is the end and purpose of society; and whatsoever interferes with that should be scourged out of all companies. But, if disputing be intolerable, what shall we say of blank contradiction offered to a Prince of Wales — not in prosecution of some point of public service, but as an elegant condiment to the luxuries of colloquial intercourse? To turn your back upon the king, to put a question to him, to pull out your watch in his presence — all these are notorious trespasses against the etiquette of courts, and reasonably so; because they are all habits which presuppose a carelessness of demeanor, incompatible with that reverence and decorous homage which should never slumber in the presence of a king, considered not as an individual, but as a state creature, embodying the majesty of a great nation. A Prince of Wales, or

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whosoever occupies that near relation to the throne, has the same sanctity of public character; and a man of sense, though a red-hot republican from the banks of the Potomac, would as little allow himself to forget *that*, as to insult a judge upon the bench.

Had the matter in dispute been some great question of constitutional policy, or in any way applicable to the Prince's future behavior in life, or in many other circumstances that might be imagined, we can suppose a sort of propriety in the very breach of propriety. But the question was, in this case, too trivial to justify the least eccentricity of manner. He who courts the character of an *abnormissapiens*, should be careful that his indecorums and singularity cover some singular strength of character or some weight of fine sense. As it was, Dr. Parr was paradoxical and apparently in the wrong; the Prince, direct and rational. With what disadvantage to Dr. Parr, on this occasion, and afterwards in his relation to Queen Caroline, do we recall the simple dignity of Dr. Johnson,[77] when presented to George III.! Dr. Parr's introduction was at a dinner-table; Dr. Johnson's in a library; and in their separate styles of behavior, one might fancy each to have been governed by the presiding genius of the place. Johnson behaved with the dignity of a scholar and a loyal son of the Muses, under the inspiration of 'strong book-mindedness;' Parr with the violence of a pedagogue, under the irritations of wine and indigestion. In reality, Dr. Parr's effrontery was chiefly to be traced to that one fact in his life — that, for forty years, he swayed the sceptre of a pedagogue. Native arrogance was the root; but the 'bright consummate flower' was unfolded and matured by his long reign

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as a tyrant over schoolboys. To borrow his own words with one slight omission, in speaking of a Cambridge head, his 'manners and temper were spoiled by the pedantries, and pomposities, and fooleries which accompany the long exercise of petty archididaschalian authority.'

'*Petty archididaschalian authority!*' Thanks to Dr. Parr for one, at least, of his sesquipedalian words; for *that* one contains the key to his whole life, and to the else mysterious fact —that a pamphleteer, a party pamphleteer, a pamphleteer in the service of private brawls, trod the stage, on all occasions, with the air of some great patriarch of letters or polemic champion of the church. Who could believe that Dr. Parr's friend and biographer, in the very act of publishing eight volumes, entitled, '*Works* of Dr. Parr,' should yet have no better answer to the contemptuous demand of the *Pursuits of Literature* — 'What has Dr. Parr written?' than simply an expression of regret, (vol. i. p. 464,) 'that with such powers, and such means of gathering information from every quarter, Dr. Parr did *not* produce some great work on some great subject.' He goes on to lament that he did not, 'like Clarendon, give the history of that awful period of which he saw the spring-tide, and in part the issue; or, like Burnet, that he did not relate, in a familiar manner, the transactions of the period in which he lived; or, like Tacitus, paint in caustic and living colors the atrocities, of some of which he was a witness, and deliver, as an everlasting memorial to posterity, the characters of those who bore a part in them.' But, with submission, Posterity are a sort of people whom it is very difficult to get at; whatever

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other good qualities they may have, accessibility is not one of them. A man may write eight quartos to them, *à fortiori* then eight octavos, and get no more hearing from the wretches, than had he been a stock and they been stones. As to those 'everlasting memorials,' which Dr. Johnstone and Thucydides talk of, it is certainly advisable to 'deliver' them — but troublesome and injurious to the digestive organs.

Another biographer, who unites with Dr. Johnstone in lamenting, 'that he did not undertake some work of a superior kind calculated for permanent utility and more durable fame,' goes on in the following terms: 'It is hinted, however, by a periodical writer, that he *could not* produce more creditable works; and for this reason — that he was, as it were, overlaid with acquired knowledge; the flood of his memory burst in on his own original powers and drowned them.' But, in that case, we shall venture to hope that some *Humane Society*, like that on the banks of the Serpentine, will arise to save hopeful young men from such sad catastrophes; so that 'acquired knowledge' may cease to prove so fatal a possession, and native ignorance be no longer a *conditio sine quâ non* for writing 'creditable works.' Meantime, whatever were the cause, the fact, we see, is admitted by Dr. Parr's best friends — that he did not write any great, durable, or creditable work; and the best excuse for him which Dr. Johnstone's ingenuity can devise is — that neither Archbishop Markham, nor Dean Cyril Jackson wrote anything better. True: but the reason which makes such an excuse not entirely avaliable to the case is this — that neither the Archbishop nor the Dean arrogated that place and authority in letters which they had not

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won: they had both been employed in the same sort of labor as Dr. Parr; they had severally assisted in the education of a great prince, and they were content with the kind of honor which that procured them. And for Cyril Jackson in particular, he was content with less: for he persisted to the last in declining the mitre which he had earned. No: the simple truth is, as we have stated, that Dr. Parr assumed his tone of swagger and self-sufficiency in part, perhaps, from original arrogance of nature and a confidence which he had in his own powers, but chiefly from a long life of absolute monarchy within the walls of a school-room. The nature of his empire was absolute and unlimited despotism, in the worst form described by Aristotle in his politics. There is no autocrat so complete, not the Czar of all the Russias, as the captain of a king's ship, and the head master of a grammar school. Both of them are irresponsible, ἀνυπεύθυνοι, in the utmost degree. And for Parr in particular, not only was he an autocrat, but, if he is not greatly belied, he was a capricious tyrant, an Algerine tyrant, who went the whole length of his opportunities for showing partial favor, or inflicting savage punishment. And he had this peculiarity, that, whilst other tyrants find a present gratification in their severities, but shrink from their contemplation, Parr treated *his* as Plato's suppers — they were luxuries for the moment, and subjects of continued exultation in the retrospect. Long after a man had entered the world as an active citizen, Dr. Parr used to recall, as the most interesting tie which could connect him with himself, that at some distant period he had flogged him: and from one biographer it appears that, in proportion to his ap-

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probation of a boy, and the hopes with which he regarded him, were the frequency and the severity of his flagellations. To a man who reigned in blood, and fed (like Moloch) with din of children's cries, we may suppose that resistance was unheard of: and hence, we repeat, the arrogance with which he came abroad before the world. But what, it will be asked, on the side of the public, gave success to this arrogance? How was it that in his lifetime this insolence of assumption *fit fortune?* Partly, we answer, through the insolence itself: in all cases that does wonders. The great majority of men are ready to swear by any man's words if he does but speak with audacity.

In process of time, however, this resource will fail a man, unless reinforced by auxiliary means; and these we conceive to have lain in two circumstances, without which Parr never would have gained a height so disproportioned to his performances. The circumstances were, first, that Parr was a Whig; and the Whigs, as the party militant, make much of all who stick by them. Hence the excessive compliments which flowed in upon Dr. Parr from Edinburgh, and from persons such as Dugald Stewart, who had otherwise no particular value for Dr. Parr's pretensions. The Whigs are wise in their generation; and, like the Dissenters from the Church of England, they make men sensible that it is good to be of their faction; for they never forsake those who stick closely to them. Dr. Parr, indeed, was rather a slippery partisan; but this was not generally known. His passions carried him back to Whiggism; and his general attachment was notorious, whilst his little special perfidies or acts of trimming were secrets to all but a very few. The other circum-

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stance in his favor was this — that, as a schoolmaster he was throwing into public life a continual stream of pupils, who naturally became partisans and obstinate *proneurs*. In some instances, he educated both father and son; and, though it is true that here and there an eccentric person retains too lively a remembrance of past flagellations, and is with some difficulty restrained from cudgelling or assassinating the flagellator — still, as a general case, it may be held that such recollections of the boy do not weigh much in the feelings of the man. Most certain it is, that, had Dr. Parr been other than an active Whig in politics — or had he not been a schoolmaster of ancient and extensive practice, he never could as a literary man have risen so abruptly above the natural level of his performances as in fact he did. And now that he is dead, and the activity of such adventitious aids is rapidly beginning to fail him, he will sink doubtless quite as abruptly to his just standard; or, perhaps, by the violence of the natural reaction, will be carried below it.

There is another scale, in which it is probable that some persons may have taken their literary estimate of the Doctor, viz. the scale avoirdupois. For, it is very possible that, upon putting the eight volumes of *works* (as edited by Dr. Johnstone) *on* a butcher's steelyard, they may have ascertained that they draw against a weight of three stone six pounds. Infinite levity in particular cases amounts to gravity; and a vast host of fluttering pamphlets, and stray leaves, make up one considerable mass. It becomes necessary, therefore, to state the substance of the whole eight volumes. Briefly, then, the account stands thus: Volume the First contains Memoirs, (with some Extracts from

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Letters.) The last two contain Correspondence. Three other volumes contain Sermons: of which two volumes are mere parish discourses, having no more right to a place in a body of literary works than the weekly addresses to his congregation of any other rural clergyman. Thus, out of six volumes, one only is really privileged to take its rank under the general title of the Collection. The two remaining volumes, (the Third and Fourth,) contain Dr. Parr's miscellaneous pamphlets, with some considerable omissions not accounted for by the Editor. These two volumes are, in fact, all that can properly be described as of a literary nature; and to these we shall resort for matter in the close of our review.

Meantime, we are satisfied that the correspondence of Dr. Parr and his friends, for the very reason that it was written with no view (or no uniform view) to the press, is that part of the whole collection which will be read by most readers, and with most interest by all readers. We shall throw a glance on such parts of this correspondence as have a value in reference to the development of Dr. Parr's character, or any singular interest on their own account.

Among the earliest of the literary acquaintances which Dr. Parr had the opportunity of forming was that of Dr. Johnson. Writing in 1821 (Jan. 6th), to Mr. Joseph Cradock, who had said a few days before, that perhaps, upon the death of Dr. Strahan, he himself 'must be the oldest of Dr. Johnson's friends, who knew him intimately during the last five or six years of his life,' Dr. Parr takes occasion to retrace the nature of his own connection with that eminent person: 'Well, dear sir, I sympathize with you in your pleas-

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ure and in your pride, when you represent yourself as the oldest remaining scholar who lived upon terms of intimacy with Samuel Johnson. You saw him often, and you met him often, in the presence of Goldsmith, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other literary heroes. I acknowledge the great superiority of your claims. Lord Stowell,[78] I should suppose, will stand in the next place; and I challenge for myself the third. For many years, I spent a month's holidays in London, and never failed to call upon Johnson. I was not only admitted, but welcomed. I conversed with him upon numberless subjects of learning, politics, and common life. *I traversed the whole compass of his understanding;* and, by the acknowledgment of Burke and Reynolds, I distinctly understood the peculiar and transcendental properties of his mighty and virtuous mind. I intended to write his life. I laid by sixty or seventy books for the purpose of writing in such a manner as would do no discredit to myself. I intended to spread my thoughts over two volumes quarto; and if I had filled three pages, the rest would have followed. Often have I lamented my *ill fortune* in not building this monument to the fame of Johnson, and (let me not be accused of arrogance when I add) my own.'

William Wordsworth, when he dedicated, in a few lines at once modest and dignified, his Excursion to the present Lord Lonsdale, with that accurate valuation of words which is one of his greatest poetical accomplishments, offers it as

> 'A token — *may it prove* a monument —
> Of honor,' &c.

A token, or pledge of his attachment, the poem was, at

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any rate, by the act of dedication; whether it should also be a monument, a monumental token, that was for posterity to determine; and if others were at liberty to anticipate that result, the author at least was not. And, at all events, the mere logic of the case made it inevitable, that whatever proved a monument to the fame of Dr. Johnson, should be so to the fame of him who raised it; for of a structure which should happen to be durable as a record of Dr. Johnson, it is mere tautology to say that it must also be durable as the workmanship of Dr. Parr. One and the same work could not have a divided character, or a separate destiny, in its different relations.

But we cannot imagine that Dr. Parr's clumsy masonry could raise a monument to anybody. For Dr. Johnson, in particular, all that he could have done with effect would have been a short *excursus* or appendix to Boswell, on the pretensions of Johnson as a classical scholar. These were greater than it is the custom to suppose. Dr. John Johnstone, indeed, somewhere has thought fit to speak of him in that character as immeasurably inferior to Parr. This is not true. Certainly, we are satisfied that Dr. Johnson was no very brilliant Grecian; the haste and trepidation which he showed in declining Dr. Burney's application for assistance on the Greek tragedians, sufficiently establish *that*. But there is no reason to suppose, that, in this part of scholarship, Dr. Parr had the least advantage of him: if he had, why are the evidences of his superiority so singularly wanting? or in what corner of forgotten literature are we to seek them? As Latin scholars, both were excellent: Parr, from practice, had the greater command over the deli-

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cacies and varieties of prose diction: Johnson, from natural talent, had by much the greater facility in verse. Elaborate ingenuity is far more in request for metrical purposes in Latin — knowledge of the idiom for prose. It might be shown, indeed, that exquisite facility in the management of thoughts, artifices of condensation, or of substitution, of variation or inversion, are for the writer of Latin verse, transcendent to any acquaintance with the Latin idiom: the peculiar treatment of an idea, which metre justifies and vindicates from what would else seem affectation, creates its own style. Johnson, in those relics of his Latin verses which have been preserved, benefited by that advantage; Parr, writing in Latin prose, and writing purely as a rhetorician, was taxed in the severest degree for a command over the idiomatic wealth of the language, and, for what is still less to be obtained from dictionaries, for a command over a Latin structure of sentence, and over the subsidiary forms of connection and transition. In the preface to Bellenden, he answered the demand upon him, and displayed very unusual skill in the accomplishments of a Latin scholar. Latin composition, in fact, if we except bell-ringing, was the one sole thing, in the nature of accomplishments, which Dr. Parr seems to have possessed. Among the fine arts, certainly, we admit, that he understood bell-ringing thoroughly; and we were on the point of forgetting to add, that in the art of slaughtering oxen,[79] which he cultivated early as an amateur, his merit was conspicuous. Envy itself was driven to confess it; and none but the blackest-hearted Tory would go about at this time of day to deny it.[80] Still, of these three accomplishments, one only seems available to a

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biography of Dr. Johnson; and that would barely have sufficed for the least important chapter of the work.

After all, was Parr really intimate with Johnson? We doubt it: for he must in that case have submitted to a kind of dissimulation bitter to a proud spirit. He was a Jacobite by inheritance: that would have pleased Dr. Johnson well; but then by profession he was a Whig — a sort of monster which the Doctor could not abide; and (worse than that!) he was a Whig renegado — such a combination of monstrous elements in a man's character as none of us can abide. To be a Whig is bad — to be a traitor is bad — but to be a Whig *and* a traitor is too much for humanity. Such features of his character Parr must have dissembled; and this would at once pique his self-love, and limit his power. One anecdote, rich in folly and absurdity, is current about an interview between Johnson and Parr, in which the latter should have stamped whenever the other stamped; and being called upon to explain this sonorous antiphony, replied, that he could not think of allowing his antagonist to be so much as a stamp ahead of him. Miss Seward, we think, was in the habit of telling this story: for she was one of the dealers in marvels, who are forever telling of 'gigantic powers' and 'magnificent displays,' in conversation, beyond anything that her heroes were ever able to effect in their writings. We remember well that she used to talk of a particular dispute between Johnson and Parr, which in her childish conceit (for she had not herself been present) was equal to some conflict between Jupiter and one of the Titans. Possibly it was the stamping dispute, which we may be assured

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was a fiction. No man falling into any gesticulation or expression of fervor from a natural and uncontrollable impulse, would bear to see his own involuntary acts parodied and reverberated as it were in a cool spirit of mimicry; that would be an insult; and Johnson would have resented it by flooring his man *instanter* — a matter very easy indeed to him — for in every sense he was qualified to 'take the conceit' out of Dr. Parr. Or, perhaps, though we rather incline to think that Miss Seward's dispute turned upon some political question, the following as recorded by Parr himself, (*Parriana*, p. 321,) might be the particular case alluded to: — 'Once, sir, Sam and I' [*i. e.* Sam Johnson] 'had a vehement dispute upon that most difficult of all subjects — the origin of evil. It called forth all the powers of our minds. No two tigers ever grappled with more fury. But we never lost sight of good manners. There was no Boswell present to detail our conversation. Sir, he would not have understood it. And then, sir, who do you think was the umpire between us? That fiend Horsley.'

Miserable fudge! 'Grappling like tigers' upon the origin of evil! How, but by total confusion of mind, was that possible upon such a question? One octavo page would state the outline of all that has ever been accomplished on this subject; — and the German philosopher, Kant, whom Dr. Parr professed to have studied, and from whom he borrowed one polysyllable, and, apparently, one solitary idea, has in a short memoir sketched the outline of all past attempts, (especially that of Leibnitz,) and the causes of failure. Libraries may be written upon any question; but the whole nodus of this, as of most questions, lies in a

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single problem of ten words: and, as yet, no real advance has been made in solving it. As to Dr. Johnson, we all happen to know what he could do in this matter; for he has given us the cream of his meditations in a review of Soame Jenyns. Trifling more absolute, on a philosophic subject, does not exist. Could Dr. Parr do better? Had he one new idea on the question? If so, where is it? We remember obscurely some sentence or other of purest commonplace on this point in one of his sermons. Further on we may have an occasion for producing it. At present it is sufficient to say — that, as philosophers only, could Parr and Johnson ever converse upon equal terms; both being equally blind by natural constitution of mind, and equally unprepared by study or reading in that department, there was no room for differences between them, except such as were extra-essential or alien to the subject. On every other topic that could have arisen to divide them, Johnson, with one grasp of his muscular hand, would have throttled the whole family of Parrs. Had Parr presumed to talk that sort of incendiary politics in which he delighted, and which the French revolution ripened into Jacobinism, Johnson would have committed an assault upon him. As that does not appear to have happened, we venture to suppose that their intercourse was but trifling; still, for one who had any at all with Johnson, many of his other acquaintance seem a most incongruous selection. The whole orchestra of rebels, incendiaries, state criminals, all who hated the church and state, all who secretly plotted against them, or openly maligned them, the faction of Jacobinism through its entire gamut, ascending from the first steps of disaffection or anti-

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national feeling, to the full-blown activity of the traitor and conspirator, had a plenary indulgence from the curate of Hatton, and were inscribed upon the roll of his correspondents. We pause with a sense of shame in making this bold transition from the upright Sam Johnson, full of prejudice, but the eternal champion of social order and religion, to the fierce Septembrizers who come at intervals before us as the friends, companions, or correspondents, (in some instances as the favorites,) of Dr. Parr. Learning and good morals are aghast at the association!

It is singular, or at first sight it seems so, that brigaded with so many scowling republicans are to be found as occasional correspondents of Dr. Parr, nearly one-half of our aristocracy — two or three personages of royal blood, eight dukes, five marquesses, six-and-twenty earls, thirteen viscounts, one-and-thirty barons, or courtesy lords; to say nothing of distinguished women — a queen, several duchesses, countesses, and daughters of Earls, besides baronesses and honorables in ample proportion. Many of these, however, may be set down as persons altogether thoughtless, or as systematically negligent of political principles in correspondents of no political power. But what are we to think of ten judges (besides Lord Stowell) addressing, with the most friendly warmth, one who looked upon all their tribe as the natural tools of oppression; and no fewer than forty bishops, and four archbishops, courting the notice of a proud priest, who professed it as an axiom that three out of every five on the Episcopal bench were downright knaves. Oh! for a little homely consistency; and, in a world where pride so largely tyrannizes, oh for a little in the right place!

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Dr. Parr did not in so many words proclaim destruction to their order as a favorite and governing principle: but he gave his countenance to principles that would, in practice, have effected that object, and his friendship to men that pursued no other.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex opens the correspondence, according to the present arrangement of the letters; if that may be called arrangement, where all is anarchy. At first we anticipated, from this precedency granted to a Prince, that the peerage and the Red Book would dictate the principle of classification; this failing, we looked to the subject, and next to the chronology. But at length we found that pretty much the same confusion obtains as in a pack of cards, that has first of all been accurately arranged in suits, and then slightly shuffled: in such a case, symptoms occur of the sorting continually disturbed by symptoms of the shuffling; two or three hearts, crossed by two or three spades; and a specious promise of diamonds, suddenly thrown into the shade by a course of clubs. Letters from the same person are usually thrown together, and sometimes a vein of the same subject prevails through a considerable tract of pages. But, generally speaking, a printer's devil seems to have determined the order of succession.

The Duke of Sussex, who has actually placed the bust of a hack dissenting book-maker,[81] (Dr. Rees, to wit,) rather than that of Aristotle or Lord Bacon, as the presiding and tutelar genius of his fine library in Kensington palace, could not, of course, find any objections to Dr. Parr in his hostility to the Church of England. His Royal Highness is probably indifferent on this point; whilst others, as Mr. Jeremy Bentham,

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can hardly fail to esteem a defect in '*Church of Englandism*' one amongst the Doctor's very positive recommendations to their favor. The Duke's letters are amiable and pleasing in their temper, but otherwise (for want of a specific subject) not very interesting. Mr. Bentham, in more senses than one the Lucifer of the radical politicians, is still less so; and simply because he affects the humorous, in a strain of very elaborate and very infelicitous trifling, upon the names of Parr and Fox, (which he supposes to have been anticipated by Homer, in the address to Paris, Ἀνσπαρι, &c., and in the description of Thersites, Φοξος ην κεφαλην, &c.) In a second letter, (Feb. 17, 1823,) which abundantly displays the old gentleman's infirmity, who (like Lord Byron) cannot bear a rival in the public interest, no matter whether otherwise for good or for bad, there is one passage, which, amusing on its own account, furnishes also an occasion for bringing forward one of Parr's most extravagant follies in literature. It is this: — 'The 1st of March,' says Mr. Bentham, 'or the 1st of April, comes out a number of the European Magazine, with another portrait of ME by another hand; *considerable expectations are entertained of this likewise.* When you see a copy of a print of the House of Lords, at the time of the Queen's Trial, in the hand of Bowyer, and expected to come out in a month or two, you will (if Bowyer does not deceive me) see the phiz of your old friend' [Jeremy, to wit] 'among the spectators; and these, how small soever elsewhere, will, in this print, forasmuch as their station is in the foreground, be greater than lords. Oddly enough made up the group will be. Before me he had got an old acquaintance of mine of former

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days — Sir Humphry Davy: he and I might have stood arm in arm. *But then came the servile poet and novelist; and then the ultra-servile sack-guzzler.* Next to him, the old radical. What an assortment!' Certainly a strange lot of clean and unclean beasts were in that ark at that time; what with Mr. Bentham's 'assortment' — what with the *non mi ricordo* Italians — the lawyers, *pro* and *con* — and some others that we could name. But with regard to Mr. Jeremy's companions in Bowyer's print, does the reader take his meaning? We shall be 'as good as a chorus' to him, and interpret: — The 'servile poet and novelist' is Sir Walter Scott; the 'ultra-servile sack-guzzler,'[82] Mr. Southey, a pure and highminded man; the 'old radical,' Mr. Corporal Cobbett. Now, with regard to the last of these, Dr. Parr considered him a very creditable acquaintance: he visited the Corporal at Botley; and the Corporal wrote him a letter, in which he talked of visiting Hatton. (What a glorious blunder, by the way, if the old ruffian had chanced to come whilst Dr. Bridges was on duty!) Cobbett would do: but for Sir Walter, in Dr. Parr's estimation, he was stark naught. One reason may be guessed at — the Queen;[83] there may have been others; but this was the main reason, and the reason of that particular year. Well; so far we can all allow for the Doctor's spite. Queen Caroline was gracious and confiding towards the Doctor, until, by some mysterious offence, he had incurred her heavy displeasure. It was natural that a person in Parr's rank should be grateful for her notice; and that a person of Parr's politics should befriend her cause. In that same degree, it was natural, perhaps, that he should dislike Sir Walter Scott, and

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look with jealousy upon his public influence, as pledged to the service of her enemies. Both were in this case party men, with the single difference in Sir Walter's favor, that he was of the right party; a fact that Dr. Parr could not be expected to perceive. But was any extremity of party violence to be received as an apology for the Doctor's meanness and extravagant folly in treating so great a man (which uniformly he did) as a miserable pretender in literature? Not satisfied with simply lowering or depreciating his merits, Dr. Parr spoke of him as an arrant *charlatan* and impostor. Discussing Sir Walter's merits as a poet, there is room for wide difference of estimates. But he that can affect blindness to the brilliancy of his claims as a novelist, and generally to the extraordinary grace of his prose, must be incapacitated for the meanest functions of a critic, by original dulness of sensibility. Hear the monstrous verdict delivered by this ponderous mechanist of style, when adjudicating the *quantum meruit* of a writer who certainly has no rival among ancient or modern classics in the rare art of narrating with brilliancy and effect: — 'Dr. Parr's taste,' says a certain Irish poet, a Rev. Mr. Stewart, of whom or his works the reader probably now hears for the first time — 'Dr. Parr's taste was exquisite, his judgment infallible. One morning he sent for me to attend him in his library. I found him seated at one side of the fire, Mrs. Parr leaning against the mantel on the opposite side, and a chair placed for me between them. "Mrs. Parr," he began, "you have seen Moore in this spot some time ago, *you now see Mr. Stewart!* — The race of true poets is now nearly extinct. There is you, (turning to me) and Moore, and

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Byron, and Crabbe, and Campbell — I hardly know of another." ' [All these, observe, were Whigs!] ' "You, Stewart, are a man of genius, of real genius, and of science, too, as well as genius. I tell you so. It is here, it is here," shaking his head, and sagaciously touching his forehead with his finger. "I tell you again, it is here. As to Walter Scott, his jingle will not outlive the next century. It is namby-pamby." ' Dr. Parr is here made to speak of Sir Walter merely as a poet; but for the same person, in any other character, he had no higher praise in reserve. In the heroic and chivalrous spirit of the poetry of Sir Walter, we pardon the Doctor for taking little interest. But what must be the condition of sense and feeling in that writer, who, without participating probably in the Doctor's delusions, could yet so complacently report to the world a body of extravagances, which terminated in placing himself, an author unknown to the public, conspicuously above one of the most illustrious writers of any age! Dr. Parr might perhaps plead the privilege of his fireside, kindness for a young friend, and a sudden call upon him for some audacity to give effect and powerful expression to his praise, as the apology for *his* share in such absurdities; but Mr. Stewart, by recording them in print, makes himself a deliberate party, under no apology or temptation whatsoever, to the whole injustice and puerility of the scene.

Mr. Bentham, Dr. Parr, and Mr. Douglas of Glasgow, are probably the three men in Europe, who have found Sir Walter Scott a trifler. Literature, in fact, and the fine arts, hold but a low rank in the estimate of the modern Utilitarian republicans. All that is not tangible, measurable, ponderable, falls with them into

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the account of mere levities, and is classed with the most frivolous decorations of life: to be an exquisite narrator is tantamount to dressing well; a fine prose style is about equal to a splendid equipage; and a finished work of art is a showy piece of upholstery. In this vulgarity of sentiment, Dr. Parr could not entirely accompany his coarsest friends; for he drew largely on their indulgence himself as a trespasser in the very worst form — he was guilty of writing Latin with fluency and striking effect. It is certain, however, that the modern school of reformers had an injurious effect upon Dr. Parr's literary character, by drawing out and strengthening its hardest features. His politics became harsher, and his intellectual sensibilities coarser, as he advanced in years. How closely he connected himself with these people, we shall show in the sketch we propose to give of his political history. For the present we turn with pleasure to his more elegant, though sometimes not less violent, friends, amongst the old established Whig leaders. These, in their very intemperances, maintained the tone, breeding, and cultivation of gentlemen. They cherished and esteemed all parts of elegant letters; and, however much they have been in the habit of shocking our patriotism or constitutional principles, seldom offered annoyance to our tastes, as scholars and men of letters.

Foremost amongst these, as foremost in politics, stood Charles Fox. His letters in this collection are uniformly in the unpretending manner which he courted: what we have too generally to regret — is the absence of Dr. Parr's answers, especially to those letters of Mr. Fox or his friends, which communicated his *jeux d'esprit* in Greek verse. One of these we shall

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notice. Meantime, as perhaps the most interesting passage in the whole collection of Dr. Parr's correspondence, we shall make the following extract from a letter, in which Mr. Fox states the final state of his feelings with regard to Edmund Burke: the immediate occasion was a plan, at that moment agitated, for raising a monument to his memory. The date of this memorable letter is Feb. 24, 1802: —

'Mackintosh wrote to me upon the subject you mention; and I think he took my answer rather more favorably than he was strictly warranted to do. When he said I would second the proposition, I told him *support* was my word.

'The truth is, though I do not feel any malice against Burke, nor would I have in any degree thwarted any plan for his advantage or honor: though I feel the greatest gratitude for his continued kindness to me during so great a part of our lives, and a strong conviction that I owe to his friendship and conversation, a very great portion of whatever either of political or oratorical merit my friends suppose me to have displayed; notwithstanding all this, I must own, that there are some parts of his conduct that I cannot forgive so entirely as perhaps I ought, and as I wish to do.

'His public conduct may have arisen from mistaken motives of right, carried to a length to which none but persons of his ardent imagination would have pursued them. But the letter to the Duke of Portland and Lord Fitzwilliam, with the worst possible opinion of me, is what I never can think of without sensations which are as little habitual to me as to most men. To attempt to destroy me in the opinion of those whom I

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so much value, and in particular that of Fitzwilliam, with whom I had lived in the strictest friendship from our infancy; to attempt it, too, at a time and in a way which made it almost certain that they would not state the accusation to me, and consequently, that I should have no opportunity to defend myself — this was surely not only malice, but baseness in the extreme; and if I were to say that I have quite forgiven it, it would be boasting a magnanimity which I cannot feel.

'In these circumstances, therefore, I think that, even not opposing, much more supporting, any motion made in honor of his memory as an individual amongst the rest, without putting myself forward as a mover or seconder, is all that can be expected or desired of me by those who are not admirers of hypocrisy. I shall have great pleasure, however, in seeing your plan for an epitaph for him, and will tell you freely my opinion of it, both in general and in the detail. He was certainly a great man, and had very many good as well as great qualities; but his motto seems the very reverse of μηδὲν ἄγαν; and, when his mind had got hold of an object, his whole judgment, as to prudent or imprudent, unbecoming or indecent, nay, right or wrong, was perverted when that object was in question. What Quintilian says of Ovid, "Si ingenio temperare quam indulgere maluisset," was eminently applicable to him, even with respect to his passions. "Si animi sui affectibus temperare quam indulgere maluisset quid vir iste præstare non potuerit?"[84] would be my short character of him. By the way, I do not know that *affectibus* is the right word; but I know no other.'

Monstrous as we must consider this view of Mr Burke's conduct, which, under every provocation from

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the underlings of Mr. Fox's party, continued irreproachably honorable towards those whom he had been compelled (*and whom others*[85] *had been compelled*) to abandon, — still, under the perverse prejudices which had possession of Mr. Fox, we must allow his temper and his conduct, as here stated by himself, to have been sincere, manly, and liberal. That he did not speak with more fervor of admiration, in summing up the claims of a man so immeasurably beyond his contemporaries in the fineness and compass of his understanding, is not to be imputed to jealousy of his powers, or to the smothered resentments which Mr. Fox acknowledges — but entirely to the extreme plainness, simplicity, and almost homely character of his own mind, which labored under a specific natural inaptitude for appreciating an intellect so complex, subtle, and elaborate, as that of Burke.

We see how readily he clings to the slang notion of Burke's '*imagination*' as explaining the differences between them; and how resolutely he mistakes, for an original tendency to the violence of extremes, what in fact was the mere breadth and determinateness of principle which the extremity of that crisis exacted from a mind of unusual energy. Charles Fox had one sole grandeur, one originality, in his whole composition, and that was the fervor, the intensity, the contagious vehemence of his manner. He could not endure his own speeches when stripped of the advantage they had in a tumultuous and self-kindling delivery. 'I have always hated the thought,' says he to Dr. Parr, 'of any of my speeches being published.' Why was *that*? Simply because in the mere *matter*, he could not but feel himself, that there was nothing to insure at-

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tention, nothing that could give a characteristic or remarkable expression to the whole. The thoughts were everybody's thoughts: Mr. Burke's, on the other hand, were so peculiarly his own, that they might have been sworn to as private property in any court of law.

How was Dr. Parr affected by the great schism in politics, the greatest which ever hinged upon pure difference of abstract principle? A schism which was fatal to the unity of the Whig Club, could not but impress new determinations on the political bias, conduct, and language of every Whig partisan. At the time of the Bellenden Preface, it was a matter of course to praise Burke; he was then the ally of Fox, and the glory of the Whigs. But what tone of sentiment did Dr. Parr maintain towards this great man after he had become an alien to the revolutionary cause which he himself continued to patronize, and the party whom he continued to serve? For previously to that change his homage was equivocal. It might be to the man, or it might be to his position.

There are many ways of arriving at a decision: in letters, in tracts, (Letter on Fox's James II.) and in recorded conversations, Dr. Parr's sincere opinions, on this question (a question as comprehensive as any personal question ever can have been) were repeatedly obtained. He wrote, besides, an inscription for Burke's public monument; and this, which (in common with all his epitaphs) was anxiously weighed and meditated in every syllable, happens to have been the most felicitous in the opinion of himself and his friends of all which he executed. What was its prevailing tone? 'I remember,' says Parr himself, writing to

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Lord Holland, 'one or two of Mr. Burke's admirers said to me that it was cold; and I answered, that I had indeed been successful; for as I really did not feel warmth, I had not attempted to express it.' Perhaps in these words, Dr. Parr, with a courtier's consideration of the person whom he was addressing, has done some injustice to himself. Enough remains on record, both in the epitaph and elsewhere, to show that he had not indeed attained to a steady consciousness of Burke's characteristic merits; but it is manifest that he struggled with a reluctant instinct of submission to the boldest of his views, and fought up against a blind sense of his authority as greater than on many accounts it pleased him or suited him to admit.

Even in this personal accident, as it may seem, taken in connection with the fetters of party, lay a snare to the sobriety of Parr's understanding. The French Revolution, with him as with multitudes beside, unhinged the sanity of his moral judgments. Left to the natural influences of things, he, like many of his political friends, might have recovered a steady equilibrium of mind upon this great event, and 'all which it inherited.' He might have written to others, as Lady Oxford, (once the most violent of democrats,) sickened by sad experience of continental frenzies, had occasion to write to *him* — 'Of Burke's writings and principles I am now a very great admirer; he was a great lover of practical liberty. In my days of darkness, prejudice, and folly, I never read a line of Burke; but I am now, thank heaven, in a state of regeneration.' Obstinacy, and (except by occasional starts) allegiance to his party, made this noble confession of error impossible to Dr. Parr. And the intellectual results to

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one who lived chiefly in the atmosphere of politics, and drew his whole animation from the fluctuations of public questions, were entirely mischievous. To those who abided by the necessities of error, which grew upon a systematic opposition to Mr. Burke, the French Revolution had destroyed all the landmarks of constitutional distinctions, and impressed a character of indeterminate meaning upon ancient political principles. From that time forward, it will be seen, by those who will take the trouble to examine, that Dr. Parr, struggling (as many others did) between the obscure convictions of his conscience, and the demands of his party, or his personal situation, maintained no uniform opinions at all; gave his faith and his hopes by turns to every vagrant adventurer, foreign or domestic, military scourge, or political reformer, whom the disjointed times brought forward; and was consistent in nothing but in those petty speculations of philology, which, growing out of his professional pursuits, served at last no end so useful as that of relieving the asperities of his political life.

PART III.

How peculiarly painful it is to all parties — judges and juries, government, the public in general, the culprit, and his friends in particular — when a literary man falls under the lash of the law! How irritating to himself and others that he should be transported — how disgusting that he should be hanged! Such

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fates, however, befel some of Dr. Parr's dearest connections; he lived to see his most valued pupil expatriated, in company with felons, to 'the Great Botanic Bay;' and he lived to accompany another friend (who also by one biographer is described as a pupil) to the foot of the gallows.

We mention not these things by way of reproach to Dr. Parr's memory. The sufferings of his unhappy friends, *after* they came into trouble, called out none but the good qualities of his nature. Never, indeed, was Samuel Parr seen to greater advantage, than when animating the hopes, supporting the fortitude, or ministering to the comforts, of the poor dejected prisoner in his gloomy cell, at a time when self-reproaches had united with the frowns of the world to make the consolations of friendship somewhat more than usually trying to the giver, and a thousand times more valuable to the receiver. When all others forsook the wretched and fled, Dr. Parr did not; his ear was open to the supplications of all who sate in darkness and sorrow; and wherever the distress was real, remembering that he himself also was a poor frailty-laden human creature, he did not think it became him too severely to examine in what degrees guilt or indiscretion had concurred to that effect. Sam Parr! these things will make the earth lie light upon your last abode; flowers will flourish on its verdant roof; and gleams of such remembrances extort an occasional twinge of compunction even from us — at the very moment when we are borrowing old Sir Christopher's gentler knout [No. 3 — his *scutica*, no this *flagellum*] gently to '*perstringe*' your errors.

Sam Parr! we love you; we said so once before.

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But *perstringing*, which was a favored word of your own, was a no less favored act. You also in your lifetime perstringed many people; some of whom perstringed you, Sam, smartly in return; some kissed the rod; and some disdained it in silence. Complaint, therefore, on your behalf, would be unreasonable; that same *parresia*,* which in your lifetime furnished a ground for so many thousand discharges of the same Grecian pun on your own name, (each duly delivered by its elated author as the original explosion,) obliges us to deal frankly with your too frequent errors, even when we are most impressed by the spectacle of your truly Christian benignity. Indeed, the greater your benignity, the better is our title to tax those errors which so often defeated it. For why, let us ask of Dr. Parr's friends, should he choose to testify his friendship to men, in standing by them and giving his countenance to their affliction, rather than in the wiser course — so suitable to his sacred calling — of interposing his gentler counsels between their frantic designs, and the dire extremities which naturally conducted to that affliction? In Gerrald's case, he certainly *had* counselled and warned him of the precipice on which he stood, in due season. But to him, as to the chamois hunter of the Alps, danger was a temptation even for its own sake: he hungered and thirsted after political martyrdom. And it is possible, that in that case, Dr. Parr found no grounds of self-reproach. *Possible*, we say; even here we speak doubtingly, because, if Dr. Parr applied sedatives to his fiery nature in 1794, he had in 1790–92 applied stimulants; if, finally, when Mr. Pitt and the French Reign of Terror showed that no trifling could be

* The Greek word for *freedom of speech*.

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allowed, he pulled vainly at the curb-rein (as his letters remain to show) — originally, it is beyond all doubt that he used the spur. Violence and intemperance, it is true, in Mr. Gerrald, were constitutional; yet there can be little doubt that, for the republican direction which they took, his indiscreet tutor was nearly altogether answerable.

Joseph Gerrald was a man of great talents: his defence upon his trial shows it; and we have the assurance of an able critic, who was himself present at its delivery, in March, 1794, that no piece of forensic eloquence on record better deserved the profound attention with which it was received: 'you might,' as he assured us, 'during the whole time, have heard a pin drop.' Under happier auspices[86] than Dr. Parr's, how distinguished a citizen might this man have become! As to Mr. Oliver, it is Dr. Parr's own statement of the case, (a statement which, at this day, we presume, few persons will be found to believe,) that he was condemned and executed for drinking Mr. Fox's health, and reading Tom Paine's writings; in short, for being a Jacobin. The little trfling circumstance that he was also a murderer, with Dr. Parr weighs nothing at all. Take then his own representation: who was it that countenanced the reading of Tom Paine, criticizing his infamous books as counterpoises to those of Burke, and as useful in bringing out a neutral product? Who was it that gave to Warwickshire, (Mr. Oliver's part of the country,) nay, to all England, the one sole example of a 'budge doctor,'[87] arrayed in the scarlet robes of the English universities, and a public instructor of the young English aristocracy, speaking cautiously and

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respectfully of this shallow dogmatist, who, according to his power, laid the axe to all civil government throughout the world? Who, but one man, clothed in the character of a Christian minister, could have been blinded by party violence to the extent of praising in a qualified manner, and naming, amongst creditable writers, the most insolent theomachist and ruffian infidel of ancient or modern times? If Dr. Parr's friends acted upon Mr. Paine's principles, propagated Mr. Paine's principles, and suffered in public estimation, even to the extent of martyrdom, as champions of those principles — nobody can suppose that in selecting and professing a faith so full of peril, they could be other than greatly influenced by the knowledge that a learned doctor in the Church of England, guide and tutor to themselves, had publicly spoken of that Mr. Paine as an authority not altogether without his claims to consideration.

But we have insensibly wandered into political considerations at a point of our review, where the proper object before us was — Dr. Parr as a man of letters. For this we have some excuse, considering that politics and literature so naturally blended in Dr. Parr's practice of authorship, that perhaps not one of his most scholarlike performances, but is richly interveined with political allusions and sarcasms, nor one of those most professedly political, which did not often turn aside to gather flowers from the fields of the muses, or herbs of 'medicinable power' from the gardens of philosophy. The truth is, the Doctor wrote as he lived; bending to momentary gusts of passion; recovering himself by glimpses to a higher standard of professional duty; remembering by fits

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that he was officially a teacher, spiritual and intellectual; forgetting himself too often into a partisan and a zealot.

However, as we shall consider Dr. Parr's politics under a separate and peculiar head, we will, for the present, confine ourselves more rigorously to his literary character, difficult as we really find it to observe a line of strict separation which the good doctor himself is forever tempting or provoking us to forget.

As a man of letters, then, what was it — what power, what accomplishment, what art that Dr. Parr could emblazon upon his shield of pretence, as characteristically his own? Latin; Latin *quoad* knowledge; Latin *quoad* practical skill. 'Reading,' said he, 'reflection, the office of a teacher, and much practice in composition, have given me a command over the Latin sufficient for the ordinary purposes of a scholar.' This was his own estimate of himself: and it was a modest one — too modest: and possibly he would not have made it had he been addressing anybody but a Whig lord, taught from his earliest youth to take his valuation of Dr. Parr from a party who regarded him as their champion and martyr. Yet again, it is not impossible that he was sincere: for the insincere will make a general profession of humility in the abstract, and yet revolt from the test of individual comparisons: they confess how much they fall short of their own ideal; but as to John, Thomas, or William, they would spurn a claim of superiority for *them*. Now, Dr. Parr sometimes goes so far in his humility as to 'name names;' Sir William Jones, Sir George Baker — *these* we are sure of, and we think Bishop Lowth were amongst the masters of Latinity, to whom he some-

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where concedes the palm for this accomplishment, on a question of comparison with himself. We must profess our own hearty dissent from such a graduation of the honors. Sir George Baker, from his subjects, is less generally known. He was an Etonian, and wrote at least with facility: but, to speak of the other two, who are within everybody's reach, we contend that, maugre their reputation, they do not write good Latin. The kind of Latin they affect is in bad taste: too florid, too *rotund*, too little idiomatic: its structure is vicious, and evidences an English origin. Of Lowth we say this even more determinately than of Sir W. Jones.[88] Some day or other we shall make a great article on this subject; and we shall then illustrate largely: for without illustration, such a discussion is as empty and aerial as a feast of the Barmecide.

Meantime, whatsoever the mechanic hounds may say who now give the tone to education, the art of writing Latin finely is a noble accomplishment; and one, we will take upon us to say, which none but a man of distinguished talent will succeed in. All the scholarship in the world will not avail to fight up against the tyranny of modern idioms and modern fashions of thought — the whole composition will continue to be redolent of lamps not fed with Attic oil, but with gas — base gas — unless in the hands of a man vigorous and agile enough to throw off the yoke of vernacular custom —

'Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.'

No custom cramps and masters a man's freedom so effectually as the household diction which he hears

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from all around him. And that man, who succeeds (like Dr. Parr) in throwing his thoughts into ancient moulds, does a greater feat than he that turned the Euphrates into a new channel for the service of his army.

This difficulty is in itself a sufficient justification of modern Latin — coupled, as it is, with so useful an activity of thought. But, apart from that, will any man contend that the establishment of a great commonwealth can be complete without artists in Latinity. Even rogues, swindlers, hangmen, are essential to the proper *mounting* of a great metropolis: a murderer or two perhaps, in the complete subdivision of employments, would not be amiss in casting the parts for a full performance of civil life. Not that we approve of murder for murder's sake: far from it! It is scandalous, and what every good man must decidedly condemn and pointedly discourage. But still, if murders are to be, and murders will be, and murders must be, then of course we might as well have them executed in an artist-like manner, as in the horrid bungling style so offensive in rude countries to the eye of *delicate* taste, and the mind of sensibility. Assuredly, it cannot be denied, that all sorts of villains, knaves, prigs, and so forth, are essential parts in the equipage of social life. Else why do we regard police as so indispensable a function of organized society: for without corresponding objects in the way of scoundrels, sharks, crimps, pimps, ring-droppers, &c., police-officers would be idle superfluities, and liable to general disgust.

But, waiving the question as stretched to this extent, — for artists who work in Latin we may plead more

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reasons than Mr. Blackwood is likely to allow us scope for in one article, — we shall press but one argument, and that applied to our just national pride. Is it not truly shameful that a great nation should have occasion to go abroad for any odd bit of Latin that it may chance to want in the way of inscription for a triumphal monument, for a tomb, for a memorial pillar, for a public or official gift? Conceding (as, under the terrors of Mr. Blackwood's pruning-knife, we do concede for the moment) that Latin is of little other application — is it to be endured that we should be reduced to the necessity of importing our Latin secretary?[89] For instance, we will mention one memorable case. The Czar Alexander, as all the world knows, one fine day, in the summer of that immortal year 1814, went down to Oxford in company with our own Regent, the King of Prussia, the Hetman of the Cossacks, and a long roll of other princely personages, with titles fatiguing to the memory, and names from which orthography recoils aghast. Some were entertained at one college — some at another. The emperor's billet fell upon Merton College; and in acknowledgment of the hospitality there shown, some time afterwards he sent to the warden and fellows, through Count Lieven, his ambassador to the court of London, a magnificent vase of Siberian jasper. This vase wanted an inscription — a Latin inscription of course. This inscription was to be worked in Russia, and the workmen stood resting upon their tools until this should come out from England. Now, under these circumstances, John Bull conceive the shame and the scandal — if Oxford, the golden seat of classical erudition, under the very eyes of the Czar and his ambassador, had been obliged to

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resort to some coxcomb on the continent for the small quantity of Latin required! What would Mrs. Grundy have said? What would the Hetman have said? And Woronzoff, and Kutusoff, and Doctoroff, and Tchitchzakoff? Indeed we cannot think it altogether becoming to Oxford, that Cambridge should have furnished the artist — for Dr. Parr it was who undertook and executed the inscription, which, after all, exhibited too Spartan a nakedness to have taxed any man very severely, except for the negative quality of forbearance; and the scandal, as between the two universities, is actually on record and in print, of a chancellor of the one (Lord Grenville) corresponding with a doctor of the other, for a purpose which exclusively concerned Oxford. Perhaps the excuse may be, that Oxford was not interested as a body in an affair which belonged personally to the warden and fellows of one society. And at all events, the *national* part of the scandal was averted.[90]

On this subject, which furnishes so many a heart-ache to a loyal-hearted Englishman, we would beg to throw a hasty glance. John Bull, who piques himself so much and so justly on the useful and the respectable, on British industry, British faith, British hardware, British morals, British muskets (which are by no means the best specimens of our morals, judging by the proportion that annually bursts in the hands of poor savages) — and, generally speaking, upon British arts, *provided only they are the useful and the mechanical arts* — this same John Bull has the most sheepish distrust of himself in every accomplishment that professes a purpose of ornament and mere beauty. Here he has a universal superstition in favor of names in *ano* and

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ini. Every foreigner indeed, but more especially every Italian — it is John's private faith — is by privilege of nature a man of taste, and, by necessity, a knave. Were it only of music that he thought this, and only of Italian foreigners, perhaps he might not be so far amiss. Oh! the barbarous leaning of British taste as regards music! oh, the trashy songs which pollute our theatres, and are allowed to steal into the operas of Mozart! Strange that the nation whose poetry and drama discover by degrees so infinitely the most passion, should in their music discover the least! Not merely, however, in arts, technically so called, but in every branch of ornamental knowledge, everything that cannot be worked in a loom, weighed on a steelyard, measured by an ell-wand, valued by an auctioneer, John Bull secretly distrusts himself and his own powers. He may talk big when his patriotism is irritated; but his secret and sincere opinion is that nature has made him a barbarian as regards the beautiful; if not for sensibility, at any rate for performance; and that in compensation of this novercal usage, fortune has given him a long purse to buy his beauty ready made. Hence it is, that, whilst openly disavowing it, John is forever sneaking privately to foreigners, and tempting them with sumptuous bribes, to undertake a kind of works which many times would be better done by domestic talents. Latin, we may be sure, and Greek, fall too much within the description of the ornamental — to be relished of home manufacture. Whenever, therefore, a great scholar was heard of on the continent, him John Bull proceeded to buy or to bargain for. Many were imported at the Reformation. Joseph Scaliger was courted in the succeeding age. A younger

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friend of his, Isaac Casaubon, a capital scholar, but a dull man, and rather knavish, was caught. Exultingly did John hook him, play with him, and land him. James I. determined that he would have his life written by him: and, in fact, all sorts of uses were meditated and laid out for their costly importation. But he died without doing anything that he would not have done upon the continent; the whole profit of the transaction rested with the Protestant cause, which (but for English gold) Casaubon would surely have abandoned for the honors and emoluments of Rome. Cromwell again, perfect John Bull as he was in this feature, also preserved the national faith; he would have his martial glories recorded. Well: why not? Especially for one who had Milton at his right hand. But no: he thought little of *him* — he would buy a foreigner. In fact, he was in treaty for several; and we will venture to say that Salmasius himself was not more confounded upon finding himself suddenly seized, bound, and whirled at Milton's chariot wheels, in a field where he was wont to career up and down as supreme and unquestioned *arbiter*, and at most expecting a few muttered insults, that would not require notice, — than Cromwell was on hearing that his own champion, a Londoner born, and manufactured at Cambridge, had verily taken the conceit out of the vain-glorious but all-learned Frenchman. It was just such another essay as between Orlando and the Duke's wrestler — as well for the merits of the parties, as for the pleasant disappointment to the lookers-on. For even on the continent all men rejoiced at the humiliation of Salmasius. Charles II., again, and his favorite ministers, had heard of Des Cartes as a philosopher and Latinist.

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but apparently not of Lord Bacon, except as a lawyer. King William, though in the age of Bishop Pearson, and Stillingfleet, and Bentley, in the very rare glances which he condescended to bestow on literature, squinted at Grævius, Gronovius, and other Dutch professors of humanity on a ponderous scale. And, omitting scores of other cases we could bring in illustration, even in our own day, the worthy George III. thinking it would be well to gain the *imprimatur* of his own pocket university of Göttingen, before he made up his mind on the elementary books used in the great schools of England, dispatched a huge bale of grammars, lexicons, vocabularies, fables, selections, exercise-books, spelling-books, and Heaven knows what all, to that most concinnous and most rotund of professors — Mr. Heyne. At Cæsar's command, the professor slightly inspected them; and having done so, he groaned at the quality of the superb English paper, so much harder, stiffer, and more unaccommodating to domestic purposes than that soft German article, prepared by men of feeling and consideration in that land of sentiment, and thereupon (we pretend not to say how far in consequence thereof) he drew up an angry and vindictive verdict on their collective merits. And thus it happened that his Majesty came to have but an indifferent opinion of English school literature. Now, in this instance, we see the John Bull mania pushed to extremity. For surely Dr. Parr, on any subject whatever, barring Greek, was as competent a scholar as Master Heyne.[91] And on this particular subject, the jest is apparent, that Parr was, and Heyne was not, a schoolmaster. Parr had cultivated the art of teaching all his life; and it were hard indeed, if labors so tedious and heavy

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might not avail a man to the extent of accrediting his opinion on a capital question of his own profession. Speaking seriously, since the days of Busby — that great man [92] who flogged so many of our avi — abavi — atavi — and tritavi, among the schoolmasters of Europe, none could, in those days, stand forward as competitors in point of scholarship with Parr. Scholars more eminent, doubtless, there had been, but not among those who wielded the ferule; for the learned Dr. Burney, junior, of Greenwich, and the very learned Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, had not then commenced their reigns. How pointed, then, was the insult, in thus transferring the appeal from a golden critic at home to a silver one abroad: or rather, how strong the prejudice which could prompt such a course to one who probably meditated no insult at all. And let no man say, on *this* occasion, that Parr, being a Jacobin, could not be decently consulted on the scruples of a king; for Heyne was a Jacobin also, until Jacobinism brought danger to his windows. If the oracle at Hatton *philippized*, the oracle of Göttingen philippized no less, and perhaps with much less temptation, and certainly with less conspicuous neglect of his own interest. Well for him that his Jacobinism lurks in ponderous Latin notes, whilst Dr. Parr's was proclaimed to the world in English!

It is fitting, then, that we people of England should always keep a man or two capable of speaking with our enemies in the gate, when they speak Latin; more especially when our national honor in this particular is to be supported against a prejudice so deep, and of standing so ancient. These, however, are local arguments for cultivating Latin, and kept alive by the sense

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of wounded honor. But there are other considerations more permanent and intrinsic to the question, which press equally upon all cultivated nations. The language of ancient Rome has certain indestructible claims upon our regard: it has a peculiar merit *sui generis* in the first place; and, secondly, circumstances have brought it into a singular and unprecedented relation to the affairs and interests of the human race.

Speaking carelessly of Latin, as one of two ancient languages, both included in the cycle of a perfect education, and which jointly compose the entire conservatory of all ancient literature that now survives, we are apt to forget that either of these languages differs from the other by any peculiar or incommunicable privilege: and for all the general advantages which can characterize a language, we rightly ascribe the preference in degree to the Greek. But there are two circumstances, one in the historical position of the Latin language, and one in its own internal character, which unite to give it an advantage in our esteem, such as no language besides ever did, or, in the nature of things, ever will possess. They are these: — The Latin language has a *planetary* importance; it belongs not to this land or that land, but to all lands where the human intellect has obtained its rights and its development. It is the one sole *Lingua Franca*, that is, in a catholic sense, such for the whole humanized earth, and the total family of man. We call it a dead language. But how? It is not dead, as Greek is dead, as Hebrew is dead, as Sanscrit is dead — which no man uses in its ancient form in his intercourse with other men. It is still the common dialect which binds together that great *imperium in imperio* — the republic of letters

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And to express in a comprehensive way the relation which this superb language bears to man and his interests, it has the same extensive and indifferent relation to our planet, which the moon has amongst the heavenly bodies. Her light, and the means of intercourse which she propagates by her influence upon the tides, belong to all nations alike. How impressive a fact would it appear to us, if the great Asiatic family of nations from Teharân, or suppose from Constantinople and Cairo (which are virtually Asiatic) to Pekin and the remotest islands on that quarter of Asia, had some one common language through which their philosophers and statesmen could communicate with each other over the whole vast floor of Asia! Yet this sublime masonic tie of brotherhood we ourselves possess, we members of Christendom, in the most absolute sense. Gradually, moreover, it is evident that we shall absorb the whole world into the progress of civilization. Thus the Latin language is, and will be still more perfectly, a bond between the remotest places. Time also is connected as much as space; and periods in the history of man, too widely separated from each other (as we might also have imagined) to admit of any common tie, are, and will continue to be, brought into connection by a vinculum so artificial (and, generally speaking, so fluctuating) as a language. This position of the Latin language with regard to the history of man, would alone suffice to give it an overpowering interest in our regard. As to its intrinsic merits, the peculiarity of its structure, and the singular powers which arise out of that structure, we must leave that topic undiscussed. We shall say only, that, for purposes of elaborate rhetoric, it is altogether unrivalled;

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the exquisitely artificial mould of its structure, gives it that advantage. And, with respect to its supposed penury of words, we shall mention the opinion of Cicero, who, in three separate passages of his works, maintains, that in that point it has the advantage of the Greek.

Many questions arise upon the qualities of Parr's Latin in particular, and upon the general rules of style which he prescribed to himself. The far-famed author of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' has stigmatized the preface to Bellendĕnus[93] (we beseech you, courteous reader, to pronounce the penultimate short, that is, lay the accent on the syllable *lend*) as '*a cento of Latin quotations;*' in which judgment there is a double iniquity; for, beyond all other human performances, the 'Pursuits of Literature' *is* a cento, and, in any fair sense, Parr's preface is *not*. In fact, with all its undeniable ability, all its cloudy amplifications, tortuous energy of language, and organ notes of profounder eloquence pealing at intervals through the 'sound and fury' of his political vaticinations, — merits which sufficed to propel that bulky satire through nearly a score of editions, — yet, at this day, it cannot be denied, that the 'Pursuits of Literature' was disfigured by much extravagance of invective, much license of tongue, much mean and impotent spite, (see his lying attempt to retort the jest of Colman[94] by raising a Greek dust,) but above all, (and in a degree which took all color of propriety from his sneers at Parr,) by a systematic pedantry, without parallel in literature. To Parr it was open, at least, to have retorted, that in no instance had *he* left it a matter of doubt what language it was that he professed to be writing, whether it were Greek

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enamelled upon an English ground, or a substratum of Greek tesselated by English. That boast was something: more by a good deal than the learned satirist could pretend to. Such a *mosaic* as his hyper-Menippean satire, was never seen by man; unless, indeed, it were in one imitation (the *Millennium*) where the author, apparently determined to work in more colors than his master, had strewed his pages with Arabic and Persic, and actually pressed upon the particular and indulgent notice of the Lord Mayor, and aldermen in common council assembled, various interesting considerations in Coptic.

By such an accuser, then, Parr could not justly be placed upon defence. But really at any bar he did not need a defence. Writing professedly as a rhetorician, he caught at the familiar commonplaces of Roman rhetoric, and golden ornaments of Ciceronian mintage, just as in English we point our perorations with the gorgeous tropes of Jeremiah Taylor, relieve the austerity of our didactic speculations with the great harmonies of Milton, or lock up our sentences with massy keystones of Shakspearian sentiment. Thus far the famous Preface was no further arrayed in borrowed plumage than really became it as an avowed *bravura* of rhetorical art, deliberately unfolding its 'dazzling fence' in passages of effect, and openly challenging admiration as a solemn agonistic effort of display and execution. What probably misled the unfriendly critic were the continued references in the margin to Cicero, or other masters of Latinity. But these were often no acknowledgments for obligations, but simply sanctions for particular uses of words, or for questionable forms of phraseology. In this Dr. Parr was even generous;

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for though he *did* sometimes leave traps for the unwary — and this he acknowledged with a chuckling laugh — still in many more instances he saved them from the snares which were offered by these suspicious cases in Latinity.

Dismissing, however, in his own contemptuous words, this false and malicious exception to Dr. Parr's preface 'Quare suo, per me licet, sale nigro ii delectentur, suæque superbiæ morem gerant, qui me dictitant, veluti quendam ludimagistrum, ex alienis orationibus librum meum composuisse,' it is very possible that there may be others with better foundation. Amongst these there is one, which we have heard most frequently pressed in conversation, and it is connected with a *quæstio vexatissima* on the general principles of modern Latin diction; was not the style hybrid, that is, a composite style, owned by no one age in particular, but made up by inharmonious contributions from many? We answer firmly — No. Words there are, undoubtedly — single words, and solitary phrases, and still oftener senses and acceptations[95] of words, which can plead no Ciceronian authority. But the mould — the structure — the τυπος of the sentence, *that* is always Roman, always such as Cicero would have understood and countenanced. Nay, many passages there are which Cicero could not have beat for his ears. Every sentence or period moves upon two principal determinations: its external connection in the first place — how does it arise, upon what movement of logic or the feeling from the preceding period? And, secondly, its own internal evolution. These *moments* (to speak dynamically) in the construction of sentences according to their treatment, (but, above all, in a lan-

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guage the most exquisitely artificial that human necessities have created,) become the very finest tests of their idiomatic propriety. In the management of these primary elements in the art of composition, Parr is a master. As to words, or saparable parts, which a stroke of the pen can remove and supply, the effect, upon the whole, is little, and to modern ears, untrained by colloquial use to apprehend spontaneously the discordant association of archaisms, neologisms, scarcely any at all. Yet it is observable, that, to words only, and single phrases, the purists in Latin composition have most unwisely directed their attention.

Above all, the Ciceronian purists were famous in their day; a volume might be written on their history. Fierce sectarianism bred fierce latitudinarianism. Was a writer Ciceronian in his words and phrases? *That*, for some critics was the one demand. On the other hand, many piqued themselves on throwing off a restriction so severe, and for many subjects so disadvantageous. Some valued themselves on writing like Tacitus; some with larger and more natural taste, like Livy. Some even were content with a model as modern as Lipsius or Strada.

In such disputes all turns upon the particular purpose which a writer has in using the Latin idiom. Why, on what considerations, honoring what old prescriptive usage, or looking to what benefit, has an author used Latin at all? For evidently, in foregoing his own mother tongue, he has wilfully forfeited much ease and some power. His motives, therefore, must be very determinate in a choice so little for his own immediate interest. If, which is the commonest case, he writes Latin merely as a *lingua franca*— as the general

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language of the literary commonwealth of Christendom and, therefore, purely to create an extended circulation for his thoughts, — it is probable that his subject in these days will be derived from some branch of science, or at all events, some theme treated didactically; for, as an orator, an essayist, or generally, as a fine writer, he can find no particular temptations in a language, which, whilst it multiplies his difficulties, must naturally limit his audience. On a mere calculation of good sense, we may predict that his subject will, in nine cases out of ten, be one which is paramount, by its matter, to all considerations of style and manner. Physics, for example in some one of its numerous branches, mathematics, or some great standing problem of metaphysics. Now in such a case, if there be one rule of good taste more pressing than another, it is this — to reject all ornaments of style whatever, — in fact all style; for unless on a question which admits some action of the feelings, in a business of the pure understanding, style — properly defined — is impossible. Consequently, classical Latin, whether of gold, of silver, or of brass, is, in such a case, equally to be rejected. The reason upon which this rule stands is apparent.

Why is it that in law Latin we say *murdravit*, for ne *murdered*, — *warrantizo*, — *homagium*, and so forth? Simply because the transcendent *matter* in all legal discussions, the great interests of life and property which law concerns, the overruling importance of the necessities to which law ministers, making intelligibility and distinction of cases to be the absorbing consideration, cannot but throw into the shade every quality of writing which does not co-operate to that end; and for

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those qualities, which have a tendency even to clash with it, cannot but reduce them to the rank of puerile levities. The idea of *felony*, under its severe and exclusive limitation, according to our jurisprudence, could not be adequately reached by any Ciceronian term whatsoever; and this once admitted, it is evident that the filigree frost-work of classical fastidiousness must be allowed to melt at once before the great domineering influences of life in its elementary interests. Religion again, how much has *that* been found to suffer in the hands of classical precisions, to whom the whole vocabulary of Christianity, — all the technical terms of its divine economy, all its idioms[96] — such as *grace*, *sanctification*, *sacrament*, *regeneration*, &c., were so many stones of offence and scandal for the terms, even where they did not reject the conceptions. Now, one law of good sense is paramount for all composition whatsoever, viz. that the subject, the very ideas, for the development of which only any composition at all became necessary, must not suffer prejudice, or diminution, from any scruples affecting the mere accessories of style or manner. Where both cannot co-exist, perish the style — let the subject-matter (to use a scholastic term) prosper!

This law governs every theme of pure science, or which is capable of a didactic treatment. For instance, in Natural Philosophy, where the mere ideas under discussion, the bodies, the processes, the experiments, the instruments, are all alike almost in a region unknown and unsubjected to any jurisdiction of the classical languages, how vain, how puerile the attempt to fight up against these natural, and for us insurmountable difficulties, by any system of clever equivo-

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cations, or ingenious compromises between the absolute barbarisms of the thing, and their nearest classical analogies. By such misdirected slight-of-hand, what is effected? We sacrifice one principle without propitiating the other. Science, defrauded of her exactness, frowns; and the genius of classical elegance does not smile. Precision is wilfully forfeited; and no real ornament is gained. Wheresoever a man writes not for a didactic purpose, but for effect, wheresoever the composition is not a mere means for conveying truths, but its own end and final object, there, and there only, it may be allowable to attempt a happy evasion of some modern barbarism by means of its nearest Roman equivalent. For example, in a sepulchral inscription, one of the finest modes of the serious epigram, where distinction for the understanding is nothing, and effect for the natural sensibilities is all in all, Dr. Parr might be justified in saying that a man died by a *ballista*, as the nearest classical weapon of offence to that which was really concerned in the fatal accident. But the same writer, treating any question of Natural Philosophy, could never have allowed himself in so vague a term. To know that a man perished under a blow from some engine of war acted on by a mechanical force, without distinguishing whether gun or pistol, bomb, mortar, howitzer, or hand-grenade — might be all that was required to engage the reader's sympathy. Some little circumstantiality, some slight specification of details, is useful in giving direction and liveliness to a general tone of commiseration; whilst too minute an individualization of objects, not elevated enough to sustain any weight of attention, would both degrade the subject and

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disturb the natural current of the feelings by the disproportionate notice it would arrogate under the unwieldy periphrasis that might be necessary to express it. But, on the other hand, in pure physics, the primary necessity of rigorous distinction would demand an exact designation of the particular implement; size, weight, bore, mode of action, and quantity of resistance, might here all happen to be of foremost importance. Something, in fact, analogous to all this, for the case itself, and for the law which it suggests, may be found in the art of gardening, under its two great divisions of the useful and the ornamental. Taste was first applied to the latter. From the art of gardening, as cultivated for picturesque effects, laws and principles of harmonious grouping, of happy contrast, and of hidden co-operation in parts remote from each other, were soon derived. It was natural that some transfer should be attempted of these rules to the humbler province of kitchen gardens. Something was tried here, also, of the former devices for producing the picturesque; and the effects were uniformly bad. Upon which two classes of critics arose, one who supposed kitchen gardens to be placed altogether out of the jurisdiction of taste, and another, who persisted in bringing them within it, but unfortunately by means of the very same rules as those which governed the larger and more irregular province of pleasure gardens. The truth lay between the two parties; the last were right in supposing that every mode of exhibiting objects to the eye had its own susceptibilities (however limited) of beauty, and its own rules of good taste. The first, on the other hand, were equally right in rejecting the rules of the pictur-

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esque, as applicable to arrangements in which utility and convenience presided. Beauty, 'wild without rule or art, *enormous* bliss,' (that is, bliss which transcends all *norma*, or artificial measurements,) which is Milton's emphatic summing up of the luxuries of Eden, obey a much wider law, and in that proportion more difficult to be abstracted than the elegance of trim arrangement. But even this has its own appropriate law of ornament. And the mistake is, to seek it by translation from some province, differing essentially, and by its central principle, from itself. Where it is possible (as in ornamental gardening on the English plan it is) to appear as an assistant, and in subordination to nature, making her the principal artist, and rather directing her efforts than positively interfering with them — there, it is certain, that the wild, the irregular, the illimitable, and the luxuriant, have their appropriate force of beauty; and the tendency of art is no more than simply to assist their development, and to sustain their effect, by removing whatever is inharmonious. But in a system of which utility is the object, utility must also be the law and source of the beauty. That same convenience, which dictates arrangement and limitation as its own subsidiary instruments, ought to dictate these same principles as the presiding agents for the creation of appropriate ornaments. Instead of seeking a wild picturesque, which delights in concealing, or in revealing only by fits, the subtle and half evanescent laws under which it grows, good taste suggests imperatively, as the object we should court, a beauty of the architectural kind, courting order and symmetry, avowing, not hiding its own artifices, and absolutely existing by correspondence of parts.

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Latin composition falls into the same or analogous divisions; and these divisions obey the same or corresponding rules. The highest form of Latin composition, ornamented Latin, which belongs to a difficult department of the higher *belles lettres*, clothes itself, by natural right, in the whole pomp and luxury of the native Roman idiom. Didactic Latin, of any class, in which the subject makes it impossible to sustain that idiom for two consecutive sentences, abandons it professedly, and creates a new law for itself. Even the art of annotation, a very extensive branch of purely didactic Latin, and cultivated by immense numbers of very able men, has its own peculiar laws and proprieties, which must be sought in the works of those who have practised it with success.[97]

For an example, in support of what we have been saying, and illustrating the ludicrous effect, which arises from a fastidiously classical phraseology employed upon a subject of science, we might refer our readers to the collection of letters between Leibnitz and various correspondents in different parts of Europe, published at Hanover by Feder, among which are some extra superfine letters by a certain Italian Abbé.

It is really as good as a comedy, to see the rope-dancing tricks of agility by which this finical Italian *petit-maitre* contrives to talk of electricity, retorts, crucibles, and gas, in terms that might have delighted the most delicate ears of Augustan Rome. Leibnitz pays him some compliments, as he could do no less, upon his superfine apparel; but evidently he is laughing in his sleeve at the hyperbolical pains and perspiration that each paragraph of his letters must have

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cost him. This Italian simply carried a pretty common mistake to a ridiculous excess. The notion is universal, that even in writing upon scientific subjects, it is right to strive after classical grace, in that extent to which it shall be found attainable. But this is false taste. Far juster, better, and more self-consistent, is the plain, unpretending Latin of the great heroes of philosophy — Lord Bacon, Des Cartes, and Leibnitz.[98] They court no classical ornaments, nor rhetorical phrases; yet the Latin idiom, though not studiously courted, is never harshly violated. Philosophic ideas, philosophic dogmas, of modern birth, are not antedated by giving them pagan names. Terms of modern science, objects of modern discovery, are not disguised in a ridiculous masquerade of classical approximations, presenting a conjectural travesty, rather than a just and responsible translation by fair equivalents. The interests of the sense, and the demands of the primary purpose, are everywhere made the governing considerations; and whilst the barbarisms of some amongst the schoolmen are never imitated, and no idioms positively modern are adopted, the pure Roman idiom is only so far courted as it favors the ends of expedition and precision. In short, we shall not much err in making this general assertion, that a philosophic Latin style, suited to the wants of modern speculation and modern research, has gradually matured itself in the hands of the great philosophic reformers: an ancient language has bent to the pressure of new circumstances, and of modern revolutions in thinking; and it might be shown, that it has, in fact, thrown off a new and secondary idiom, neither modern nor antique, and better fitted for dispatch,

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though less showy, than that of ancient Rome; and this secondary idiom has been created in the same way, and by the same legitimate agency, as any language whatsoever, viz. by the instincts of feeling, and the necessities of the human mind. Voluntarily and consciously, man never did nor could create a language.[99]

The great men we speak of, as all men engaged in that function, were controlled by circumstances existing out of themselves, viz. the demands of human thinking, as they have gradually been unfolded, and the needs of experimental philosophy. In maturing their product, that neutral diction of philosophy which is neither modern nor ancient, they were themselves controlled by the circumstances we state: yet, again, as they started with a scholarlike knowledge of the ancient Roman idiom, they have reciprocally so far reacted upon these circumstances, and controlled their natural tendency, as not to suffer their own vernacular idioms to impress themselves upon their new diction, or at all to mould its shape and character.

Into these discursive notices we have allowed ourselves to wander, from the interest which attaches to every phasis of so imperishable a monument of Roman power as survives for all cultivated nations in the Roman language; and also from its near connection with our immediate subject. Recalling ourselves, however, into that branch of our theme which more particularly concerns Dr. Parr, who wrote little (if anything) in the neutral or didactic form of the Latin idiom, but came forward boldly as a performer on the great classical lyre of that majestic language, — we have said, that in our judgment he was a skilful performer: we

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will add, that, in spite of his own modest appreciation of his own claims, he was much more skilful than those who have been most accredited for this accomplishment in modern England: particularly, he was superior, as a master of Latinity, to Sir William Jones and Bishop Lowth, the two most celebrated English composers in Latin through the course of the eighteenth century.

Whilst thus limiting our comparison of Parr to English competitors for the same sort of fame, we are reminded that Reiske, the well-known editor of the Greek Orators, a hasty and careless, but a copious scholar, and himself possessing a masterly command over the Latin language, has pronounced a general censure (Preface to Demosthenes) of English Latinity. In this censure, after making the requisite limitations, we confess that reluctantly we concur. Not that the continent does not keep us in countenance by its own breed of bald composers: but our English deficiences are the more remarkable when placed in opposition to the unquestionable fact, that in no country upon earth have the gentry, both professional and non-professional, and the majority even of the higher aristocracy, so large a tincture of classical knowledge. What is still more remarkable, some of our first-rate scholars have been our poorest masters of Latinity. In particular, Taylor, the eminent civilian, and the able editor of Demosthenes, whose style it was, to the best of our remembrance, in connection with some ill-natured sneer at Wolff, that furnished the immediate provocation to Reiske's remark, was a poor composer in Latin; and Porson, a much greater scholar than any of these men, as a Latinist was below the meanest of them. In fact, he wrote Latin of any kind — such Latin even as

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was framed on his own poor ideal, with singular want of freedom and facility: so much we read in the very movement of his bald disjointed style. But (more than all *that*) his standard and conception of Latin style was originally bad, and directed to the least valuable of its characteristics. Such an adventurous flight, and a compass so wide as that of Parr, was far beyond Porson's strength of pinion. He has not ventured, in any instance that we are aware of, to trust himself through the length of three sentences to his own impulses; but, in his uniform character of annotator, timidly creeps along shore, attached to the towline of his text, and ready to drop his anchor on the least summons to stretch out to sea. In this, however, there is something equivocal: timidity of thinking may perhaps be as much concerned in his extreme reserve, as penury of diction. But one most unequivocal indication of incompetence as a Latin composer, is to be found in the structure of his sentences, which are redolent of English idiom. In reality, the one grave and mortal taint of English Latinity is — that it is a translation, a rendering back, from an English archetype. In that way, and upon any such principle, good Latin never can arise. It grows up by another process. Good Latin *begins*, as well as terminates, in itself. To write like an ancient Roman, a man must *think* in Latin. Every translation out of an English original must necessarily fail of becoming good Latin by any mode of transmutation that an ordinary activity can ever hope to accomplish: from its English shape, the thoughts, the connections, the transitions, have *already received a determination* this way or that, fitting them for the yoke of an English construction. Even the

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most absolute fixtures (to use that term) in an English structure, must often be unsettled, and the whole framework of the period be taken to pieces and recast in a thoroughly Latin composition. The interrogative form must often be changed to the absolute affirmative, and *vice versa;* parenthetical intercalations must often be melted into the body of the sentence; qualifications and restraints added or omitted; and the whole thought, its succession, and connection altered, before it will be fitted to receive a direct Latin version.

This part of our subject, and, in connection with it, Dr. Parr's singular command of the Latin idiom, we might easily illustrate by a few references to the Bellenden Preface; and there is the more propriety in a studious use of this preface, because Parr himself declared to one of his friends, [Dr. Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 263,] 'there are in the preface almost all the phraseological beauties I know in Latin.'

But this task we must reserve for a separate paper, which we meditate on modern Latinity. For the present, we hasten to a class of the Doctor's Latin compositions, in which his merits are even more conspicuous — because more characteristically his own.

In the epitaphs of Dr. Parr, as amongst the epitaphs of this country, where a false model has prevailed — the lapidary style and arrangement, and an unseasonable glitter of rhetoric — there is a rare, almost a unique body of excellence. Indeed, from these inscriptions, we believe it possible to abstract all the *negative* laws which should preside in this species of composition. The sole defect is in the *positive* qualities. Whatsoever an epitaph ought *not* to be, that too frequently it *is*; and by examining Dr. Parr's in detail, we shall

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find, by the uniformity of his abstinence in those circumstances which most usually offer the matter of offence, that his abstinence was not accidental; and that *implicitly*, as the scholastic phrase is, that is, by involution and silent implication, all the canons of a just theory on this branch of art are there brought together and accumulated. This is no light merit; indeed, when we reflect upon it, and consider how many and how able men have failed, we begin to think that Sam was perhaps a greater man by the intention of nature, than our villanous prejudices have allowed us to suppose. But with this concession to the *negative* merits of the Doctor, let it not be thought illiberal in us to connect a repetition of our complaint as to the defects of the τὸ *affirmative* in this collection. Every art is there illustrated which can minister to the gratification of the judgment: the grand defect is in all that should affect the sensibility. It is not enough in an epitaph, that it does not shock or revolt my taste or sense of propriety — of decorum — and the *convenances* arising out of place, purpose, occasion, or personal circumstances. The absence of all this leaves me in the condition requisite for being suitably affected: and I now look for the τὸ *positive* which is to affect me. Everything has been removed by the skilful hand of the composer, which could interfere with, or disturb, the sanctity or tenderness of my emotions: 'And now then,' as Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt demands, the ground being cleared, 'why don't you proceed to ravish me?' Why don't you launch you *spicula* and arrows, and stings of pathos? The Grecian *epigrammata* — that matchless bead-roll of tender expressions for all household feelings that could blossom amongst

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those for whom no steady dawn of celestial hopes had risen — that treasury of fine sentiment, where the natural pieties of the human heart have ascended as high as a religion so unimaginative, and so little suited to the necessities of the heart, could avail to carry them — do not rely for their effect merely upon the chastities of their composition. Those graces act simply in the way of resistance to all adverse forces; but their *absolute* powers lie in the frank language of natural grief, trusting to its own least elaborate expression, or in the delicacies of covert and circumstantial allusion. Of this latter kind, we have a frequent example in Dr. Parr himself: — when he numbers the hours even of a young man's life, he throws the attention indirectly on the affecting brevity of his career, and on the avaricious love in the survivors clinging tenaciously to the record of his too fugitive hours, even in their minutest fractions. Applied to elder persons, this becomes too much of a mechanical artifice. But, at all events, the pointed expression by any means, or artifice whatever, of the passions suited to the occasion, is far too rare in the Parrian inscriptions. One might suppose even that pious grief and tender *desiderium*, the final cause, and the efficient cause, at one and the same moment, of epitaphs, was, in Dr. Parr's estimate, no more than a *lucro ponamus*, something indifferent to its essence, and thrown in casually, and to boot, as a *bonus* beyond what we are entitled to.

Allowing, however, for this one capital defect, all the laws of good composition, and of Latin composition, in particular, are generally observed by Dr. Parr; the spirit of them always: — and other important rules might be collected from his letters, or abstracted (as

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we said above) from the epitaphs themselves. In particular he objected, and we think most judiciously, to the employment of direct *quotations* in an epitaph. He did not give his reasons: perhaps he only felt them. On a proper occasion, we fancy that we could develope these reasons at some length. At present it is sufficient to say, that quotations always express a mind not fully possessed by its subject, and abate the tone of earnestness which ought to preside either in very passionate or in very severe composition. A great poet of our own days, in writing an ode, felt that a phrase which he had borrowed ought not to be marked as a quotation; for that this reference to a book had the effect of breaking the current of the passion.[100] In the choice of his Latinity also, Dr. Parr prescribed to himself, for this department of composition, very peculiar and very refined maxims. The guide whom he chiefly followed, was one not easily obtained for love or money — *Morcellus de Stylo Inscriptionum.* Yet sometimes he seems to have forgotten his own principles. An epitaph was sent for his approbation, written by no less a person than Louis XVIII. All the world is aware that this prince was a man of cultivated taste, and a good classical scholar. He was, however, for such a task, something too much of a Catholic bigot; and he disfigured his epitaph by introducing the most unclassical Latinity of the Vulgate. Nevertheless, Dr. Parr thought proper to approve of this. Now we admit, and the spirit of our remarks already made on the Latinity suitable for scientific subjects will have shown that we admit, cases in which classical Latin ought professedly to bend to modifications. We admit also that the Vulgate translation, from the sanctity of its

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authority in the Romish church, comes within the privileged class of cases which we have created for a secondary order of Latinity, deserving to be held classical in its own proper jurisdiction. Sepulchral inscriptions for Christian countries being usually in churches, or their consecrated purlieus, may be thought by some to fall peculiarly within that line. But we say — No. It would be so, were the custom of monumental inscription wholly, or in its first origin, a religious one; whereas epitaphs are primarily a matter of feeling and sentiment, not at all prescribed by religion, but simply checked and modified by the consecrated place in which they are usually erected, and by the religious considerations associated with the contemplation of death. This is our opinion, and ought to be Dr. Parr's; for, in writing to Sir Joshua Reynolds on the subject of an epitaph for Dr. Johnson, amongst other judicious reflections on the general subject of Latin inscriptions, he says, 'If Latin is to be the language, the whole spirit and the whole phraseology ought to be *such as a Latin writer would use.*' Now the Vulgate translation of the Scriptures would have been nearly unintelligible in the ages of classic Rome, and nowhere more so than in that particular passage which fell under Dr. Parr's examination.

Still, after criticism has done its worst, and even with some instances of 'vulnerable' Latinity before us, which we shall produce in our next and closing article, justice demands at our hands, in a general estimate of the doctor's pretensions, a very frank admission, that, as a master of Latinity, and pretty generally as a Latin scholar, Samuel Parr was the first man of his century *O! si sic omnia!*

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The laws of the Epitaph, a peculiar and most interesting branch of monumental inscription, and the modification of these laws as applied to *Christian* cemeteries, present a most attractive subject to the philosopher, and the man of taste in conjunction. Some time or other, *permissu Superiorum*, (*i. e. Christophero annuente*,) we purpose to investigate them in both characters. Meantime, we shall relegate the inquirer to an essay on this subject by Mr. Wordsworth, the sole even tentative approximation which we know towards a philosophic valuation of epitaphs, upon fixed principles. His essay is beautifully written, and finely conceived. The central principle of an epitaph he states thus (we do not pretend to quote, speaking from a recollection of sixteen years back): It expresses, or ought to express, the most absolute synthesis of the generic with the individual, — that is to say, starting from what a man has *in common* with all his species, the most general affections of frail humanity — its sufferings and its pleasures, its trials and triumphs, its fears and awful hopes — starting from this as the indispensable ground of a *universal* sympathy, it goes forward to what a man has most peculiar and personal to himself; — his talents and their special application — his fortunes, and all the other incommunicable circumstances of his life, as the ground for challenging a separate and peculiar attention. The first element of an epitaph claims the benefit of participation in a catholic interest: the second claims it in that peculiar degree which justifies a separate and peculiar record. This most general idea of an epitaph, or sepulchral inscription, which is valid for all forms of religion, falls in especially with the characteristic humility

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of the Christian character. However distinguished amongst his earthly peers, yet in the presence of that Being whose infinity confounds all earthly distinctions, every man is bound to remember, in the first place, those great bonds of a common mortality — a common frailty — and a common hope, which connect him with the populous 'nations of the grave.' His greatest humiliation, but also his most absolute glory, lies in that mysterious incarnation of an infinite spirit in a fleshly robe, which makes him heir to the calamities of the one, but also co-heir to the imperishable dowery of the other. As the basis, therefore, of all the interest which he can claim from the passing reader, as an introductory propitiation also to the Christian *genius loci*, and as the basis on which all his honors as an individual must rest, he begins by avowing his humanity — his absolute identity with what is highest and lowest, wisest and simplest, proudest and meanest, in all around him.

This principle must preside in every epitaph alike. There is another equally important, which should govern the conclusion; and, like that which we have just been urging, as, on the one hand, it is prompted by universal good taste, and therefore claimed its rights even under a Pagan mythology, so, on the other, it lends itself, with a peculiar emphasis, to the characteristic tone of a Christian epitaph. It is this: — we may observe that all poets of the highest class, whether otherwise delighting or not in the storm and tumultuous agitation of passion, whether otherwise tragic or epic, in the constitution of their minds, yet by a natural instinct, have all agreed in tending to peace and absolute repose, as the state in which only a sane con-

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stitution of feelings can finally acquiesce. And hence, even in those cases where the very circumstances forbade the absolute tranquillity of happiness and triumphant enjoyment, they have combined to substitute a secondary one of resignation. This may be one reason that Homer has closed, with the funeral rites of Hector, a part of the Iliad, which otherwise has been thought an excrescence. Perhaps he was unwilling to leave us with the painful spectacle of the noble and patriotic martyr dragged with ruffian violence about the walls which he had defended, — the coming desolation of Troy in prospect — the frenzy of grief in its first tempestuous career amongst the Trojan women and spectators, and the agitations of sympathy in the reader, as yet mourning and untranquillized. A final book, therefore, removes all these stormy objects, and leaves the stage in possession of calmer scenes, and of emotions more elevating, tranquillizing, and soothing: —

Ὣς οἵγ' ἀμφίεπον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδαμοιο.

'So tended they the grave [ministered to the obsequies] of Hector, the tamer of horses.'

Or, to give it the effect of Pope's rhythmus,

'Such honors Ilion to her hero paid;
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.'

In one sense, indeed, and for the peculiar auditory whom Homer might contemplate — an audience likely to merge the universal sense of humanity in the local sense of Grecian patriotism — the very calamities of Troy and her great champion, were the triumphs of Greece; and, so far, it might be contended that the

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true point of repose is the final and absolute victory of Achilles; and, in that sense, that the last book is an excrescence, or only ceremonial train to the voluminous draperies of the Iliad, in compliance with the religious usages of ancient Greece. But it is probable that our own view of the case is more correct; for there is other and independent evidence that Homer himself was catholic enough in his sensibilities to sympathize powerfully with Hector and Priam, and means his hearers to do so. Placing himself, therefore, at least for the occasion, in the neutral position of a modern reader, whose sympathies are equally engaged for Greece and for Troy, he felt the death of Hector as an afflicting event; and the attending circumstances more as agitating than as triumphant; and added the last book as necessary to regain the key of a durable equanimity. In Paradise Lost, again, this principle is still more distinctly recognized, and is practically applied to the case by an artifice even more elaborate. There the misery — the anguish, at one point of the action — the despair — are absolute; nor does it appear at first sight how, or by what possibility, the reader was to repossess himself of the peace and fortitude which even the sullen midnight of tragedy requires, much more the large sunlight of the Epopee. Paradise was lost; that idea ruled and domineered in the title; how was it to be forgotten, how palliated even, in the conclusion? Thus: — if Paradise was Lost, Paradise was also Regained; and though that event could not actually enter into the poem, without breaking its unity in the most flagrant manner, yet, proleptically, and in the way of vision, it might. Such a vision is placed by the arch-angelic comforter before Adam —

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purged with euphrasy and rue, his eye beholds it — and, in part, the angel tells it. And the consolations which in this way reach Adam, reach the reader no less; and the reader is able to unite with our general father in his thankful acknowledgment: —

> 'Greatly instructed shall I hence depart;
> Greatly *in peace of mind.*'

Accordingly, spite of the triumphs of Satan — spite of Sin and all-conquering Death, who had left the gates of Hell for their long abode on earth — spite of the pollution, wretchedness, and remorse that had now gained possession of man — spite of the far-stretching taint of the contagion, which (in the impressive instances of the eagle and the lion)[101] too evidently showed itself by 'mute signs,' as having already seasoned for corruption earth and its inheritance — yet, by means of this one sublime artifice, which brings together the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of time, the last day of man's innocence and the first of his restoration, it is contrived that a two-fold peace — the peace of resignation and the peace of hope — should harmonize the key in which the departing strains of this celestial poem roll off; and its last cadences leave behind an echo, which, with the solemnity of the grave, has also the halcyon peace of the grave, and its austere repose. A third instance we have — even more direct and unequivocal, of the same principle, from this same poet, both involved in his practice, and also consciously contemplated: — in the Samson Agonistes, though a tragedy of most tumultuous catastrophe, it is so contrived, by the interposition of the chorus, who, fixing their hopes in the heavens,

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are unshaken by sublunary griefs, not only that all should terminate

'In peace of spirit and sublime repose,'

but also that this conclusion should be expressly drawn out in words as the great moral ἐπιμυθίον of the drama; in which, as in other features, it recalls, in its most exquisite form, the Grecian model which it proposed, together with that fine transfiguration of moral purpose that belonged to a higher, purer, and far holier religion.

Peace then, severe tranquillity, the brooding calm, or γαλήνη, of the Greeks, is the final key into which all the storms of passion modulate themselves in the hands of great poets.

'In war itself — war is no ultimate end.'[102]

All tumult is for the sake of rest — action, with a view to durable possession — tempest, but the harbinger of calm — suffering, the condition of permanent enjoyment. Peace, in a double sense, may be supposed inscribed on the portals of all cemeteries: the peace, in the first place, of the visible scene, as the final haven after the storms of life, — and in this sense the sentiment belongs equally to the Pagan, the Mahometan and the Christian; secondly, the peace of resignation to the will of God, in the meek surrender at his call of those on whom our profoundest affections had settled. This sentiment is κατ' ἐξοχήν, if not exclusively, a sentiment of Christianity. And this it is in which all Christian epitaphs should terminate. Hence (as, we think, Mr. Wordsworth has remarked) it is peculiarly offensive to a just taste, were no higher principle

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offended, that despair — or obstinate refusal of consolation — should influence the expression of an epitaph. The example which we believe that he alleges of this capital fault, is from the famous monument erected by Sir Brooke Boothby to his only daughter. The closing words of the inscription are to this effect — 'The wretched parents ventured their all upon this frail bark, *and the wreck was total.*' Here there are three gross faults: 1st, It is a rebellious expression of despair, and that within the very walls of a Christian church: 2d, As a movement of *violent* passion, it is transient: despair cannot long sustain itself: hence it is pointedly out of harmony with the *durability* of a marble record. How puerile to sculpture laboriously with the chisel, and thus invest with a monumental eternity, a sentiment which must already have become obsolete before the sculptor has finished his task! 3dly, This vicious sentiment is expressed figuratively; that is, fancifully. Now, all action of the fancy is out of place in a sepulchral record. No sentiment is *there* appropriate except the weightiest, massiest, and most elementary; no expression of it, except the simplest and severest.

'Calm passions *there* abide, majestic pains.'

These great laws of feeling, in this difficult and delicate department of composition, are obeyed with more rigor in the epitaphs of Dr. Parr, than perhaps anywhere else. He was himself too deeply sensible of human frailty, and he looked up to a moral governor of the world with a reverence too habitual, to have allowed himself in rash or intemperate thoughts, when brought upon any ground so nearly allied to his sacred

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functions. And, with regard to the *expressions* of his thoughts, except to the extent of a single word — as for instance, *velificari*, in which the metaphorical application has almost obliterated the original meaning — we remember nothing figurative, nothing too gay, nothing luxuriant; — all is chaste, all classical — all suited to the solemnity of the case. Had Dr. Parr therefore, written under the additional restraints of verse, and had he oftener achieved a distinguished success in the pathetic, as an artist in Monumental Inscriptions, we must have been compelled to place him in the very highest class.[108]

PART IV.

About the year 1789, Dr. Parr was involved in two literary broils — the one purely offensive, the other nearly so — though, as usual, the doctor colored them to his own mind, as measures of just retaliation. The first was his republication of a forgotten pamphlet, written by Bishop Warburton, and afterwards anxiously suppressed by his orders; and to this he united another, 'by a Warburtonian,' viz. Bishop Hurd; prefixing to the whole a preface, and a most rhetorical dedication, from his own pen, in which he labors to characterize both the bishops, but especially the living one, in terms that, whilst wearing some show of justice, should also be as sarcastic and as injurious as possible. The mere act of reviving what

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the authors themselves had been zealous to suppress. is already sufficiently offensive, and expressive of a spiteful mind, had the preface even been spared. What are we to consider the provocation to a piece of mischief so puerile, and apparently so wanton? Listen to the doctor, and you will suppose that no motive but the purest and most philanthropic had governed him: Leland had been 'most petulantly insulted, and Jortin most inhumanly vilified.' Well — and what then? Better men than ever stood upon *their* pins have been insulted and vilified, nay, hustled, floored, smashed, and robbed of gold watches and seals. Besides, hard words break no bones. And why could not the two dissenters have settled their own quarrels with the two bishops? In effect, they *had* done so. Why must Dr. Parr intrude his person into the row, long after it was extinct, and when three out of four parties interested were in their graves? Oh, but, says Dr. Parr, the example was the thing; neither of the offenders had been punished; and their impunity, if tolerated, would encourage future bishops to the same species of offence. He was resolved to deter others from supposing 'that what has been repeatedly and deliberately done in secret, will not, sooner or later, be punished openly.' Finally, coming nearer to the true purpose of the whole, he avows that 'it was intended to *lessen the number of those who speak too well of Bishop Hurd.*'

Vain and tortuous disguises of malice self-betrayed! Now, let us hear the true lurking motives to this almost unprincipled attack, which Dr. Parr so studiously masked under pretexts of public purposes. One writer tells us that Parr, on a visit to Hartlebury

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(the Bishop of Worcester's residence,) had been dismissed with little ceremony, and with hospitable attentions either none at all, or so chilling as to pique his pride. This anecdote, however, we have reason to think, refers to a period subsequent to the original offence. Perhaps this might first arise, as a *mutual* offence, in a case where the bishop drew upon himself the ferocious resentment of Parr, by his hesitation in passing one of Parr's friends, then a candidate for holy orders. Even this resentment, however, was possibly no more than the first expression of Parr's secret mortification at the bishop's private opinion of his sermon on education. Nothing travels faster in this world than the ill-natured critiques of literary men upon each other; and Parr probably heard from a thousand quarters that Hurd had expressed his dislike to the style, or the preposterous length of this 'vernacular sermon.' That this anecdote is true, nobody doubts who remembers the pointed manner in which Parr himself alludes, in his dedication to Bishop Hurd's 'rooted antipathy to *long vernacular sermons from Dr. Parr.*'

Such are often the true motives even of good men, when their personal felings are roused. The whole pretence of Parr was a fiction. Jortin and Leland were already avenged: both had retaliated upon Hurd, and, as Parr fancied, with success: the one, he said, had 'chastised' Hurd with 'wit'—the other had 'baffled' him with 'argument.' So many cudgellings for one crime were out of all rule. 'These two excellent men,' says Parr, 'were not to be annoyed again and again by the poisonous arrows of slander.' Neither was this excellent bishop to be

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'again and again' pulled up to the public bar, and annoyed for having annoyed them. 'Tit for tat' all the world over: and if a man, 'being fap,' as Pistol observes, and also too lively with young blood, will 'try conclusions,' and perhaps 'assault and batter' a leash of worthy men, he must pay. But *having* paid — (as, suppose, five pounds) — then, at Bow street or anywhere else, he is held entitled to his five pounds' worth of battery. He has bought it, settled the bill, and got a stamped receipt. For *them* to claim further payment — entitles *him* to further battery.

But one argument shall put down Dr. Parr's pretences. Were Jortin and Leland the only parties to whom Hurd or Warburton had furnished actionable matter? Not by a hundred. They had run a-muck at all the men who lay in their path. To go no farther than one of Parr's friends: Bishop Lowth and Hume had been assailed with more injustice than either of those for whom Parr stood forward. Hurd had called Hume 'a puny dialectician.' Now this was insolence. Hume, even as a *litterator*, was every way superior to the bishop; but, as a dialectician, Hume to Hurd was a Titan to a pigmy. *The Essay on Necessary Connection*, which was the seed that has since germinated into the mighty forest of German philosophy, was hardly in one sentence within Hurd's comprehension. As to Lowth, we would not quarrel with those who should fasten a quarrel upon him.

But, if that is our way of thinking, it was not Parr's. He was incensed at Hurd for his depreciation of Lowth. He was incensed with him, and justly, for his affected contempt of Hume. He was incensed with another worthy bishop for insidiously calling Lardner 'indus-

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trious,' as though, in raising such a pile as the Credibility of Gospel History, (a work which, to our knowledge, once broke a man's spinal bone, so many and so stout are its volumes!) he had no other merit than that of supporting his 'wife and family.' Why then, my Sam, did you not visit for these offences? This question, so far as it regards Hume, Sam answers himself. 'Leland and Jortin,' says he, 'had a right to expect from their clerical opponent a milder and more respectful treatment than that given to a sceptic who scoffed at all the principles of religion.'[104] By no means, doctor; we beg your pardon. Leland and Jortan had a right to fair play; and to so much every man, *Tros Tyriusve*, has the same right. But, once for all, let us hear an answer to this: If Leland and Jortan had a privileged case by comparison with Hume, and a claim upon Hurd's forbearance, much more had Lowth a privileged case as regarded Parr, and a claim, if any man could have, upon his vindictive friendship. For Lowth had been Parr's earliest patron. How comes it, then, that he left Lowth to the protection of Providence? Lowth, it will be said, redressed his own wrongs. True. He did so; but so did all of them — Hume, Jortin, Leland, and the 'tottle of the whole.' Supposing, therefore, Dr. Parr sought a case for his Quixotism, in which he might avenge a man that was past avenging himself, why did he not swinge his patron, Lowth, for taking liberties with Richard Bentley? This case was a very bad one; the 'petulance' of Hurd could not be worse than the petulance of Lowth; and what a difference in the objects of their attack! Finally, let us remember this: Milner, the papist of Winchester, had the

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audacity publicly to denounce Porteus, Bishop of London, as a bigot and falsifier of facts; Bishop Hoadly and Bishop Shipley, as Socinians; Hallifax, Bishop of Durham, as a papist, (thus literally applying to Dr. Hallifax the very identical aspersion which he had himself wiped off from Bishop Butler, in his edition of that prelate's works); Dr. Rennell as a knave; and the Bishops Barrington, Watson, Benson, and Sparke, as insincere believers in the Protestant faith. This ruffian, for such he really was, Dr. Parr addressed in a long letter meant for the press. But he never printed his letter; and, now that it *is* printed, what do we find? An expostulation running over with courtesy, forbearance and unreasonable concessions; no sneering, no threats. So mild was Dr. Parr in defending outraged truth — so furious in avenging his wounded self-love!

Such was the famous attack on Hurd, in its moving impulse. As to its literary merit, doubtless that is very considerable. Perhaps the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' went too far in styling it 'astonishing and splendid.' Assuredly it is in bad taste — not so much for its excess of antithesis, simply considered; *that* is rightly defended by Mr. Field as a legitimate engine of rhetorical effects; but for the effort and visible straining which are often too palpably put forth, in finding matter suitable for loading the opposite scales of the antithetic balance. However, it is a *jeu d'esprit* of great ability, and may give to an English reader some notion of the Bellenden Preface.[105]

The other feud of this period forms a singular chapter in the secret history of books. Dr. White, the

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Oxford Professor of Arabic, had preached and published the Bampton lectures. They were much admired.[106] All at once a discovery was made, that a part of these lectures had been written by a Mr. Badcock, a dissenting minister, recently dead, who latterly conformed to the Church of England. This discovery was made through a bond for £500 given by Dr. White to Mr. Badcock, which his sister endeavored to recover, and which the Professor was weak enough to resist. The ground which he took was plausible — that the bond had been given, not for work done, but for work to be done. At the very time when this affair broke out, Dr. Parr happened to arrive at Oxford. White was his intimate friend. But it is difficult to imagine a sort of conduct less reconcilable with the obligations of friendship, than that which he adopted. Without delay, or consultation with Professor White, he avowed his peremptory disbelief in Badcock's claim, on the ground that he was himself the contributor of a very considerable share to these lectures. Never did man do a more critical injury to a friend; and were it not that the irritations of jealous vanity, with constitutional incontinency of secrets, seem to have overpowered and surprised his better resolutions, we should be compelled to pronounce it perfidy. Whatsoever help of this nature one literary man gives to another, carries with it an implied obligation to secrecy; otherwise, what else results than that, under the mask of giving a partial assistance to a friend's literary fame, the writer has, in fact, been furnishing himself with the means of crushing it entirely. He has given a trifle that he might take away the whole; for, after such an exposure, a man has credit for nothing as his own. And

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this injury was, as we have said, *critical:* coming at the moment of Mr. Badcock's claim, about which much doubt prevailed, and was likely to prevail, from the death of the only person who could effectually meet the denial of White, Dr. Parr's claim at one and the same time authenticated itself and Badcock's.

Meantime Parr's claim was a true one. Mr. Kett (so well known in Oxford by the name of Horse Kett, from his *equine* physiognomy) thus states the amount of Parr's contributions and their value: 'Whether I consider the solidity of the argument, the comprehension of thought, or the splendor of style, I think them, upon the whole, the most able and elegant parts of the lectures. In point of quantity they are considerable, as they are more than a *fifth* of the whole, without reckoning the corrected passages. But their intrinsic excellence is such, that any person, with such materials, might not only have obtained a great deal of present applause, but lasting fame. They are in the highest style of composition, as they are of a philosophical and refined cast, and make many of the other parts of the lecture with which they are connected appear nothing more than loose and florid declamation.'

Laborious investigations, conferences, and explanations followed; in which, it appears to us, that Dr. Parr behaved with little generosity, and White with much duplicity. One incident is remarkable: Dr. Parsons, of Baliol College, one of the arbitrators or referees, at length withdrew himself from the service he had undertaken, in so pointed a manner as to convince us that he also had very considerable right of property in these lectures, which his honor or his kindness had obliged him to dissemble; and that, in some

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one of Parr's reclamations, in making which he relied confessedly on a very vague recollection, or a still vaguer discrimination of styles, he had unintentionally been trespassing on ground which Parsons knew to be his own. This is our private opinion. To the parties interested never was any literary broil so full of vexation.[107] Cabals were fermenting in Oxford in the interest of White on the one hand, or of Dr. Gabriel of Bath on the other: the public journals took up the affair, with their usual imperfect information: private characters suffered: old friendships were dissolved forever: and, finally, no party reaped either profit or honor from this contest for the proportions of property in a book, which has long since been consigned to oblivion by the world.

But, after all, the worst scandal of this transaction settled not upon any individual so much as upon the professional body of divines in general. That part of the correspondence which got abroad, admitted the public painfully behind the curtain, and exhibited the writers concerting their parts, and arranging their *coups-de-théatre*, in a manner but little creditable to their sincerity. They had the air at one time of attorneys, scheming to obtain a verdict for Christianity; at another, of martinets, arranging the draperies of their costume, or of *figurantes*, attitudinizing for effect. We must be particularly brilliant, says White, in that part where we attack Gibbon. Alas! for the ancient faith — the primitive devotion — that burned in the evangelists, martyrs, and reformers, in Hilarion or Paul, in Wycliffe or Luther! How little room did *that* allow for any thoughts about themselves? Dr. Parr, however, was no party to this huckstering traffic of devo-

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tional feeling, or this manufacture of spiritual thunder. Hypocrisy was not *his* failing: whatever were his religious opinions, his feelings of devotion were thoroughly sincere. But he suffered from the connection in which his name appeared; and, as regarded the duties of a friend, his character has suffered in this transaction permanently, from his own indiscretions, and the infirmity of his too ungenerous vanity.

To sum up Dr. Parr's pretensions as a man of letters, we have already sufficiently acknowledged that his talents were splendid, and fitted, under suitable guidance, to have produced a more brilliant impression on his own age than they really did, and a more lasting one on the next age than they ever will. In his lifetime, it is true, that the applauses of his many pupils, and his great political friends, to a certain extent, made up for all deficiencies on his own part; but now, when these vicarious props are withdrawn, the disproportion is enormous, and hereafter will appear to be more so, between the talents that he possessed and the effects that he accomplished. This result is imputable, in part, to his own want of exertion, and the indolence with which he shrank from undertaking any labor of great compass or research, the very best of his performances being mere *velitations*, skirmishes, or academic exercises; and in part, also, it is imputable to a cause less open to moral reproach, viz. the comparative poverty of his philosophic understanding, between which and his talents there was no equilibrium. He gave a bright and gaudy coloring to truths which were too often trite, mean, or self-evident. And the impression was ineradicable in a keen observer's mind, of a perpetual swell, glitter, and false inflation, beyond the

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occasion, and without a corresponding activity or power of thought. His architecture was barbaresque — rich in decoration, colossal in proportions, but unsymmetrical, and reposing on no massy foundations. It is very possible, and not uncommon, to have a poor understanding combined with fine talents. We do not say that Dr. Parr's understanding was a poor one; but it was not emphatically a fine one, not habitually profound, not philosophically subtle. Unquestionably it was mismatched, in point of natural vigor, with his talents — that is, his powers of giving effect to his thoughts, and realizing his conceptions. The splendors of Burke, yoked as they were, with the very finest — subtlest — and most combining intellect, that ever yet has been applied to political philosophy, awoke no sense of disparity or false balance in his powers. But in the case of Parr, we feel that, having once tasted the luxury of his periodic sentences, with their ample volume of sound and self-revolving rhythmus — having enjoyed his artful antithesis, and solemn antilibration of cadences — we have had the cream of his peculiar excellencies, and may exclaim with Juvenal, *Venimus ad summum fortunæ*, or with Romeo, that it is time to be gone, because 'the sport is at the best.'

As to that other cause, which co-operated to the effect we have been stating, Parr's indolence, or unpersevering industry — his excuse was the less, that his stomach was as strong as the shield of Telamonian Ajax, and his spirits, even under attacks of illness, were indomitable, and (as he himself styles them) '*lion* spirits.' Heavens! what an advantage in that temperament above the general condition of literary men! Coleridge, for example, struggling with the

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ravages of opium for the last thirty years, and with the *res angusta domi*, in a degree never known to Parr, has contrived to print a dozen octavo volumes. And were all his contributions to the Morning Post and Courier collected, and his letters many and long, together with his innumerable notes on the fly-leaves and margins of books, he would appear to have been a most voluminous author, instead of meriting the reproach which too often we have been fated to hear, of shameful indolence and waste of stupendous powers. Of Dr. Parr's very criminal indolence, there was but one palliation: Much of his life had passed in the labors of the school-room; and his leisure from those was excusably turned to purposes of relaxation. Still he had latterly a long period of immunity from toils of every kind; he had a library of above ten thousand volumes; he had increasing wealth; and, for years, he toiled not, neither did he spin. As to his execrable handwriting, that is rather an explanation than a justification of his sterility. Pretty often he had the aid of volunteer amanuenses; and was he at any time too poor to have paid a secretary? Beginning with some advantages for literary research so much beyond those of Gibbon, in his far greater familiarity with the languages of ancient books, why should Dr. Parr, the apologist of universities against Gibbon, not have left behind him a monument of learned industry as elaborate and as useful as his? On the whole, we fear that Dr. Parr, as an author, must always be classed with those who have spent their vigor upon *ludicra*, *certamina*, and *sciomachiæ*, mock fights, mimic rehearsals, and combats, with the momentary exhalations of party madness, rather than upon the 'good fight' of a scholar

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and a Christian, in that eternal war which exists between ignorance and truth, between the world and pure religion; that his knowledge and the sweat of his brow have been laid out upon palaces of ice, incapable of surviving the immediate atmosphere under which they arose, and dissolving with the first revolution of the seasons, rather than upon the massy Roman masonry that might have sustained his influence to a distant posterity. This may seem his misfortune, but then it was a misfortune to have been foreseen. And, for the more intrinsic qualities of his works, it will be recorded in their very fate that, if their execution was sometimes such as to challenge a permanent interest, their matter was unable to support so great a distinction; and that perhaps, of all known works, they are best fitted to illustrate the critical objection of *materiem superabat opus*; and finally with regard to their author, that hardly any writer of age so mature, of education so regular, and of pursuits so solemn and professional, had derived his subjects from occasions so ephemeral, or his excitement from motives so personal.

It remains that we should speak of Dr. Parr as a politician and as a divine:-and fortunately the transcendent character of the facts will bring those inquests within the range of a short trial and a self-evident verdict.

First, as a politician. The French Revolution found Dr. Parr a Jacobin; *found*, we say, not made. Of this there is abundant presumption. To give his vote for Wilkes, he faced a situation of considerable risk; he was unwigged, and probably saved his life by escaping through a back window to his horse. Considering that he was then the *Reverend* Samuel Parr,

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this argued no trivial sympathy with the seditious agitator. It is true that a constitutional question was at issue in the case of Wilkes's expulsion; but it does not appear that Parr gave his countenance to Wilkes the purist of the constitution, so much as Wilkes the demagogue; and loved him upon the principle laid down by Junius, viz. 'so long as he was a thorn in the king's side.' Besides right or wrong in politics, ought an impure scoffer like Wilkes, notoriously[108] the author of a most scandalous and obscene parody, to have commanded the volunteer and ardent support of a clergyman? Was this decent? Such, however, were Parr's earliest attachments, and such the leonine ardor with which he displayed them. In a better cause we should have admired his courage; for he seems to have been resolved to go to Brentford,[109] though there had been 'as many devils there as tiles upon the roof.'

Well, in the fulness of time came the French Revolution. The first persons to sing public pæans of congratulation in this country were the dissenters of Birmingham — moving under the domineering influence of Dr. Priestley. What followed is known to all whose recollections stretch back to those tumultuous days. Dr. Priestley's house was stormed and sacked by the Birmingham mob; his philosophical apparatus (as a private one, matchless) destroyed; his papers, letters, philosophical MSS. scattered to the four winds; and the angry philosopher himself, by a fierce levanter of indignation driven westwards to America. These scenes passed in too close neighborhood to Dr. Parr, for a temper so combustible as his to escape kindling at the flame of party fury. We may be sure also, that he took the side of Priestley: to the extent of

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pity for his misfortunes, all good men did so; but as an approver of the conduct which provoked these misfortunes, we may almost venture to say that, amongst the fifteen thousand clergymen of the Church of England, Dr. Parr stood altogether alone. Every man of sober mind, whilst he commiserated Dr. Priestley as an unfortunate man, and esteemed him as a very ingenious one, could view him in no other light than as the victim of his own folly and misguided passions. Political frenzy had prompted him to acts of defiance against a mob as fanatical in one direction as himself in another; with this difference, however, that *their* fanaticism pointed to a very much more seasonable policy than the fanaticism of the celebrated experimentalist. The mob had retorted as an insulted and irritated mob are likely to retort. They, who play at bowls, must expect rubbers. And Dr. Parr, by mixing in the game, wantonly drew upon himself a participation in the danger — or at least a participation in the terror; for, after all, he seems to have been more frightened than seriously hurt. Great was his panic; schooled by Dr. Priestley's losses, he sent off his books hastily to Oxford. They suffered from the hasty removal; and at Oxford, where they were indifferently sheltered, they suffered still more. This lesson might have done him good service, had his temper allowed him to profit by it. But neither fear nor interest could ever check *his* fanaticism. With such a temper we may suppose that he was blinded to all sense of his own errors by the dazzling light with which his anger invested the errors of the opposite party. At an after period, the Doctor's cries ascended to heaven in print against the mob and their criminal

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politics. Yet such is the temper of this world — that, if a grave philosopher, by shaking his fist, and other acts of bravado, should happen to provoke a company of unlucky boys to reply with a shower of stones, people in general suffer their resentment to settle upon the philosopher for his wanton provocation, rather than on the boys for that lapidary style of retort in which their skill naturally expresses itself.

This affair, taken singly, being mixed up with considerations of person and neighborhood, might, after all, but indifferently represent the condition of Dr. Parr's politics. Other ebullitions of his feelings about the same period were less equivocal. On Mr. Burke, for the crime of writing his memorable book on the French Revolution, he inflicted the whimsical punishment of inverting his portrait — that is, suspending it with the head downwards. The insolent tyranny of this act is remarkable. Mr. Burke had held up his 'protesting hand' against the Revolution; and he, if ever any man, upon any question, had explained the philosophic grounds of his protest. It seemed, therefore, that, with or without reasons, no dissent was tolerated from Dr. Parr's views. For, as to Mr. Burke's vehemence, it was no more than the natural warmth of sincerity. Precisely the same sentence of degradation, we believe, was executed upon Mr. Windham, and for the same offence. This was intelligible, and equity, if not justice. Equal acts merited equal treatment. But in a third case the same degradation, by greatly extending the construction of guilt, warranted much larger inferences against Dr. Parr's motives. This third criminal was Paley; on *his* portrait, also, sentence of inversion was passed and executed,

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and for years it hung at Hatton in that position. What then had been Paley's crime? *Audi facinus majoris abollæ;* he had literally been guilty of writing *Reasons for Contentment.* The title explains its object. At a crisis of universal political irritation, when Paine's works and the French Revolution had diffused a spirit of change, and the indefeasible evils of poverty were made handles of disaffection — being charged upon the institutions of the land, Dr. Paley had exerted himself to dissipate all delusions, to rouse the ignorant to a sense of the awful blessings which they enjoyed under equal laws administered by a popular government, and thus to save them as well from secret discontents as from publicly lending themselves to the purposes of designing incendiaries. This was the service which he did, or attempted; and for this only, neither more nor less, he incurred the wrath of Parr; we may add that he was never forgiven. The following record of his feelings, in regard to Paley, he left behind him for publication: — 'I never thought Paley an honest man; he had great sagacity, wit, and science; some good humor; but he was *vain, inconsistent,*' [odd objections to come from Samuel Parr:] 'he was also, it appears . . . . ' [*i. e.* something too bad for Parr's executors to print,] 'and selfish.'

No one fact can better illustrate the furious disaffection of Dr. Parr. Simply because a man applied his great talents to a purpose of the highest charity, which could no otherwise serve the existing ministers even remotely and mediately, than by first of all serving many thousands of his humble countrymen[110] directly and essentially, he became with Dr. Parr a marked man. After this it will not be surprising that even

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the Whiggish correspondents of Parr found occasion to remind him that England was not the country in sober sadness which it suited their party tactics to represent; that he was interpreting too literally the violences of their public polemics; and that England did in fact continue to be, what she had so long been esteemed by all the world, except her eternal enemies, the ark to which were confided the dearest interests of man.

In 1794, war had begun to rage; the revolutionary frenzy had produced its bloodiest excesses; the gloom had terrifically deepened; and the French reign of terror, by a very natural re-action on all the rest of Europe, produced a corresponding system of vigilance and coercion in all regular governments, which must now be admitted to have been too harsh and despotic, if viewed apart from the extremities of the occasion. Upon questions, which depend for their adjudication upon the particular estimate which is taken of the impending dangers, there is room for great latitude of opinion amongst honest men. Constitutionally, and from mere differences of bodily temperament, men of the sanest judgments take radically different views of the very broadest cases that can arise; and starting as he did from Whiggish principles, Dr. Parr is entitled to a large indulgence in his construction and valuation of Mr. Pitt's policy. We can allow, therefore, most readily for the fervor of interest which he took, not merely as a private friend to some of the parties concerned, but also as a politician, in the state trials which occurred at that period. For poor Gerrald, as a splendid pupil of his own, as an unfortunate man betrayed into calamity by generous enthusiasm, and as

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a martyr of most disinterested indiscretions, he was entitled to feel the very warmest concern. We ourselves, of principles so adverse to Dr. Parr's, are of opinion that Gerrald was most harshly, nay, unconstitutionally, treated. He was tried under a superannuated law of Scotland, which had arisen out of another condition of things, and was never meant for our times; it was a mere accident that such a law should be unrepealed; and a verdict was obtained against him that the rest of the empire could not have countenanced. This was a case beyond any other to merit a pardon, even to the view of those who thought Mr. Gerrald a turbulent democrat, since undoubtedly the verdict was in some measure obtained surreptitiously. Conduct that, on one side the Border, was punishable with transportation; on the other, was confessedly, at the very utmost, a misdemeanor. Under these circumstances, to have enforced the sentence, and to have thrown a man of genius and a scholar into the society of ruffians, and the very refuse of jails — was doubtless a harsh course. Warmth, therefore, and earnestness might be expected from Dr. Parr, in behalf of his unhappy friend. But nothing short of childish defect of self-government, could have allowed Dr. Parr to insult the very person to whom he looked for a mitigation of the sentence. Yet this he did. Writing to Mr. Windham, as Secretary of State, for the exertion of his influence with Mr. Pitt, he told him with a bullying air that Mr. Gerrald was as able a man as Mr. Pitt, and a great deal more learned. What followed? Mr. Windham had been acquainted with the Doctor, and was the very man to have felt for the peculiar hardship of Mr. Gerrald's case. But of

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an application in this spirit he could not allow himself to take any favorable notice; a formal official answer was returned; and Mr. Gerrald's sentence was permitted to take its course. From this we infer, that Dr. Parr's political enthusiasm had then risen to the height of fanaticism, which set at nought all ordinary discretion.

However, the truth must be told: the first anti-Gallican war, though supported (as we shall always maintain) by the *élite* of British society, by the property and education of the land, did not unite all hearts in its cause. There was still room left for honest recusants; though it is undoubtedly true, that most of those who did actually stand forward conspicuously in that character, were so upon any but laudable motives. Unless where they happened to be betrayed by natural defects of discretion, and original incapacity for calculating consequences — a case which we believe to be that of Dr. Parr — nearly all the sturdy recusants to Mr. Pitt's policy moved upon the very worst impulses of anti-national feeling. Pitiably blind they were in some rare instances; but in more, desperately unpatriotic. Still we repeat that room was left for honest dissent up to a certain point; and there are not a few, even now, amongst those whose patriotism was never tainted, and who gave to Mr. Pitt the fullest benefit of their accession as regarded principles, that yet question the policy of a military league against the infant republic of France — as that which in effect, by furnishing the occasion for resistance, finally developed her yet unconscious strength.

But a few short years sufficed to place all this upon new foundations. If ever, in this world, a nation had

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one heart and one soul, it was the British nation in the spring of 1803. A poet, who had deeply protested against the first French war, at this crisis, exclaimed, addressing the men of Kent—

'We *all* are with you now from shore to shore!'

No need of sagacity at this time: blind instinct was sufficient to develope the views of the Consular government, and to appreciate the one sole policy which circumstances commanded. And here it was the Whigs (we mean the Whigs in Parliament) lost themselves, and riveted that national distrust which had first commenced with the schism in the Whig Club. They would not change their tone; they would not open their eyes to the new state of things; but continued to palliate the worst atrocities of the enemy, and to prophesy a long heritage of shame and defeat for ourselves. At that period it was many times remarked, that the long habit of expressing sympathy with the national foes, insensibly moulded the feelings of the Opposition to a tone of bitterness against a nation that spurned their abject counsels, and of too evident mortification at the spectacle of our military triumphs. To prophecy evil is an unwise course for any man; it gives his vanity, and perhaps his personal enmities, an interest in the national disasters, and at all events disturbs the strength of his patriotic sympathies. Strange as it may sound, there have been Englishmen to whom it was thought necessary by their families cautiously to break the shock of the great news of Waterloo, so violent was the grief anticipated at the final prostration of their idol. We could mention one man, well-known in his day as a miscellaneous author, and not an unamiable man (though a coxcomb) in his character of

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literary patron, who, being accidentally at a dinner party on the day when that mighty catastrophe reached Norfolk, was kept in ignorance of the news by an arrangement concerted separately with each of the guests as he arrived; it was understood that this precaution was requisite to insure his attendance at dinner.

No such case ever has occurred in France. The martial successes of France in the days of Louis XIV., when the unhappy Palatinate was given up to desolation, obtained the cordial sympathy of the whole people, no less than the still more atrocious acts of Napoleon. No excess of profligacy and injustice has ever damped the unity of patriotic joy amongst the French: no sanctity of defensive warfare has ever availed to insure it amongst the English. And, generally, this may express no more than that freedom of thought amongst ourselves, which presents all public topics under every variety of phasis. But as there are cases in morals upon which good feeling precludes all variety of judgment, so in politics there are rare crises upon which the good and evil of posterity so essentially depend, and, above all, which touch national honor in so capital a point, that any diversity of feeling is irreconcilable with just moral feeling. Absolute conformity is required to the national policy, and no toleration exists for dissenters of any class.

Such a case existed from 1803 to 1815, and more eminently than ever before in the history of mankind. What was Dr. Parr's behavior? We shall not go into it at length: to see a good man wandering so grievously from the path of his clear duty, is afflicting; and a few instances will tell in what channel his feelings ran. In the spring of 1814, when all Christendom

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was exulting in the approaching destruction of the destroyer, Dr. Parr writes thus to Mr. Coke: — 'My indignation at the English government, as the real and implacable disturbers of the peace of Europe, increases daily and hourly; and from that malignant spirit which began to act in 1793, and is now reinforced by the accession of such an auxiliary as the Prince Regent, I forbode the most disastrous consequences. My fear is, that the allies will be overruled by the earnestness, or cajoled by the bribes, of the Prince Regent and his minions.' So then, upon this view of things, Jena, Austerlitz, Borodino — the outrages upon Spain, Portugal, Germany, Russia, were not French, but British acts. But patience!

In what way it was that Dr. Parr received the Waterloo news, we learn from no express record; but indirectly, we can easily collect it. About two months before that battle, he anticipated such an event as what was most to be abominated. The horizon already reddened with the dawn of that coming retribution — already it was believed that to England, in reward of her matchless perseverance, would be assigned the exterminating sword,[111] and Dr. Parr — sharing the belief, but abjuring the moral hopes of the time — sickens at the prospect. Worse than this we cannot say of any man. We may add, however, that his condition of feeling on these subjects continued pretty uniform. He wrote violently against assassination, and the exception often urged in favor of tyrannicide. But how exclusively the benefit of even this doctrine was applied to our enemy, may be judged by this: — Mr. Percival was murdered by a man whom he did not know by sight; Dr. Parr's attention is attracted by no one con-

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sideration but the excuses which might be offered for the assassin. The Duc de Berri is murdered without even the shadow of a provocation; Dr. Parr assures his correspondent that he [not the murderer, as one would naturally wish to understand the passage, but the murdered prince] was a 'vulgar ruffian.' Again, as another illustration of his fanatic violence, Mr. Hone publishes parodies on the Scriptures; as a politician after his own heart, though in a conscious opposition to the decorums of his sacred profession, and to his own sincere reverence for religion, Dr. Parr encourages and sanctions him by a money subscription. And we find the Duke of Bedford, who forfeited the distinction of representing his sovereign in his own county, solely by a participation in the same expression of approbation, directly justifying his conduct (upon which in some views he felt a doubt), by Dr. Parr's example. We might accumulate many more examples, but enough is here cited to show, that, as a politician, Dr. Parr stood aloof from his country in the hour of her most memorable trials, and dishonored his gray hairs by absolute fanaticism, that lost sight finally even of his religious principles.

This leads us to the view of Dr. Parr as a divine, in which it had been our intention to show that in every part of his life he allowed the principles of his theology to be biassed by his political prejudices. Dissenters of all classes were welcome to him, whether their dissent began originally upon religious or political views, because in any case it terminated in hostility to the State. Upon examining Dr. Parr's sermons, we find too little of a regular chain or system of religious principles to sustain the review which

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we meditated: and of the correspondence yet published, too small a part turns upon religious questions to do much in supplying this defect. We shall content ourselves for the present, therefore, with observing that, whilst he dwelt with ludicrous self-congratulation upon the support he gave to orthodoxy in the purest trifles, he really betrayed the interests of his church in its two capital interests, as against the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and the Socinians on the other. Long and labored were his pleadings for the Roman Catholics, and for the relaxation of the penal laws against them, in his notes upon Mr. Fox's History; and on the other hand he attacked the Archbishop of Dublin, otherwise a friend and admirer, in a rancorous tone, for denying the title of Christianity (in which denial he is countenanced by many a score of learned and pious men) to Socinianism. Finally, he left for posthumous publication, a printed record of his dissatisfaction with Anti-Socinian and Anti-Arian arguments; and he has left repeated evidence, apart from his known leaning to Socinian views, that he had not in any stage of his life adopted any system at all which could properly class him with the believers in the Trinity.

Dr. Parr in one point showed himself superior to a popular error: even Archbishop Laud, but more memorably another Primate (Wake) of the following century, had fallen into the weakness of supposing that the English church and the Gallican could terminate their differences as if by a compact of mutual concession. But no treaty of politics could restore the real 'Catholic unity;' no remedy could in that way be applied to the evils of schism in the Christian church

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Towns and territory may be the subject of cession, but not truth. And of this Dr. Parr was fully sensible. Yet in other aspects of the same weak passion for a hollow name of peace, Dr. Parr was often as blind as others. Pity that he had not more uniformly remembered the spirit of a maxim which he sometimes quoted from Grotius — that he so loved peace as not to sacrifice the truth. He persuaded himself often that the differences of men in religious matters were in a large proportion verbal; a common, a very common, but a very shallow maxim. On the contrary, from our earliest days we have remarked, that for one verbal dispute which passes for a real one, there are ten disputes turning upon things which are generally dismissed as verbal. '*Tu fis*,' says Boileau,

> 'Tu fis dans une guerre si triste et si longue,
> Périr tant de Chrétiens — *martyrs d'une diphthongue.*

Martyrs of a diphthong! Yes. But Boileau, as much as anybody, maintained that this single diphthong was the occasion that the church 'sentit — trembler *la verite Chretienne :*' the whole peculiar truth of Christianity reposed upon that one diphthong — for it made the whole difference between the Catholic ὁμοούσιος and the Arian ὁμοιουσιος : so mighty are the differences which may be caused, not by a word only, but even by a syllable; and so truly did Boileau, therefore, characterize even *that* as 'une sillabe *impii.*' (Sat. xii.)

We have questioned the systematic perfection — the orbicularity (so to speak) of Dr. Parr's classical knowledge. Much more certainly might we question the coherency, as a whole, of his divinity. What he adopted in this department was taken up casually and

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independently: his theology was not the fruit of laborious investigation at the fountain-heads. They were gleaned here and there, separately, by fragments, from chance authors, and not finally fused or harmonized.

Finally, and as the sum of our appreciation, we should say, that, speaking of him as a moral being, Dr. Parr was a good and conscientious man, but (in a degree, which sometimes made him *not* a good man) the mere football of passion. As an amiable man, we must add that, by the testimony of his best friend, he was a domestic nuisance; he also, as well as his father, says Dr. Johnstone, was 'the tyrant of the fireside.' As a scholar, he was brilliant; but he consumed his power in agonistic displays, and has left no adequate monument of his powers. As a politician, he sank his patriotism in the spirit of a partisan; and forgot to be an Englishman, in his fanaticism for the ultra Whigs. And, last of all, as a divine, for the sake of those sectaries whom charity enjoined him to tolerate, he betrayed that church which it was his holiest duty to defend.

NOTE.

THE errors of the press, and the errors of the *redacteur* himself, are very serious in Dr. Johnstone's large and costly work. Let us take the liberty of counselling him, if from Tories he will accept counsel, to change the whole form of his labors — in German phrase to reproduce them in an *umbearbeitung*, or thorough recast on the following plan, as soon as ever the sale of the present arrangement shall have been sufficient to warrant him in doing so. Complying with this or some similar proposal, he will at once consult Dr. Parr's interests as a man of letters, and

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will do that service to scholars which they have almost a right to demand of him. First of all, let the sermons be dismissed, they load the edition, and hang heavily upon its circulation, with no apparent benefit of any kind; none of them have ever been popular, or in the eye of the public, except the Spital Sermons; and those of course have a special privilege of reprieve. The sermons are liable to the continual suspicion of being in part only of Dr. Parr's composition, from his known practice (which he even avowed) of interweaving auxiliary passages from divines who happened to meet his own views, or, in some instances, of deriving his whole groundwork from others, and simply running variations of his own, many or few, upon his adopted theme. It is possible (but the public are not aware in what degree) that the sermons selected for publication may be free from this particular objection; but at all events, as a body, the readers of sermons are too devout a class to find their own peculiar taste gratified in a collection breathing the Parrian spirit of religion: — *par exemple*, one sermon undertakes the defence of hunting, and might very properly have come from one of the brilliant brothers of the Melton Mowbray establishment. This having been preached in the morning, we see no reason why the evening service should not have brought us an apology for steeple-chases — which seem even to have the advantage in this point — that such matches *never lose sight of the church*. Certain it is, that the sermons, whether otherwise of merit or not, are in this respect faulty, that they do not contemplate any determinate audience; professedly, indeed, they are parish discourses; and yet they deal with topics foreign to the needs and sympathies of a plain rural congregation, sometimes even inaccessible to their understandings. Doubtless all farmers would understand the hunting sermon; but how many would enter in any sense into the question of Christ's descent into Hades? However, we need not discuss the value of the sermons more particularly; good or bad, they are now printed for those who want them; and they are certainly *not* wanted by the vast majority of scholars — none of whom, in any country, but would put some value on the philological speculations of Dr. Parr — and, according to their feeling and taste, all connoisseurs in Latin composition would be glad to possess so brilliant an *ἀγωνισμα* in rhetoric as the Bellenden Preface. Thus,

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therefore, let the new edition stand; reprint all Dr. Parr's critical tracts, essays, or fragments, and of course, not omitting (as Dr. Johnstone has done, with no intelligible explanation, vol. i. p. 543), the long investigation of the word *sublime* (already much abridged by Dugald Stewart), nor the various reviews of classical works contributed to literary journals by Dr. P. when they happen to be of any value.* Even the letters, when they discuss critical questions, should be detached from the main body of miscellaneous correspondence, and united by way of appendix to the rest of the critical matter. Points of criticism, it is true, in the letters, are rarely insulated from other matter, which would become irrelevant in its new situation; but this objection might be met by confining the extracts strictly to those passages which *are* critical, and printing them as so many separate notices or memoranda — under the title of *Adversaria*. This would be accumulated in one large volume, which, by means of a separate title-page, might be sold as a distinct work; and, by means of a general one, might also take its place as one section of Dr. Parr's general works. These would perhaps compose two more volumes, each offering the same recommendation to separate purchasers — one being made up of the very *élite* of his essays on political or moral subjects, the other of his rhetorical *bravuras*.

* We say this, because the review of Combe's Horace, which Dr. Johnstone *has* published, is chiefly occupied with trifling typographical minutiæ; the *obscura diligentia* of the corrections is quite unworthy of a scholar's pen, and unprofitable to *any* class of readers.

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SCHLOSSER'S LITERARY HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In the person of this Mr. Schlosser is exemplified a common abuse, not confined to literature. An artist from the Italian opera of London and Paris, making a professional excursion to our provinces, is received according to the tariff of the metropolis; no one being bold enough to dispute decisions coming down from the courts above. In that particular case there is seldom any reason to complain — since really out of Germany and Italy there is no city, if you except Paris and London, possessing *materials*, in that field of art, for the composition of an audience large enough to act as a court of revision. It would be presumption in the provincial audience, so slightly trained to good music and dancing, if it should affect to reverse a judgment ratified in the supreme capital. The result, therefore, is practically just, if the original verdict was just; what was right from the first cannot be made wrong by iteration. Yet, even in such a case, there is something not satisfactory to a delicate sense of equity; for the artist returns from the tour as if from some new and independent triumph, whereas, all is but the reverberation of an old one; it seems a new access of sunlight, whereas it is but a reflex illumination from satellites.

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In literature the corresponding case is worse. An author, passing by means of translation before a foreign people, ought *de jure* to find himself before a new tribunal; but *de facto*, he does not. Like the opera artist, but not with the same propriety, he comes before a court that never interferes to disturb a judgment, but only to re-affirm it. And he returns to his native country, quartering in his armorial bearings these new trophies, as though won by new trials, when, in fact they are due to servile ratifications of old ones. When Sue, or Balzac, Hugo, or George Sand, comes before an English audience — the opportunity is invariably lost for estimating them at a new angle of sight. All who dislike them lay them aside — whilst those only apply themselves seriously to their study, who are predisposed to the particular key of feeling, through which originally these authors had prospered. And thus a new set of judges, that might usefully have modified the narrow views of the old ones, fall by mere *inertia* into the humble character of echoes and sounding-boards to swell the uproar of the original mob.

In this way is thrown away the opportunity, not only of applying corrections to false national tastes, but oftentimes even to the unfair accidents of *luck* that befall books. For it is well known to all who watch literature with vigilance, that books and authors have their fortunes, which travel upon a far different scale of proportions from those that measure their merits. Not even the caprice or the folly of the reading public is required to account for this. Very often, indeed, the whole difference between an extensive circulation for one book, and none at all for another of about

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equal merit, belongs to no particular blindness in men, but to the simple fact, that the one *has*, whilst the other has *not*, been brought effectually under the eyes of the public. By far the greater part of books are lost, not because they are rejected, but because they are never introduced. In any proper sense of the word, very few books are published. Technically they are published; which means, that for six or ten times they are *advertised*, but they are not made known to *attentive* ears, or to ears *prepared* for attention. And amongst the causes which account for this difference in the fortune of books, although there are many, we may reckon, as foremost, *personal* accidents of position in the authors. For instance, with us in England it will do a bad book no *ultimate* service, that it is written by a lord, or a bishop, or a privy counsellor, or a member of Parliament — though, undoubtedly, it will do an *instant* service — it will sell an edition or so. This being the case, it being certain that no rank will reprieve a bad writer from *final* condemnation, the sycophantic glorifier of the public fancies his idol justified; but not so. A bad book, it is true, will not be saved by advantages of position in the author; but a book moderately good will be extravagantly aided by such advantages. Lectures on *Christianity*, that happened to be respectably written and delivered, had prodigious success in my young days, because, also, they happened to be lectures of a prelate; three times the ability would not have procured them any attention had they been the lectures of an obscure curate. Yet, on the other hand, it is but justice to say, that, if written with three times *less* ability, lawn-sleeves would not have given them buoyancy, but, on the contrary,

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they would have sunk the bishop irrecoverably; whilst the curate, favored by obscurity, would have survived for another chance. So again, and indeed, more than so, as to poetry. Lord Carlisle, of the last generation, wrote tolerable verses. They were better than Lord Roscommon's, which, for one hundred and fifty years, the judicious public has allowed the booksellers to incorporate, along with other refuse of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, into the costly collections of the 'British Poets.' And really, if you *will* insist on odious comparisons, they were not so very much below the verses of an amiable prime minister known to us all. Yet, because they wanted vital *stamina*, not only they fell, but, in falling, they caused the earl to reel much more than any commoner would have done. Now, on the other hand, a kinsman of Lord Carlisle, viz., Lord Byron, because he brought real genius and power to the effort, found a vast auxiliary advantage in a peerage and a very ancient descent. On these double wings he soared into a region of public interest, far higher than ever he *would* have reached by poetic power alone. Not only all his rubbish — which in quantity is great — passed for jewels, but also what *are* incontestably jewels have been, and will be, valued at a far higher rate than if they had been raised from less aristocratic mines. So fatal for mediocrity, so gracious for real power, is any adventitious distinction from birth, station, or circumstances of brilliant notoriety. In reality, the public, our never-sufficiently-to-be-respected mother, is the most unutterable sycophant that ever the clouds dropped their rheum upon. She is always ready for jacobinical scoffs at a man for being a lord, if he happens to fail; she is always

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ready for toadying a lord, if he happens to make a hit. Ah, dear sycophantic old lady, I kiss your sycophantic hands, and wish heartily that I were a duke for your sake!

It would be a mistake to fancy that this tendency to confound real merit and its accidents of position is at all peculiar to us or to our age. Dr. Sacheverell, by embarking his small capital of talent on the spring-tide of a furious political collision, brought back an ampler return for his little investment than ever did Wickliffe or Luther. Such was his popularity in the heart of love and the heart of hatred, that he would have been assassinated by the Whigs, on his triumphal progresses through England, had he not been canonized by the Tories. He was a dead man if he had not been suddenly gilt and lacquered as an idol. Neither is the case peculiar at all to England. Ronge, the *ci-devant* Romish priest (whose name pronounce as you would the English word *wrong*, supposing that it had for a second syllable the final *a* of 'sopha,' *i. e.*, *Wronguh*), has been found a wrong-headed man by *all* parties, and in a venial degree is, perhaps, a stupid man; but he moves[112] about with more *eclat* by far than the ablest man in Germany. And, in days of old, the man that burned down a miracle of beauty, viz., the temple of Ephesus, protesting, with tears in his eyes, that he had no other way of getting himself a name, *has* got it in spite of us all. He's booked for a ride down all history, whether you and I like it or not. Every pocket dictionary knows that Erostratus was that scamp. So of Martin, the man that parboiled, or par-roasted York Minster some ten or twelve years back; that fellow will float down to posterity with the annals of the glorious cathedral: he will

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'Pursue the triumph and partake the gale,'

whilst the founders and benefactors of the Minster are practically forgotten.

These incendiaries, in short, are as well known as Ephesus or York; but not one of us can tell, without humming and hawing, who it was that rebuilt the Ephesian wonder of the world, or that repaired the time-honored Minster. Equally in literature, not the weight of service done, or the power exerted, is sometimes considered chiefly — either of these must be very conspicuous before it will be considered at all — but the splendor, or the notoriety, or the absurdity, or even the scandalousness of the circumstances[113] surrounding the author.

Schlosser must have benefitted in some such adventitious way before he ever *could* have risen to his German celebrity. What was it that raised him to his momentary distinction? Was it something very wicked that he did, or something very brilliant that he said? I should rather conjecture that it must have been something inconceivably absurd which he proposed. Any one of the three achievements stands good in Germany for a reputation. But, however it were that Mr. Schlosser first gained his reputation, mark what now follows. On the wings of this equivocal reputation he flies abroad to Paris and London. There he thrives, not by any approving experience or knowledge of his works, but through blind faith in his original German public. And back he flies afterwards to Germany, as if carrying with him new and independent testimonies to his merit, and from two nations that are directly concerned in his violent judgments: whereas (which is the simple truth) he carries back a

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careless reverberation of his first German character, from those who have far too much to read for declining aid from vicarious criticism when it will spare that effort to themselves. Thus it is that German critics become audacious and libellous. Kohl, Von Raumer, Dr. Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, by means of introductory letters floating them into circles far above any they had seen in homely Germany, are qualified by our own negligence and indulgence for mounting a European tribunal, from which they pronounce malicious edicts against ourselves. Sentinels present arms to Von Raumer at Windsor, because he rides in a carriage of Queen Adelaide's; and Von Raumer immediately conceives himself the Chancellor of all Christendom, keeper of the conscience to universal Europe, upon all questions of art, manners, politics, or any conceivable intellectual relations of England. Schlosser meditates the same career.

But have I any right to quote Schlosser's words from an English translation? I do so only because this happens to be at hand, and the German not. German books are still rare in this country, though more (by one thousand to one) than they were thirty years ago. But I have a full right to rely on the English of Mr. Davison. 'I hold in my hand,' as gentlemen so often say at public meetings, 'a certificate from Herr Schlosser, that to quote Mr. Davison is to quote *him*.' The English translation is one which Mr. Schlosser '*durchgelesen hat, und für deren genauigkeit und richtigkeit er bürgt* [has read through, and for the accuracy and propriety of which he pledges himself]. Mr. Schossler was so anxious for the spiritual welfare of us poor islanders, that he not only read u

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through, but he has even *aufmerksam durchgelesen* it [read it through wide awake] *und geprüft* [and carefully examined it]; nay, he has done all this in company with the translator. 'Oh ye Athenians! how hard do I labor to earn your applause!' And, as the result of such herculean labors, a second time he makes himself surety for its precision; '*er bürgt also dafür wie für seine eigne arbeit*' [he guarantees it accordingly as he would his own workmanship]. Were it not for this unlimited certificate, I should have sent for the book to Germany. As it is, I need not wait; and all complaints on this score I defy, above all from Herr Schlosser.[114]

In dealing with an author so desultory as Mr. Schlosser, the critic has a right to an *extra* allowance of desultoriness for his own share; so excuse me, reader, for rushing at once *in medias res*.

Of Swift, Mr. Schlosser selects for notice three works — the 'Drapier's Letters,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Tale of a Tub.' With respect to the first, as it is a necessity of Mr. S. to be forever wrong in his substratum of facts, he adopts the old erroneous account of Wood's contract as to the copper coinage, and of the imaginary wrong which it inflicted on Ireland. Of all Swift's villainies for the sake of popularity, and still more for the sake of wielding this popularity vindictively, none is so scandalous as this. In any new life of Swift the case must be stated *de novo*. Even Sir Walter Scott is not impartial; and for the same reason as now forces me to blink it, viz., the difficulty of presenting the details in a readable shape. 'Gulliver's Travels' Schlosser strangely considers 'spun out to an intolerable extent.' Many evil

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things might be said of Gulliver; but not this. The captain is anything but tedious. And, indeed, it becomes a question of mere mensuration, that can be settled in a moment. A year or two since I had in my hands a pocket edition, comprehending all the four parts of the worthy skipper's adventures within a single volume of 420 pages. Some part of the space was also wasted on notes, often very idle. Now the 1st part contains *two* separate voyages (Lilliput and Blefuscu), the 2d, *one*, the 3d, *five*, and the 4th, *one*; so that, in all, this active navigator, who has enriched geography, I hope, with something of a higher quality than your old muffs that thought much of doubling Cape Horn, here gives us *nine* great discoveries, far more surprising than the pretended discoveries of Sinbad (which are known to be fabulous), averaging *quam proximè*, forty-seven small 16mo pages each. Oh you unconscionable German, built round in your own country with circumvallations of impregnable 4tos, oftentimes dark and dull as Avernus — that you will have the face to describe dear excellent Captain Lemuel Gulliver of Redriff, and subsequently of Newark, that 'darling of children and men,' as tedious. It is exactly because he is *not* tedious, because he does not shoot into German foliosity, that Schlosser finds him '*intolerable*.' I have justly transferred to Gulliver's use the words originally applied by the poet* to the robin-redbreast, for it is remarkable that *Gulliver* and the *Arabian Nights* are amongst the few books where children and men find themselves meeting and jostling each other. This was the case from its first publication, just one hundred and twenty years since. 'It was received,' says Dr. Johnson, 'with such

* *Viz.*, Wordsworth.

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avidity, that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made — it was read by the high and the low, the learned and the illiterate. Criticism was lost in wonder. Now, on the contrary, Schlosser wonders not at all, but simply criticises; which we could bear, if the criticism were even ingenious. Whereas, he utterly misunderstands Swift, and is a malicious calumniator of the captain who, luckily, roaming in Sherwood, and thinking, often with a sigh, of his little nurse,[115] Glumdalclitch, would trouble himself slightly about what Heidelberg might say in the next century. There is but one example on our earth of a novel received with such indiscriminate applause as 'Gulliver;' and *that* was 'Don Quixote.' Many have been welcomed joyfully by a class — these two by a people. Now, could that have happened had it been characterized by dulness? Of all faults, it could least have had *that*. As to the 'Tale of a Tub,' Schlosser is in such Cimmerian vapors that no system of bellows could blow open a shaft or tube through which he might gain a glimpse of the English truth and daylight. It is useless talking to such a man on such a subject. I consign him to the attentions of some patriotic Irishman.

Schlosser, however, is right in a graver reflection which he makes upon the prevailing philosophy of Swift, viz., that 'all his views were directed towards what was *immediately* beneficial, which is the characteristic of savages.' This is undeniable. The meanness of Swift's nature, and his rigid incapacity for dealing with the grandeurs of the human spirit, with religion, with poetry, or even with science, when it rose above the mercenary practical, is absolutely ap-

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palling. His own *yahoo* is not a more abominable one-sided degradation of humanity, than is he himself under this aspect. And, perhaps, it places this incapacity of his in its strongest light, when we recur to the fact of his *astonishment* at a religious princess refusing to confer a bishoprick upon one that had treated the Trinity, and all the profoundest mysteries of Christianity, not with mere scepticism, or casual sneer, but with set pompous merriment and farcical buffoonery. This dignitary of the church, Dean of the most conspicuous cathedral in Ireland, had, in full canonicals, made himself into a regular mountebank, for the sake of giving fuller effect, by the force of contrast, to the silliest of jests directed against all that was most inalienable from Christianity. Ridiculing such things, could he, in any just sense, be thought a Christian? But, as Schlosser justly remarks, even ridiculing the peculiarities of Luther and Calvin as he *did* ridicule them, Swift could not be thought other than constitutionally incapable of religion. Even a Pagan philosopher, if made to understand the case, would be incapable of scoffing at any *form*, natural or casual, simple or distorted, which might be assumed by the most solemn of problems — problems that rest with the weight of worlds upon the human spirit —

'Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute.'

the destiny of man, or the relations of man to God. Anger, therefore, Swift *might* feel, and he felt it* to the end of his most wretched life; but what reasonable ground had a man of sense for *astonishment* — that a princess, who (according to her knowledge) was sin

* See his bitter letters to Lady Suffolk.

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cerely pious, should decline to place such a man upon an Episcopal throne? This argues, beyond a doubt, that Swift was in that state of constitutional irreligion, irreligion from a vulgar temperament, which imputes to everybody else its own plebeian feelings. People differed, he fancied, not by more and less religion, but by more and less dissimulations. And, therefore, it seemed to him scandalous that a princess, who must, of course, in her heart regard (in common with himself) all mysteries as solemn masques and mummeries, should pretend in a case of downright serious business, to pump up, out of dry conventional hoaxes, any solid objection to a man of his shining merit. '*The Trinity*,' for instance, *that* he viewed as the password, which the knowing ones gave in answer to the challenge of the sentinel; but, as soon as it had obtained admission for the party within the gates of the camp, it was rightly dismissed to oblivion or to laughter. No case so much illustrates Swift's essential irreligion; since, if he had shared in ordinary human feelings on such subjects, not only he could not have been surprised at his own exclusion from the bench of bishops, *after* such ribaldries, but originally he would have abstained from them as inevitable bars to clerical promotion, even upon principles of public decorum.

As to the *style* of Swift, Mr. Schlosser shows himself without sensibility in his objections, as the often hackneyed English reader shows himself without philosophic knowledge of style in his applause. Schlosser thinks the style of Gulliver 'somewhat dull.' This shows Schlosser's presumption in speaking upon a point where he wanted, 1st, original delicacy of tact; and 2dly, familiar knowledge of English. Gulliver's

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style is *purposely* touched slightly with that dulness of circumstantiality which besets the excellent, but 'somewhat dull' race of men — old sea captains. Yet it wears only an aërial tint of dulness, the felicity of this coloring in Swift's management is, that it never goes the length of wearying, but only of giving a comic air of downright Wapping and Rotherhithe verisimilitude. All men grow dull, and ought to be dull, that live under a solemn sense of eternal danger, one inch only of plank (often worm-eaten) between themselves and the grave; and, also, that see for ever one wilderness of waters — sublime, but (like the wilderness on shore) monotonous. All sublime people being monotonous, have a tendency to be dull, and sublime things also. Milton and Æschylus, the sublimest of men, are crossed at times by a shade of dulness. It is their weak side. But as to a sea captain, a regular nor'-nor'-wester, and sou'-sou'-easter, he ought to be kicked out of the room if he is *not* dull. It is not 'ship-shape,' or barely tolerable, that he should be otherwise. Yet, after all, considering what I have stated about Captain Gulliver's nine voyages crowding into one pocket volume, he cannot really have much abused his professional license for being dull. Indeed, one has to look out an excuse for his being so little dull; which excuse is found in the fact that he had studied three years at a learned university. Captain Gulliver, though a sailor, I would have you to know, was a gownsman of Cambridge: so says Swift, who knew more about the Captain than anybody now a-days. Cantabs are all horsemen, *ergo*, Gulliver was fit for any thing, from the *wooden shoon* of Cambridge up to the Horse Marines.

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Now, on the other hand, you, common-place reader that (as an old tradition) believe Swift's style to be a model of excellence, hereafter I shall say a word to you, drawn from deeper principles. At present I content myself with these three propositions, which over throw if you can; —

1. That the merit, which justly you ascribe to Swift, is *vernacularity;* he never forgets his mother-tongue in exotic forms, unless we may call Irish exotic; for Hibernicisms he certainly has. This merit, however, is exhibited—not, as *you* fancy, in a graceful artlessness, but in a coarse inartificiality. To be artless, and to be inartificial, are very different things; as different as being natural and being gross; as different as being simple and being homely.

2. That whatever, meantime, be the particular sort of excellence, or the value of the excellence, in the style of Swift, he had it in common with multitudes beside of that age. De Foe wrote a style for all the world the same as to kind and degree of excellence, only pure from Hibernicisms. So did every honest skipper [Dampier was something more] who had occasion to record his voyages in this world of storms. So did many a hundred of religious writers. And what wonder should there be in this, when the main qualification for such a style was plain good sense, natural feeling, unpretendingness, some little scholarly practice in putting together the clockwork of sentences, so as to avoid mechanical awkwardness of construction, but above all the advantage of a *subject*, such in its nature as instinctively to reject ornament, lest it should draw off attention from itself? Such subjects are common; but grand impassioned subjects insist upon a different

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treatment; and *there* it is that the true difficulties of style commence.

3. [Which partly is suggested by the last remark.] That nearly all the blockheads with whom I have at any time had the pleasure of conversing upon the subject of style (and pardon me for saying that men of the most sense are apt, upon two subjects, viz., poetry and style, to talk *most* like blockheads), have invariably regarded Swift's style not as if *relatively* good [*i. e. given* a proper subject], but as if *absolutely* good—good unconditionally, no matter what the subject. Now, my friend, suppose the case, that the Dean had been required to write a pendant for Sir Walter Raleigh's immortal apostrophe to Death, or to many passages that I will select in Sir Thomas Brown's 'Religio Medici,' and his 'Urn-burial,' or to Jeremy Taylor's inaugural sections of his 'Holy Living and Dying,' do you know what would have happened? Are you aware what sort of ridiculous figure your poor bald Jonathan would have cut? About the same that would be cut by a forlorn scullion or waiter from a greasy eating-house at Rotterdam, if suddenly called away in vision to act as seneschal to the festival of Belshazzar the king, before a thousand of his lords.

Schlosser, after saying any thing right and true (and he really did say the true thing about Swift's *essential* irreligion), usually becomes exhausted, like a boa-constrictor after eating his half-yearly dinner. The boa gathers himself up, it is to be hoped for a long fit of dyspepsy, in which the horns and hoofs that he has swallowed may chance to avenge the poor goat that owned them. Schlosser, on the other hand, retires into a corner, for the purpose of obstinately talking

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nonsense, until the gong sounds again for a slight refection of sense. Accordingly he likens Swift, before he has done with him, to whom? I might safely allow the reader three years for guessing, if the greatest of wagers were depending between us. He likens him to Kotzebue, in the first place. How faithful the resemblance! How exactly Swift reminds you of Count Benyowski in Siberia, and of Mrs. Haller moping her eyes in the 'Stranger!' One really is puzzled to say, according to the negro's logic, whether Mrs. Haller is more like the Dean of St. Patrick's, or the Dean more like Mrs. Haller. Anyhow, the likeness is prodigious, if it is not quite reciprocal. The other *terminus* of the comparison is Wieland. Now there *is* some shadow of a resemblance there. For Wieland had a touch of the comico-cynical in his nature; and it is notorious that he was often called the German Voltaire, which argues some tiger-monkey grin that traversed his features at intervals. Wieland's malice, however, was far more playful and genial than Swift's; something of this is shown in his romance of 'Idris,' and oftentimes in his prose. But what the world knows Wieland by is his 'Oberon.' Now in this gay, musical romance of Sir Huon and his enchanted horn, with its gleams of voluptuousness, is there a possibility that any suggestion of a scowling face like Swift's should cross the festal scenes?

From Swift the scene changes to Addison and Steele. Steele is of less importance; for, though a man of greater intellectual activity[116] than Addison, he had far less of genius. So I turn him out, as one would turn out upon a heath a ram that had missed his way

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into one's tulip preserve; requesting him to fight for himself against Schlosser, or others that may molest him. But, so far as concerns Addison, I am happy to support the character of Schlosser for consistency, by assuring the reader that, of all the monstrosities uttered by any man upon Addison, and of all the monstrosities uttered by Schlosser upon any man, a thing which he says about Addison is the worst. But this I reserve for a climax at the end. Schlosser really puts his best leg foremost at starting, and one thinks he's going to mend; for he catches a truth, viz., the following — that all the brilliances of the Queen Anne period (which so many inconsiderate people have called the Augustan age of our literature) 'point to this — that the reading public wished to be entertained, not roused to think; to be gently moved, not deeply excited.' Undoubtedly what strikes a man in Addison, or *will* strike him when indicated, is the coyness and timidity, almost the girlish shame, which he betrays in the presence of all the elementary majesties belonging to impassioned or idealized nature. Like one bred in crowded cities, when first left alone in forests or amongst mountains, he is frightened at their silence, their solitude, their magnitude of form, or their frowning glooms. It has been remarked by others that Addison and his companions never rise to the idea of addressing the 'nation' or the 'people;' it is always the 'town.' Even their audience was conceived of by *them* under a limited form. Yet for this they had some excuse in the state of facts. A man would like at this moment to assume that Europe and Asia were listening to him; and as some few copies of his book do really go to Paris and Naples, some to Calcutta, there is a sort of legal fiction that such an

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assumption is steadily taking root. Yet, unhappily, that ugly barrier of languages interferes. Schamyl, the Circassian chief, though much of a savage, is not so wanting in taste and discernment as to be backward in reading any book of yours or mine. Doubtless he yearns to read it. But then, you see, that infernal *Tchirkass* language steps between our book, the darling, and *him*, the discerning reader. Now, just such a barrier existed for the Spectator in the travelling arrangements of England. The very few old heavies that had begun to creep along three or four main roads, depended so much on wind and weather, their chances of foundering were so uncalculated, their periods of revolution were so cometary and uncertain, that no body of scientific observations had yet been collected to warrant a prudent man in risking a heavy bale of goods; and, on the whole, even for York, Norwich, or Winchester, a consignment of '*Specs*' was not quite a safe spec. Still, I could have told the Spectator who was anxious to make money, where he might have been sure of a distant sale, though returns would have been slow, viz., at Oxford and Cambridge. We know from Milton that old Hobson delivered his parcels pretty regularly eighty years before 1710. And, one generation before *that*, it is plain, by the interesting (though somewhat Jacobinical) letters[117] of Joseph Mede, the commenter on the Apocalypse, that news and politics of one kind or other (and scandal of *every* kind) found out for themselves a sort of contraband lungs to breathe through between London and Cambridge; not quite so regular in their *systole* and *diastole* as the tides of ebb and flood, but better than nothing. If you consigned a packet into the proper hands on the 1st of

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May, 'as sure as death' to speak *Scotticè*) it would be delivered within sixty miles of the capital before mid-summer. Still there were delays; and these forced a man into carving his world out of London. That excuses the word *town*.

Inexcusable, however, were many other forms of expression in those days, which argued cowardly feelings. One would like to see a searching investigation into the state of society in Anne's days — its extreme artificiality, its sheepish reserve upon all the impassioned grandeurs, its shameless outrages upon all the decencies of human nature. Certain it is, that Addison (because everybody) was in that meanest of conditions which blushes at any expression of sympathy with the lovely, the noble, or the impassioned. The wretches were ashamed of their own nature, and perhaps with reason; for in their own denaturalized hearts they read only a degraded nature. Addison, in particular, shrank from every bold and every profound expression as from an offence against good taste. He durst not for his life have used the word 'passion' except in the vulgar sense of an angry paroxysm. He durst as soon have danced a hornpipe on the top of the 'monument' as have talked of a 'rapturous emotion.' What *would* he have said? Why, 'sentiments that were of a nature to prove agreeable after an unusual rate.' In their odious verses, the creatures of that age talk of love as something that 'burns' them. You suppose at first that they are discoursing of tallow candles, though you cannot imagine by what impertinence they address *you*, that are no tallow-chandler, upon such painful subjects. And, when they apostrophize the woman of their heart (for you are to understand that they pretend to such an

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organ), they beseech her to 'ease their pain.' Can human meanness descend lower? As if the man, being ill from pleurisy, therefore had a right to take a lady for one of the dressers in an hospital, whose duty it would be to fix a burgundy-pitch plaster between his shoulders. Ah, the monsters! Then to read of their Phillises and Strephons, and Chloes, and Corydons — names that, by their very non-reality amongst names of flesh and blood proclaim the fantasticalness of the life with which they are poetically connected — it throws me into such convulsions of rage, that I move to the window, and (without thinking what I am about) throwing it up, calling, *Police! police!*' What's *that* for? What can the police do in the business? Why, certainly nothing. What I meant in my dream was, perhaps [but one forgets *what* one meant upon recovering one's temper], that the police should take Strephon and Corydon into custody, whom I fancied at the other end of the room. And really the justifiable fury, that arises upon recalling such abominable attempts at bucolic sentiments in such abominable language, sometimes transports me into a luxurious vision sinking back through one hundred and thirty years, in which I see Addison, Phillips, both John and Ambrose, Tickell, Fickell, Budgell, and Cudgell, with many others beside, all cudgelled in a round robin, none claiming precedency of another, none able to shrink from his own dividend, until a voice seems to recall me to milder thoughts by saying, 'But surely, my friend, you never could wish to see Addison cudgelled? Let Strephon and Corydon be cudgelled without end, if the police can show any warrant for doing it But Addison was a man of great genius.' True, he was so. I recollect it suddenly, and will back out

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of any angry things that I have been misled into saying by Schlosser, who, by-the-bye, was right, after all, for a wonder.

But now I will turn my whole fury in vengeance upon Schlosser. And, looking round for a stone to throw at him, I observe this. Addison could not be so entirely careless of exciting the public to think and feel, as Schlosser pretends, when he took so much pains to inoculate that public with a sense of the Miltonic grandeur. The 'Paradise Lost' had then been published barely forty years, which was nothing in an age without reviews; the editions were still scanty; and though no Addison could eventually promote, for the instant he quickened, the circulation. If I recollect, Tonson's accurate revision of the text followed immediately upon Addison's papers. And it is certain that Addison[118] must have diffused the knowledge of Milton upon the continent, from signs that soon followed. But does not this prove that I myself have been in the wrong as well as Schlosser? No: that's impossible. Schlosser's always in the wrong; but it's the next thing to an impossibility that I should be detected in an error: philosophically speaking, it is supposed to involve a contradiction. 'But surely I said the very same thing as Schlosser by assenting to what he said.' Maybe I did: but then I have time to make a distinction, because my article is not yet finished; we are only at page six or seven; whereas Schlosser can't make any distinction now, because his book's printed; and his list of *errata* (which is shocking though he does not confess to the thousandth part), is actually published. My distinction is — that, though Addison generally hated the impassioned, and shrank

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from it as from a fearful thing, yet this was when it combined with forms of life and fleshy realities (as in dramatic works), but not when it combined with elder forms of eternal abstractions. Hence, he did not read, and did not like Shakspeare; the music was here too rapid and life-like: but he sympathized profoundly with the solemn cathedral chanting of Milton. An appeal to his sympathies which exacted quick changes in those sympathies he could not meet, but a more stationary *key* of solemnity he *could*. Indeed, this difference is illustrated daily. A long list can be cited of passages in Shakspeare, which have been solemnly denounced by many eminent men (all blockheads) as ridiculous: and if a man *does* find a passage in a tragedy that displeases him, it is sure to seem ludicrous: witness the indecent exposures of themselves made by Voltaire, La Harpe, and many billions beside of bilious people. Whereas, of all the shameful people (equally billions and not less bilious) that have presumed to quarrel with Milton, not one has thought him ludicrous, but only dull and somnolent. In 'Lear and in 'Hamlet,' as in a human face agitated by passion, are many things that tremble on the brink of the ludicrous to an observer endowed with small range of sympathy or intellect. But no man ever found the starry heavens ludicrous, though many find them dull, and prefer a near view of a brandy flask. So in the solemn wheelings of the Miltonic movement, Addison could find a sincere delight. But the sublimities of earthly misery and of human frenzy were for him a book sealed. Beside all which, Milton renewed the types of Grecian beauty as to *form*, whilst Shakspeare, without designing at all to contradict these

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types, did so, in effect, by his fidelity to a new nature, radiating from a Gothic centre.

In the midst, however, of much just feeling, which one could only wish a little deeper, in the Addisonian papers on 'Paradise Lost,' there are some gross blunders of criticism, as there are in Dr. Johnson, and from the self-same cause — an understanding suddenly palsied from defective passion. A feeble capacity of passion must, upon a question of passion, constitute a feeble range of intellect. But, after all, the worst thing uttered by Addison in these papers is, not *against* Milton, but meant to be complimentary. Towards enhancing the splendor of the great poem, he tells us that it is a Grecian palace as to amplitude, symmetry, and architectural skill: but being in the English language, it is to be regarded as if built in brick; whereas, had it been so happy as to be written in Greek, then it would have been a palace built in Parian marble. Indeed! that's smart — 'that's handsome, I calculate.' Yet, before a man undertakes to sell his mother-tongue, as old pewter trucked against gold, he should be quite sure of his own metallurgic skill; because else, the gold may happen to be copper, and the pewter to be silver. Are you quite sure, my Addison, that you have understood the powers of this language which you toss away so lightly, as an old tea-kettle? Is it a ruled case that you have exhausted its resources? Nobody doubts your grace in a certain line of composition, but it is only one line among many, and it is far from being amongst the highest. It is dangerous, without examination, to sell even old kettles; misers conceal old stockings filled with guineas in old tea-kettles; and we all know that

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Aladdin's servant, by exchanging an old lamp for a new one, caused an Iliad of calamities: his master's palace jumped from Bagdad to some place on the road to Ashantee; Mrs. Aladdin and the piccaninies were carried off as inside passengers; and Aladdin himself only escaped being lagged, for a rogue and a conjuror, by a flying jump after his palace. Now, mark the folly of man. Most of the people I am going to mention subscribed, generally, to the supreme excellence of Milton; but each wished for a little change to be made — which, and which only was wanted to perfection. Dr. Johnson, though he pretended to be satisfied with the 'Paradise Lost,' even in what he regarded as the undress of blank verse, still secretly wished it in rhyme. That's No. 1. Addison, though quite content with it in English, still could have wished it in Greek. That's No. 2. Bentley, though admiring the blind old poet in the highest degree, still observed, smilingly, that after all he *was* blind; he, therefore, slashing Dick, could have wished that the great man had always been surrounded by honest people; but, as that was not to be, he could have wished that his amanuensis has been hanged; but, as that also had become impossible, he could wish to do execution upon him in effigy, by sinking, burning, and destroying his handywork — upon which basis of posthumous justice, he proceeded to amputate all the finest passages in the poem. Slashing[119] Dick was No. 3. Payne Knight was a severer man even than slashing Dick; he professed to look upon the first book of 'Paradise Lost' as the finest thing that earth had to show; but, for that very reason, he could have wished, by your leave, to see the other eleven books sawed off, and sent overboard;

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because, though tolerable perhaps in another situation, they really were a national disgrace, when standing behind that unrivalled portico of book 1. There goes No. 4. Then came a fellow, whose name was either not on his title page, or I have forgotten it, that pronounced the poem to be laudable, and full of good materials; but still he could have wished that the materials had been put together in a more workmanlike manner; which kind office he set about himself. He made a general clearance of all lumber: the expression of every thought he entirely re-cast: and he fitted up the metre with beautiful patent rhymes; not, I believe, out of any consideration for Dr. Johnson's comfort, but on principles of mere abstract decency: as it was, the poem seemed naked, and yet was not ashamed. There went No. 5. *Him* succeeded a droller fellow than any of the rest. A French bookseller had caused a prose French translation to be made of the 'Paradise Lost,' without particularly noticing its English origin, or at least not in the title page. Our friend, No. 6, getting hold of this as an original French romance, translated it back into English prose, as a satisfactory novel for the season. His little mistake was at length discovered, and communicated to him with shouts of laughter; on which, after considerable kicking and plunging (for a man cannot but turn restive when he finds that he has not only got the wrong sow by the ear, but actually sold the sow to a bookseller), the poor translator was tamed into sulkiness; in which state he observed that he could have wished his own work, being evidently so much superior to the earliest form of the romance, might be admitted by the courtesy of England to take the pre

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cedency as the original 'Paradise Lost,' and to supersede the very rude performance of 'Milton, Mr. John.'

Schlosser makes the astounding assertion, that a compliment of Boileau to Addison, and a pure compliment of ceremony upon Addison's early Latin verses, was (*credite posteri!*) the making of Addison in England. Understand, Schlosser, that Addison's Latin verses were never heard of by England, until long after his English prose had fixed the public attention upon him; his Latin reputation was a slight reaction from his English[120] reputation: and, secondly, understand that Boileau had at no time any such authority in England as to *make* anybody's reputation; he had first of all to make his own. A sure proof of this is, that Boileau's name was first published to London, by Prior's burlesque of what the Frenchman had called an ode. This gasconading ode celebrated the passage of the Rhine in 1672, and the capture of that famous fortress called *Skink* ('le fameux fort de'), by Louis XIV., known to London at the time of Prior's parody by the name of 'Louis Baboon.'[121] *That* was not likely to recommend Master Boileau to any of the allies against the said Baboon, had it ever been heard of out of France. Nor was it likely to make him popular in England, that his name was first mentioned amongst shouts of laughter and mockery. It is another argument of the slight notoriety possessed by Boileau in England — that no attempt was ever made to translate even his satires, epistles, or 'Lutrin,' except by booksellers' hacks; and that no such version ever took the slightest root amongst ourselves, from Addison's day to this very summer of 1847. Boileau was essentially, and

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in two senses, viz., both as to mind and as to influence, *un homme borné*.

Addison's 'Blenheim' is poor enough; one might think it a translation from some German original of those times. Gottsched's aunt, or Bodmer's wet-nurse, might have written it; but still no fibs even as to 'Blenheim.' His 'enemies' did not say this thing against 'Blenheim' 'aloud,' nor his friends that thing against it 'softly.' And why? Because at that time (1704–5) he had made no particular enemies, nor any particular friends; unless by friends you mean his Whig patrons, and by enemies his tailor and co.

As to 'Cato,' Schlosser, as usual, wanders in the shadow of ancient night. The English 'people,' it seems, so 'extravagantly applauded' this wretched drama, that you might suppose them to have 'altogether changed their nature,' and to have forgotten Shakspeare. That man must have forgotten Shakspeare, indeed, and from *ramollissement* of the brain, who could admire 'Cato.' 'But,' says Schlosser, 'it was only a 'fashion;' and the English soon repented.' The English could not repent of a crime which they had never committed. Cato was not popular for a moment, nor tolerated for a moment, upon any literary ground, or as a work of art. It was an apple of temptation and strife thrown by the goddess of faction between two infuriated parties. 'Cato,' coming from a man without Parliamentary connections, would have dropped lifeless to the ground. The Whigs have always affected a special love and favor for popular counsels: they have never ceased to give themselves the best of characters as regards public freedom. The Tories, as contradistinguished to the

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Jacobites, knowing that without *their* aid, the Revolution could not have been carried, most justly contended that the national liberties had been at least as much indebted to themselves. When, therefore, the Whigs put forth *their* man Cato to mouth speeches about liberty, as exclusively *their* pet, and about patriotism and all that sort of thing, saying insultingly to the Tories, 'How do you like *that?* Does *that* sting?' 'Sting, indeed!' replied the Tories; 'not at all; it's quite refreshing to us, that the Whigs have not utterly disowned such sentiments, which, by their public acts, we really thought they *had*.' And, accordingly, as the popular anecdote tells us, a Tory leader, Lord Bolingbroke, sent for Booth who performed Cato, and presented him (*populo spectante*) with fifty guineas 'for defending so well the cause of the people against a perpetual dictator.' In which words, observe, Lord Bolingbroke at once asserted the cause of his own party, and launched a sarcasm against a great individual opponent, viz., Marlborough. Now, Mr. Schlosser, I have mended your harness: all right ahead; so drive on once more.

But, oh Castor and Pollux, whither — in what direction is it, that the man is driving us? Positively, Schlosser, you must stop and let *me* get out. I'll go no further with such a drunken coachman. Many another absurd thing I was going to have noticed, such as his utter perversion of what Mandeville said about Addison (viz., by suppressing one word, and misapprehending all the rest). Such, again, as his point-blank misstatement of Addison's infirmity in his official character, which was *not* that 'he could not prepare despatches in a good style,' but diametrically

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the opposite case -- that he insisted too much on style, to the serious retardation of public business. But all these things are as nothing to what Schlosser says elsewhere. He actually describes Addison, on the whole, as a 'dull prosaist,' and the patron of pedantry! Addison, the man of all that ever lived most hostile even to what was good in pedantry, to its tendencies towards the profound in erudition and the non-popular; Addison, the champion of all that is easy, natural, superficial, a pedant and a master of pedantry! Get down, Schlosser, this moment; or let *me* get out.

Pope, by far the most important writer, English or Continental, of his own age, is treated with more extensive ignorance by Mr. Schlosser than any other, and (excepting Addison) with more ambitious injustice. A false abstract is given, or a false impression, of any one amongst his brilliant works, that is noticed at all; and a false sneer, a sneer irrelevant to the case, at any work dismissed by name as unworthy of notice. The three works, selected as the gems of Pope's collection, are the 'Essay on Criticism,' the 'Rape of the Lock,' and the 'Essay on Man.' On the first, which (with Dr. Johnson's leave) is the feeblest and least interesting of Pope's writings, being substantially a mere versification, like a metrical multiplication-table, of common-places the most mouldy with which criticism has baited its rat-traps; since nothing is said worth answering, it is sufficient to answer nothing. The 'Rape of the Lock' is treated with the same delicate sensibility that we might have looked for in Brennus, if consulted on the picturesque, or in Attila the Hun, if adjured to decide æsthetically, between two rival cameos. Attila is

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said (though no doubt falsely) to have described himself as not properly a man so much as the Divine wrath incarnate. This would be fine in a melodrama, with Bengal lights burning on the stage. But, if ever he said such a naughty thing, he forgot to tell us what it was that had made him angry; by what *title* did *he* come into alliance with the Divine wrath, which was not likely to consult a savage? And why did his wrath hurry, by forced marches, to the Adriatic? Now so much do people differ in opinion, that, to us, who look at him through a telescope from an eminence, fourteen centuries distant, he takes the shape rather of a Mahratta trooper, painfully gathering *chout*, or a cateran levying black-mail, or a decent tax-gatherer with an inkhorn at his button-hole, and supported by a select party of constabulary friends. The very natural instinct which Attila always showed for following the trail of the wealthiest footsteps, seems to argue a most commercial coolness in the dispensation of his wrath. Mr. Schlosser burns with the wrath of Attila against all aristocracies, and especially that of England. He governs his fury, also, with an Atilla discretion in many cases; but not here. Imagine this Hun coming down, sword in hand, upon Pope and his Rosicrucian light troops, levying *chout* upon Sir Plume, and fluttering the dove-cot of the Sylphs. Pope's 'duty it was,' says this demoniac, to 'scourge the follies of good society,' and also 'to break with the aristocracy.' No, surely? something short of a total rupture would have satisfied the claims of duty? Possibly; but it would not have satisfied Schlosser. And Pope's guilt consists in having made his poem an idol or succession of pictures representing the gayer aspects of society as it really was

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and supported by a comic interest of the mock-heroic derived from a playful machinery, instead of converting it into a bloody satire. Pope, however, did not shrink from such assaults on the aristocracy, if these made any part of his duties. Such assaults he made twice at least[122] too often for his own peace, and perhaps for his credit at this day. It is useless, however, to talk of the poem as a work of art, with one who sees none of its exquisite graces, and can imagine his countryman Zachariä equal to a competition with Pope. But this it may be right to add, that the 'Rape of the Lock' was *not* borrowed from the 'Lutrin' of Boileau. That was impossible. Neither was it suggested by the 'Lutrin.' The story in Herodotus of the wars between cranes and pigmies, or the *Batrachomyomachia* (so absurdly ascribed to Homer) might have suggested the idea more naturally. Both these; there is proof that Pope had read: there is none that he had read the 'Lutrin,' nor did he read French with ease to himself. The 'Lutrin,' meantime, is as much below the 'Rape of the Lock' in brilliancy of treatment, as it is dissimilar in plan or the quality of its pictures.

The 'Essay on Man' is a more thorny subject. When a man finds himself attacked and defended from all quarters, and on all varieties of principle, he is bewildered. Friends are as dangerous as enemies. He must not defy a bristling enemy, if he cares for repose; he must not disown a zealous defender, though making concessions on his own behalf not agreeable to himself; he must not explain away ugly phrases in one direction, or perhaps he is recanting the very words of his 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' who cannot safely be taxed with having first led him into tempta-

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tion; he must not explain them away in another direction, or he runs full tilt into the wrath of motner Church — who will soon bring him to his senses by penance. Long lents, and no lampreys allowed, would soon cauterize the proud flesh of heretical ethics. Pope did wisely, situated as he was, in a decorous nation, and closely connected, upon principles of fidelity under political suffering, with the Roman Catholics, to say little in his own defence. That defence, and any reversionary cudgelling which it might entail upon the Quixote undertaker, he left — meekly but also slyly, humbly but cunningly — to those whom he professed to regard as greater philosophers than himself. All parties found their account in the affair. Pope slept in peace; several pugnacious gentlemen up and down Europe expectorated much fiery wrath in dusting each other's jackets; and Warburton, the attorney, finally earned his bishoprick in the service of whitewashing a writer, who was aghast at finding himself first trampled on as a deist, and then exalted as a defender of the faith. Meantime, Mr. Schlosser mistakes Pope's courtesy, when he supposes his acknowledgments to Lord Bolingbroke sincere in their whole extent.

Of Pope's 'Homer' Schlosser think fit to say, amongst other evil things, which it really *does* deserve (though hardly in comparison with the German 'Homer' of the ear-splitting Voss), 'that Pope pocketed the subscription of the "Odyssey," and left the work to be done by his understrappers.' Don't tell fibs, Schlosser. Never do *that* any more. True it is, and disgraceful enough, that Pope (like modern contractors for a railway or a loan) let off to sub-contractors several portions of the undertaking. He was perhaps not illiberal in the

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terms of his contracts. At least I know of people now-a-days (much better artists) that would execute such contracts, and enter into any penalties for keeping time at thirty per cent. less. But *navies* and bill-brokers, that are in excess now, then were scarce. Still the affair, though not mercenary, was illiberal in a higher sense of art; and no anecdote shows more pointedly Pope's sense of the mechanic fashion, in which his own previous share of the Homeric labor had been executed. It was disgraceful enough, and needs no exaggeration. Let it, therefore, be reported truly: Pope personally translated one-half of the 'Odyssey'—a dozen books he turned out of his own oven: and, if you add the *Batrachomyomachia*, his dozen was a baker's dozen. The journeyman did the other twelve; were regularly paid; regularly turned off when the job was out of hand; and never once had to 'strike for wages.' How much beer was allowed, I cannot say. This is the truth of the matter. So no more fibbing, Schlosser, if you please.

But there remains behind all these labors of Pope, the 'Dunciad,' which is by far his greatest. I shall not, within the narrow bounds assigned to me, enter upon a theme so exacting; for, in this instance, I should have to fight not against Schlosser only, but against Dr. Johnson, who has thoroughly misrepresented the nature of the 'Dunciad,' and, consequently, could not measure its merits. Neither he, nor Schlosser, in fact, ever read more than a few passages of this admirable poem. But the villany is too great for a brief exposure. One thing only I will notice of Schlosser's misrepresentations. He asserts (not when directly speaking of Pope, but afterwards, under the head of Voltaire) that the French

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author's trivial and random *Temple de Gout* 'shows the superiority in this species of poetry to have been greatly on the side of the Frenchman.' Let's hear a reason, though but a Schlosser reason, for this opinion: know, then, all men whom it concerns, that 'the Englishman's satire only hit such people as would never have been known without his mention of them, whilst Voltaire selected those who were still called great, and their respective schools.' Pope's men, it seems, never *had* been famous — Voltaire's might cease to be so, but as yet they had *not* ceased; as yet they commanded interest. Now mark how I will put three bullets into that plank, riddle it so that the leak shall not be stopped by all the old hats in Heidelberg, and Schlosser will have to swim for his life. First, he is forgetting that, by his own previous confession, Voltaire, not less than Pope, had 'immortalized a great many *insignificant* persons;' consequently, had it been any fault to do so, each alike was caught in that fault; and insignificant as the people might be, if they *could* be 'immortalized,' then we have Schlosser himself confessing to the possibility that poetic splendor should create a secondary interest where originally there had been none. Secondly, the question of merit does not arise from the object of the archer, but from the style of his archery. Not the choice of victims, but the execution done is what counts. Even for continued failures it would plead advantageously, much more for continued and brilliant successes, that Pope fired at an object offering no sufficient breadth of mark. Thirdly, it is the grossest of blunders to say that Pope's objects of satire were obscure by comparison with Voltaire's. True, the Frenchman's example of a scholar, viz., the French

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Salmasius, was most accomplished. But so was the Englishman's scholar, viz., the English Bentley. Each was absolutely without a rival in his own day. But the day of Bentley was the very day of Pope. Pope's man had not even faded; whereas the day of Salmasius, as respected Voltaire had gone by for more than half a century. As to Dacier, '*which* Dacier, Bezonian?' The husband was a passable[123] scholar — but madame was a poor sneaking fellow, fit only for the usher of a boarding-school. All this, however, argues Schlosser's two-fold ignorance — first, of English authors; second, of the 'Dunciad;' — else he would have known that even Dennis, mad John Dennis, was a much cleverer man than most of those alluded to by Voltaire. Cibber, though slightly a coxcomb, was born a brilliant man. Aaron Hill was so lustrous, that even Pope's venom fell off spontaneously, like rain from the plumage of a pheasant, leaving him to 'mount far upwards with the swans of Thanes' — and, finally, let it not be forgotten, that Samuel Clarke Burnet, of the Charterhouse,[124] and Sir Isaac Newton, did not wholly escape tasting the knout; if *that* rather impeaches the equity, and sometimes the judgment of Pope, at least it contributes to show the groundlessness of Schlosser's objection — that the population of the Dunciad, the characters that filled its stage, were inconsiderable.

FOX AND BURKE.

It is, or it *would* be, if Mr. Schlosser were himself more interesting, luxurious to pursue his ignorance as to facts, and the craziness of his judgment as to the valuation of minds, throughout his comparison of Burke with Fox. The force of antithesis brings out into a

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feeble life of meaning, what, in its own insulation, had been languishing mortally into nonsense. The darkness of his 'Burke' becomes *visible* darkness under the glimmering that steals upon it from the desperate commonplaces of this 'Fox.' Fox is painted exactly as he *would* have been painted fifty years ago by any pet subaltern of the Whig club, enjoying free pasture in Devonshire House. The practised reader knows well what is coming. Fox is 'formed after the model of the ancients' — Fox is 'simple' — Fox is 'natural' — Fox is 'chaste' — Fox is 'forcible;' why yes, in a sense, Fox is even 'forcible:' but then, to feel that he was so, you must have *heard* him; whereas, for forty years he has been silent. We of 1847, that can only *read* him, hearing Fox described as *forcible*, are disposed to recollect Shakspeare's Mr. Feeble amongst Falstaff's recruits, who also is described as *forcible*, viz., as the 'most forcible Feeble.' And, perhaps, a better description could not be devised for Fox himself — so feeble was he in matter, so forcible in manner; so powerful for instant effect, so impotent for posterity. In the Pythian fury of his gestures — in his screaming voice — in his directness of purpose, Fox would now remind you of some demon steam-engine on a railroad, some Fire-king or Salmoneus, that had counterfeited, because he could not steal, Jove's thunderbolts; hissing, bubbling, snorting, fuming; demoniac gas, you think — gas from Acheron must feed that dreadful system of convulsions. But pump out the imaginary gas, and behold! it is ditch-water. Fox, as Mr. Schlosser rightly thinks, was all of a piece — simple in his manners, simple in his style, simple in his thoughts. No waters in *him* turbid with new crystalizations; everywhere the

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eye can see to the bottom. No music in *him* dark with Cassandra meanings. Fox, indeed, disturb decent gentlemen by 'allusions to all the sciences, from the integral calculus and metaphysics to navigation!' Fox would have seen you hanged first. Burke, on the other hand, did all that, and other wickedness besides, which fills an 8vo page in Schlosser; and Schlosser crowns his enormities by charging him, the said Burke (p. 99), with '*wearisome tediousness.*' Among my own acquaintances are several old women, who think on this point precisely as Schlosser thinks; and they go further, for they even charge Burke with 'tedious wearisomeness.' Oh, sorrowful woe, and also woeful sorrow, when an Edmund Burke arises, like a *cheeta* or hunting leopard coupled in a tiger-chase with a German poodle. To think, in a merciful spirit, of the jungle — barely to contemplate, in a temper of humanity, the incomprehensible cane-thickets, dark and bristly, into which that bloody *cheeta* will drag that unoffending poodle!

But surely the least philosophic of readers, who hates philosophy 'as toad or asp,' must yet be aware, that, where new growths are not germinating, it is no sort of praise to be free from the throes of growth. Where expansion is hopeless, it is little glory to have escaped distortion. Nor is it any blame that the rich fermentation of grapes should disturb the transparency of their golden fluids. Fox had nothing new to tell us, nor did he hold a position amongst men that required or would even have allowed him to tell anything new. He was helmsman to a party; what he had to do, though seeming to *give* orders, was simply to repeat *their* orders — 'Port your helm,' said the party; 'Port it is,' replied the helmsman. But Burke was no steersman;

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he was the Orpheus that sailed with the Argonauts; he was their *seer*, seeing more in his visions than he always understood himself; he was their watcher through the hours of night; he was their astrological interpreter. Who complains of a prophet for being a little darker of speech than a post-office directory? or of him that reads the stars for being sometimes perplexed?

But, even as to facts, Schlosser is always blundering. Post-office directories would be of no use to *him*; nor link-boys; nor blazing tar-barrels. He wanders in a fog such as sits upon the banks of Cocytus. He fancies that Burke, in his lifetime, was *popular*. Of course, it is so natural to be popular by means of '*wearisome tediousness*,' that Schlosser, above all people, should credit such a tale. Burke has been dead just fifty years, come next autumn. I remember the time from this accident — that my own nearest relative stepped on a day of October, 1797, into that same suite of rooms at Bath (North Parade) from which, six hours before, the great man had been carried out to die at Beaconsfield. It is, therefore, you see, fifty years. Now, ever since then, his *collective* works have been growing in bulk by the incorporation of juvenile essays (such as his 'European Settlements,' his 'Essay on the Sublime,' on 'Lord Bolingbroke,' &c.), or (as more recently) by the posthumous publication of his MSS.;[125] and yet, ever since then, in spite of growing age and growing bulk, are more in demand. At this time, half a century after his last sigh, Burke *is* popular; a thing, let me tell you, Schlosser, which never happened before to a writer steeped to his lips in *personal* politics. What a tilth of intellectual lava

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must that man have interfused amongst the refuse and scoria of such mouldering party rubbish, to force up a new verdure and laughing harvests, annually increasing for new generations! Popular he *is* now, but popular he was not in his own generation. And how could Schlosser have the face to say that he was? Did he never hear the notorious anecdote, that at one period Burke obtained the *sobriquet* of 'dinner-bell?' And why? Not as one who invited men to a banquet by his gorgeous eloquence, but as one that gave a signal to shoals in the House of Commons, for seeking refuge in a *literal* dinner from the oppression of his philosophy. This was, perhaps, in part a scoff of his opponents.[126] Yet there must have been some foundation for the scoff, since, at an earlier stage of Burke's career, Goldsmith had independently said, that this great orator

> ——————'went on refining,
> And thought of convincing, whilst *they* thought of dining.

I blame neither party. It ought not to be expected of any *popular* body that it should be patient of abstractions amongst the intensities of party-strife, and the immediate necessities of voting. No deliberative body would less have tolerated such philosophic exorbitations from public business than the *agora* of Athens, or the Roman senate. So far the error was in Burke, not in the House of Commons. Yet, also, on the other side, it must be remembered, that an intellect of Burke's combining power and enormous compass, could not, from necessity of nature, abstain from such speculations. For a man to reach a remote posterity, it is sometimes necessary that he should throw his

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voice over to them in a vast arch — it must sweep a parabola — which, therefore, rises high above the heads of those next to him, and is heard by the bystanders but indistinctly, like bees swarming in the upper air before they settle on the spot fit for hiving.

See, therefore, the immeasurableness of misconception. Of all public men, that stand confessedly in the first rank as to splendor of intellect, Burke was the *least* popular at the time when our blind friend Schlosser assumes him to have run off with the lion's share of popularity. Fox, on the other hand, as the leader of opposition, was at that time a household term of love or reproach, from one end of the island to the other. To the very children playing in the streets, Pitt and Fox, throughout Burke's generation, were pretty nearly as broad distinctions, and as much a war-cry, as English and French, Roman and Punic. Now, however, all this is altered. As regards the relations between the two Whigs whom Schlosser so steadfastly delighteth to misrepresent,

> 'Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer'

for that intellectual potentate, Edmund Burke, the man whose true mode of power has never yet been truly investigated; whilst Charles Fox is known only as an echo is known, and for any real *effect* of intellect upon this generation, for anything but the 'whistling of a name,' the Fox of 1780–1807 sleeps where the carols of the larks are sleeping, that gladdened the spring-tides of those years — sleeps with the roses that glorified the beauty of their summers.[127]

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JUNIUS.

Schlosser talks of Junius, who is to him, as to many people, more than entirely the enigma of an enigma, Hermes Trismegistus, or the mediæval Prester John. Not only are most people unable to solve the enigma, but they have no idea of what it is that they are to solve. I have to inform Schlosser that there are three separate questions about Junius, of which he has evi dently no distinct knowledge, and cannot, therefore, have many chances to spare for settling them. The three questions are these: — A. Who *was* Junius? B. What was it that armed Junius with a power so unaccountable at this day over the public mind? C. Why, having actually exercised this power, and gained under his masque far more than he ever hoped to gain, did this Junius not come forward *in his own person*, when all the legal danger had long passed away, to claim a distinction that for *him* (among the vainest of men) must have been more precious than his heart's blood? The two questions, B and C, I have examined in past times, and I will not here repeat my explanations further than to say, with respect to the last, that the reason for the author not claiming his own property was this, because he *dared* not; because it would have been *infamy* for him to avow himself as Junius; because it would have revealed a crime and published a crime in his own earlier life, for which many a man is transported in our days, and for less than which many a man has been in past days hanged, broken on the wheel, burned, gibbeted, or impaled. To say that he watched and listened at his master's key-holes, is nothing. It was not key-holes only that he made free

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with, but keys; he tampered with his master's seals he committed larcenies; not, like a brave man, risking his life on the highway, but petty larcenies — larcenies in a dwelling-house — larcenies under the opportunities of a confidential situation — crimes which formerly, in the days of Junius, our bloody code never pardoned in villains of low degree. Junius was in the situation of Lord Byron's Lara, or, because Lara is a plagiarism, of Harriet Lee's Kraitzrer. But this man, because he had money, friends, and talents, instead of going to prison, took himself off for a jaunt to the continent. From the continent, in full security and in possession of the *otium cum dignitate*, he negotiated with the government, whom he had alarmed by publishing the secrets which he had stolen. He succeeded. He sold himself to great advantage. Bought and sold he was; and of course it is understood that, if you buy a knave, and expressly in consideration of his knaveries, you secretly undertake not to hang him. 'Honor bright!' Lord Barrington might certainly have indicted Junius at the Old Bailey, and had a reason for wishing to do so; but George III., who was a party to the negotiation, and all his ministers, would have said, with fits of laughter — 'Oh, come now, my lord, you must *not* do that. For, since we have bargained for a price to send him out as a member of council to Bengal, you see clearly that we could not possibly hang him *before* we had fulfilled our bargain. Then it is true we might hang him after he comes back. But, since the man (being a clever man) has a fair chance in the interim of rising to be Governor-General, we put it to your candor, Lord Barrington. whether it would be for the public service to hang his

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excellency?' In fact, he might probably have been Governor-General, had his bad temper not overmastered him. Had he not quarrelled so viciously with Mr. Hastings, it is ten to one that he might, by playing his cards well, have succeeded him. As it was, after enjoying an enormous salary, he returned to England — not Governor-General, certainly, but still in no fear of being hanged. Instead of hanging him, on second thoughts, Government gave him a red ribbon. He represented a borough in Parliament. He was an authority upon Indian affairs. He was caressed by the Whig party. He sat at good men's tables. He gave for toasts — *Joseph Surface* sentiments at dinner parties — 'The man that betrays' [something or other] — 'the man that sneaks into' [other men's portfolios, perhaps] — 'is' — ay, *what* is he? Why he is, perhaps, a Knight of the Bath, has a sumptuous mansion in St. James's Square, dies full of years and honor, has a pompous funeral, and fears only some such epitaph as this — 'Here lies, in a red ribbon, the man who built a great prosperity on the basis of a great knavery.' I complain heavily of Mr. Taylor, the very able unmasker of Junius, for blinking the whole questions B and C. He it is that has settled the question A, so that it will never be re-opened by a man of sense. A man who doubts, after *really* reading Mr. Taylor's work, is not only a blockhead, but an irreclaimable blockhead. It is true that several men, among them Lord Brougham, whom Schlosser (though hating him, and kicking him) cites, still profess scepticism. But the reason is evident: they have not *read* the book, they have only heard of it. They are unacquainted with the strongest arguments, and even with

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the nature of the evidence.[128] Lord Brougham, indeed, is generally reputed to have reviewed Mr. Taylor's book. *That* may be: it is probable enough: what I am denying is not at all that Lord Brougham *reviewed* Mr. Taylor, but that Lord Brougham *read* Mr. Taylor. And there is not much wonder in *that*, when we see professed writers on the subject — bulky writers — writers of Answers and Refutations, dispensing with the whole of Mr. Taylor's book, single paragraphs of which would have forced them to cancel their own. The possibility of scepticism, after really *reading* Mr. Taylor's book, would be the strongest exemplification upon record of Sancho's proverbial reproach, that a man 'wanted better bread than was made of wheat —' would be the old case renewed from the scholastic grumblers 'that some men do not know when they are answered.' They have got their *quietus*, and they still continue to 'maunder' on with objections long since disposed of. In fact, it is not too strong a thing to say — and Chief Justice Dallas *did* say something like it — that if Mr. Taylor is not right, if Sir Philip Francis is *not* Junius, then was no man ever yet hanged on sufficient evidence. Even confession is no absolute proof. Even confessing to a crime, the man may be mad. Well, but at least seeing is believing: if the court sees a man commit an assault, will not *that* suffice? Not at all: ocular delusions on the largest scale are common. What's a court? Lawyers have no better eyes than other people. Their physics are often out of repair, and whole cities have been known to see things that could have no existence. Now, all other evidence is held to be short of this blank seeing or blank confessing. But I am not at all sure of *that*.

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Circumstantial evidence, that multiplies indefinitely its points of *internexus* with known admitted facts, is more impressive than direct testimony. If you detect a fellow with a large sheet of lead that by many (to wit seventy) salient angles, that by tedious (to wit thirty) reëntrant angles, fits into and owns its sisterly relationship to all that is left of the lead upon your roof — this tight fit will weigh more with a jury than even if my lord chief justice should jump into the witness-box, swearing that, with judicial eyes, he saw the vagabond cutting the lead whilst he himself sat at breakfast; or even than if the vagabond should protest before this honorable court that he *did* cut the lead, in order that he (the said vagabond) might have hot rolls and coffee as well as my lord, the witness. If Mr. Taylor's body of evidence does *not* hold water, then is there no evidence extant upon any question, judicial or not judicial, that *will*.

But I blame Mr. Taylor heavily for throwing away the whole argument applicable to B and C; not as any debt that rested particularly upon *him* to public justice; but as a debt to the integrity of his own book. That book is now a fragment; admirable as regards A; but (by omitting B and C) not sweeping the whole area of the problem. There yet remains, therefore, the dissatisfaction which is always likely to arise — not from the smallest *allegatio falsi*, but from the large *suppressio veri*. B, which, on any other solution than the one I have proposed, is perfectly unintelligible, now becomes plain enough. To imagine a heavy, coarse, hard-working government, seriously affected by such a bauble as *they* would consider performances on the tight rope of style, is mere midsum-

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mer madness. 'Hold your absurd tongue,' would any of the ministers have said to a friend descanting on Junius as a powerful artist of style — 'do you dream, dotard, that this baby's rattle is the thing that keeps us from sleeping? Our eyes are fixed on something else: that fellow, whoever he is, knows what he ought *not* to know; he has had his hand in some of our pockets: he's a good locksmith, is that Junius; and before he reaches Tyburn, who knows what amount of mischief he may do to self and partners?' The rumor that ministers were themselves alarmed (which was the naked truth) travelled downwards; but the *why* did not travel; and the innumerable blockheads of lower circles, not understanding the real cause of fear, sought a false one in the supposed thunderbolts of the rhetoric. Opera-house thunderbolts they were: and strange it is, that grave men should fancy newspapers, teeming (as they have always done) with *Publicolas*, with *Catos*, with *Algernon Sidneys*, able by such trivial small shot to gain a moment's attention from the potentates of Downing Street. Those who have despatches to write, councils to attend, and votes of the Commons to manage, think little of Junius Brutus. A Junius Brutus, that dares not sign by his own honest name, is presumably skulking from his creditors. A Timoleon, who hints at assassination in a newspaper, one may take it for granted, is a manufacturer of begging letters. And it is a conceivable case that a twenty pound note, enclosed to Timoleon's address, through the newspaper office, might go far to soothe that great patriot's feelings, and even to turn aside his avenging dagger. These sort of people were not the sort to frighten a British Ministry. One laughs

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at the probable conversation between an old hunting squire coming up to comfort the First Lord of the Treasury, on the rumor that he was panic-struck. 'What, surely, my dear old friend, you're not afraid of Timoleon?' First Lord.—'Yes, I am.' C. Gent.—'What, afraid of an anonymous fellow in the papers?' F. L.—'Yes, dreadfully.' C. Gent.—'Why, I always understood that these people were a sort of shams—living in Grub Street—or where was it that Pope used to tell us they lived? Surely you're not afraid of Timoleon, because some people think he's a patriot?' F. L.—'No, not at all; but I am afraid because some people think he's a housebreaker!' In that character only could Timoleon become formidable to a Cabinet Minister; and in some such character must our friend, Junius Brutus, have made himself alarming to Government. From the moment that B is properly explained, it throws light upon C. The Government was alarmed—not at such moonshine as patriotism, or at a soap-bubble of rhetoric—but because treachery was lurking amongst their own households: and, if the thing went on, the consequences might be appalling. But this domestic treachery, which accounts for B, accounts at the same time for C. The very same treachery that frightened its objects at the time by the consequences it might breed, would frighten its author afterwards from claiming its literary honors by the remembrances it might awaken. The mysterious disclosures of official secrets, which had once roused so much consternation within a limited circle, and (like the French affair of the diamond necklace) had sunk into neglect only when all clue seemed lost for *perfectly* unravelling it,

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would revive in all its interest when a discovery came before the public, viz., a claim on the part of Francis to have written the famous letters, which must at the same time point a strong light upon the true origin of the treacherous disclosures. Some astonishment had always existed as to Francis — how he rose so suddenly into rank and station: some astonishment always existed as to Junius, how he should so suddenly have fallen asleep as a writer in the journals. The coincidence of this sudden and unaccountable silence with the sudden and unaccountable Indian appointment of Francis; the extraordinary familiarity of Junius, which had *not altogether escaped notice*, with the secrets of one particular office, viz., the War Office; the sudden recollection, sure to flash upon all who remembered Francis, if again he should become revived into suspicion, that he had held a situation of trust in that particular War Office; all these little recollections would begin to take up their places in a connected story: *this* and *that*, laid together, would become clear as day-light; and to the keen eyes of still surviving enemies — Horne Tooke, 'little Chamier,' Ellis, the Fitzroy, Russell, and Murray houses — the whole progress and catastrophe of the scoundrelism, the perfidy and the profits of the perfidy, would soon become as intelligible as any tale of midnight burglary from without, in concert with a wicked butler within, that was ever sifted by judge and jury at the Old Bailey, or critically reviewed by Mr. John Ketch at Tyburn.

Francis was the man. Francis was the wicked butler within, whom Pharaoh ought to have hanged, but whom he clothed in royal apparel, and mounted

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upon a horse that carried him to a curule chair of honor. So far his burglary prospered. But, as generally happens in such cases, this prosperous crime subsequently avenged itself. By a just retribution, the success of Junius, in two senses so monstrously exaggerated — exaggerated by a romantic over-estimate of its intellectual power through an error of the public, not admitted to the secret — and equally exaggerated as to its political power by the government in the hush-money for its future suppression, became the heaviest curse of the successful criminal. This criminal thirsted for literary distinction above all other distinction, with a childish eagerness, as for the *amrecta* cup of immortality. And, behold! there the brilliant bauble lay, glittering in the sands of a solitude, unclaimed by any man; disputed with him (if he chose to claim it) by nobody; and yet for his life he durst not touch it. He stood — he knew that he stood — in the situation of a murderer who has dropt an inestimable jewel upon the murdered body in the death-struggle with his victim. The jewel is his! Nobody will deny it. He may have it for asking. But to ask is his death-warrant. 'Oh yes!' would be the answer, 'here's your jewel, wrapt up safely in tissue paper. But here's another lot that goes along with it — no bidder can take them apart — viz. a halter, also wrapt up in tissue paper.' Francis, in relation to Junius, was in that exact predicament. 'You are Junius? You are that famous man who has been missing since 1772? And you can prove it? God bless me! sir; what a long time you've been sleeping: every body's gone to bed. Well, then, you are an exceedingly clever fellow, that have had the luck to be thought ten

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times more clever than really you were. And also. you are the greatest scoundrel that at this hour rests in Europe unhanged!'—Francis died, and made no sign. Peace of mind he had parted with for a peacock's feather, which feather, living or dying, he durst not mount in the plumage of his cap.

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

This book accomplishes a retribution which the world has waited for through seventy and odd years. Welcome at any rate by its purpose, it is trebly welcome by its execution, to all hearts that linger indulgently over the frailties of a national favorite once wickedly exaggerated — to all hearts that brood indignantly over the powers of that favorite once maliciously undervalued.

A man of original genius, shown to us as revolving through the leisurely stages of a biographical memoir, lays open, to readers prepared for sympathy, two separate theatres of interest: one in his personal career; the other in his works and his intellectual development. Both unfold together; and each borrows a secondary interest from the other: the life from the recollection of the works — the works from the joy and sorrow of the life. There have, indeed, been authors whose great creations, severely preconceived in a region of thought transcendent to all impulses of earth, would have been pretty nearly what they are under any possible changes in the

* The Life and Adventures of Goldsmith, by John Forster.

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dramatic arrangement of their lives. Happy or not happy — gay or sad — these authors would equally have fulfilled a mission too solemn and too stern in its obligations to suffer any warping from chance, or to bend before the accidents of life, whether dressed in sunshine or in wintry gloom. But generally this is otherwise. Children of Paradise, like the Miltons of our planet, have the privilege of stars — to "dwell apart." But the children of flesh, whose pulses beat too sympathetically with the agitations of mother-earth, cannot sequester themselves in that way. They walk in no such altitudes, but at elevations easily reached by ground-winds of humble calamity. And from that cup of sorrow, which upon all lips is pressed in some proportion, they must submit, by the very tenure on which they hold their gifts, to drink, if not more profoundly than others, yet always with more peril to the accomplishment of their earthly mission.

Amongst this household of children too tremulously associated to the fluctuations of earth, stands forward conspicuously Oliver Goldsmith. And there is a belief current, that he was conspicuous, not only in the sense of being constitutionally flexible to the impressions of sorrow and adversity, in case they had happened to occur, but also that he really *had* more than his share of those afflictions. We are disposed to think that this was not so. Our trust is, that Goldsmith lived upon the whole a life which, though troubled, was one of average enjoyment. Unquestionably, when reading at midnight, and in the middle watch of a century which *he* never reached, this record of one so amiable, so guileless, so upright, or

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seeming to be otherwise for a moment only in the eyes of those who did not know his difficulties, nor could have understood them; when recurring also to his admirable genius, to the sweet natural gayety of his oftentimes pathetic humor, and to the varied accomplishments from talent or erudition, by which he gave effect to endowments so fascinating — one cannot but sorrow over the strife which he sustained, and over the wrong by which he suffered. A few natural tears one sheds at the rehearsal of so much contumely from fools, which he stood under unresistingly as one bareheaded under a hail-storm;[129] and worse to bear than the scorn of fools, were the imperfect sympathy and jealous, self-distrusting esteem which he received to the last from friends. Doubtless he suffered much wrong; but so, in one way or other, do most men: he suffered also this special wrong, that in his lifetime he never was fully appreciated by any one friend — something of a counter-movement ever mingled with praise for *him* — he never saw himself enthroned in the heart of any young and fervent admirer, and he was always overshadowed by men less deeply genial, though more showy than himself; but these things happen, and *have* happened, to myriads amongst the benefactors of earth. Their names ascend in songs of thankful commemoration, but not until the ears are deaf that would have thrilled to the music. And these were the heaviest of Goldsmith's afflictions: what are likely to be thought such, namely, the battles which he fought for his daily bread, we do not number amongst them. To struggle is not to suffer. Heaven grants to few of us a life of untroubled prosperity,

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and grants it least of all to its favorites. Charles I carried, as it was thought by a keen Italian judge of physiognomy, a predestination to misery written in his features. And it is probable that if any Cornelius Agrippa had then been living, to show him in early life the strife, the bloodshed, the triumphs of enemies, the treacheries of friends, the separation forever from the familiar faces of his hearth, which darkened the years from 1642 to 1649, he would have said — "Prophet of woe! if I bear to live through this vista of seven years, it is because at the further end of it thou showest me the consolation of a scaffold." And yet our persuasion is, that in the midst of its deadly agitations and its torments of suspense, probably enough by the energies of hope, or even of anxiety which exalted it, that period of bitter conflict was found by the king a more ennobling life than he *would* have found in the torpor of a prosperity too profound. To be cloyed perpetually is a worse fate than sometimes to stand within the vestibule of starvation; and we need go no further than the confidential letters of the court ladies of this and other countries to satisfy ourselves how much worse in its effects upon happiness than any condition of alarm and peril, is the lethargic repose of luxury too monotonous, and of security too absolute. If, therefore, Goldsmith's life *had* been one of continual struggle, it would not follow that it had therefore sunk below the standard of ordinary happiness. But the life-struggle of Goldsmith, though severe enough (after all allowances) to challenge a feeling of tender compassion, was not in such a degree severe as has been represented.[180] He en

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joyed two great immunities from suffering that have been much overlooked; and *such* immunities that, in our opinion, four in five of all the people ever connected with Goldsmith's works, as publishers, printers, compositors (that is, men taken at random), have very probably suffered more, upon the whole, than he. The immunities were these: — 1st, From any *bodily* taint of low spirits. He had a constitutional gayety of heart; an elastic hilarity; and, as he himself expresses it, "a knack of hoping" — which knack could not be bought with Ormus and with Ind, nor hired for a day with the peacock-throne of Delhi. How easy was it to bear the brutal affront of being to his face described as "*Doctor minor*," when one hour or less would dismiss the *Doctor major*, so invidiously contradistinguished from himself, to a struggle with scrofulous melancholy; whilst *he*, if returning to solitude and a garret, was returning also to habitual cheerfulness. *There* lay one immunity, beyond all price, from a mode of strife to which others, by a large majority, are doomed — strife with bodily wretchedness. Another immunity he had of almost equal value, and yet almost equally forgotten by his biographers, namely, from the responsibilities of a family. Wife and children he had not. They it is that, being a man's chief blessings, create also for him the deadliest of his anxieties, that stuff his pillow with thorns, that surround his daily path with snares. Suppose the case of a man who has helpless dependents of this class upon himself summoned to face some sudden failure of his resources: how shattering to the power of exertion, and, above all, of exertion by an organ

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so delicate as the creative intellect, dealing with subjects so coy as those of imaginative sensibility, to know that instant ruin attends his failure! Success in such paths of literature might at the best be doubtful; but success is impossible, with any powers whatever, unless in a genial state of those powers; and this geniality is to be sustained, in the case supposed, whilst the eyes are fixed upon the most frightful of abysses yawning beneath his feet. He is to win his inspiration for poetry or romance from the prelusive cries of infants clamoring for daily bread. Now, on the other hand, in the case of an extremity equally sudden alighting on the head of a man in Goldsmith's position, having no burden to support but the trivial one of his own personal needs, the resources are endless for gaining time enough to look around. Suppose him ejected from his lodgings; let him walk into the country, with a pencil and a sheet of paper; there, sitting under a hay-stack for one morning, he may produce what will pay his expenses for a week: a day's labor will carry the sustenance of ten days. Poor may be the trade of authorship, but it is as good as that of a slave in Brazil, whose one hour's work will defray the twenty-four hours' living. As a reader, or corrector of proofs, a good Latin and French scholar (like Goldsmith) would always have enjoyed a preference, we presume, at any eminent printing-office. This again would have given him time for looking round; or, he might perhaps have obtained the same advantage for deliberation from some confidential friend's hospitality. In short, Goldsmith enjoyed the two privileges, one subjective — the other objective --

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which, when uniting in the same man, would prove more than a match for all difficulties that *could* arise in a literary career to him who was at once a man of genius so popular, of talents so versatile, of reading so various, and of opportunities so large for still more extended reading. The subjective privilege lay in his buoyancy, of animal spirits; the objective in his freedom from responsibilities. Goldsmith wanted very little more than Diogenes; now Diogenes *could* only have been robbed of his tub;[131] which perhaps was about as big as most of poor Goldsmith's sitting-rooms, and far better ventilated. So that the liability of these two men cynic and non-cynic, to the kicks of fortune, was pretty much on a par; whilst Goldsmith had the advantage of a better temper for bearing them, though certainly Diogenes had the better climate for soothing his temper.

But it may be imagined, that if Goldsmith were thus fortunately equipped for authorship, on the other hand, the position of literature, as a money-making resource, was in Goldsmith's days less advantageous than ours. We are not of that opinion; and the representation by which Mr. Forster endeavors to sustain it seems to us a showy but untenable refinement. The outline of his argument is, that the aristocratic patron had, in Goldsmith's day, by the progress of society, disappeared; he belonged to the past — that the mercenary publisher had taken his place — he represented the ugly present — but that the great reading public (that true and equitable patron, as some fancy) had not yet matured its means of effectual action upon literature; this reading public virtually, perhaps, belonged to the future. All this we

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steadfastly resist. No doubt the old full-blown patron, *en grand costume*, with his heraldic bearings emblazoned at the head of the Dedication, was dying out, like the golden pippin. But he still lingered in sheltered situations. And part of the machinery by which patronage had ever moved, namely, using influence for obtaining subscriptions, was still in capital working order, — a fact which we know from Goldsmith himself (see the *Enquiry*); for he tells us that a popular mode of publication amongst bad authors, and certainly it needed no publisher's countersign, was by means of subscription papers: upon which, as we believe, a considerable instalment was usually paid down when as yet the book existed only by way of title-page, supposing that the whole sum were not even paid *up*. Then as to the publisher (a nuisance, we dare say, in all stages of his Natural History), *he* could not have been a weed first springing up in Goldsmith's time, but must always have been an indispensable broker or middleman between the author and the world. In the days even of Horace and Martial the book-*seller* (bibliopola) clearly acted as book-*publisher*. Amongst other passages proving this, and showing undeniably that Martial at least had sold the copyright of his work to *his* publisher, is one arguing pretty certainly that the price of a gay drawing-room copy must have been hard upon £1. 11*s*. 6*d*. Did ever any man hear the like? A New York newspaper would have been too happy to pirate the whole of Martial had he been three times as big, and would have engaged to drive the bankrupt publisher into a madhouse for twopence. Now, it cannot be supposed that Martial, a gay, light-hearted fellow, willing to let the public

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have his book for a shilling, or perhaps for love, had been the person to put that ridiculous price upon it. We may conclude that it was the publisher. As to the public, *that* respectable character must always have presided over the true and final court of appeal, silently defying alike the *prestige* of patronage and the intriguing mysteries of publishing. Lordly patronage might fill the sails of one edition, and masterly publishing of three. But the books that ran contagiously through the educated circles, or that lingered amongst them for a generation, must have owed their success to the unbiased feelings of the reader — not overawed by authority, not mystified by artifice. Varying, however, in whatever proportion as to power, the three possible parties to an act of publication will always be seen intermittingly at work — the voluptuous self-indulging public, and the insidious publisher, of course · but even the brow-beating patron still exists in a new *avatar*. Formerly he made his descent upon earth in the shape of Dedicatee; and it is true that this august being, to whom dedications burned incense upon an altar, withdrew into sunset and twilight during Goldsmith's period; but he still revisits the glimpses of the moon in the shape of author. When the *auctoritas* of a peer could no longer sell a book by standing at the head of a dedication, it lost none of its power when standing on the title-page as the author. Vast catalogues might be composed of books and pamphlets that have owed a transient success to no other cause on earth than the sonorous title, or the distinguished position of those who wrote them. Ceasing to patronize other people's books, the grandee has still power to

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patronize his own. All *celebrities* have this form of patronage. And, for instance, had the boy Jones[132] (otherwise called Inigo Jones) possessed enough of book-making skill to forge a plausible curtain-lecture, as overheard by himself when concealed in Her Majesty's bed-room, ten steam-presses, working day and night, would not have supplied the public demand; and even Her Majesty must herself have sent for a large paper copy, were it only to keep herself *au courant* of English literature. In short, first, the extrinsic patronage of books; secondly, the self-patronage of books in right of their merits; and, thirdly, the artificial machineries for diffusing the knowledge of their existence, are three forces, in current literature that ever *have* existed and must exist, in some imperfect degree. Horace recognizes them in his

"Non Dî, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

The *Dî* are the paramount public, arbitrating finally on the fates of books, and generally on some just ground of judgment, though it may be fearfully exaggerated on the scale of importance. The *homines* are the publishers; and a sad *homo* the publisher sometimes is, particularly when he commits insolvency. But the *columnæ* are those pillars of state, the grandees of our own age, or any other patrons, that support the golden canopy of our transitory pomps, and thus shed an alien glory of colored light from above upon the books falling within that privileged area.

We are not, therefore, of Mr. Forster's opinion, that Goldsmith fell upon an age less favorable to the expansion of literary powers, or to the attainment of

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literary distinction, than any other. The patron might be a tradition — but the public was not therefore a prophecy. My lord's trumpets had ceased to sound, but the *vox populi* was not therefore muffled. The means, indeed, of diffusive advertisement and of rapid circulation, the combinations of readers into reading societies, and of roads into iron net-works, were as yet imperfectly developed. These gave a potent stimulus to periodic literature. And a still more operative difference between ourselves and them is — that a new class of people has since then entered our reading public, namely, the class of artisans and of all below the gentry, which (taken generally) was in Goldsmith's day a cipher, as regarded any real encouragement to literature. In our days, if *The Vicar of Wakefield* had been published as a Christmas tale, it would have produced a fortune to the writer. In Goldsmith's time, few below the gentry were readers on any large scale. So far there really *was* a disadvantage. But it was a disadvantage which applied chiefly to novels. The new influx of readers in our times, the collateral affluents into the main stream from the mechanic and provincial sections of our population, which have centupled the volume of the original current, cannot be held as telling favorably upon literature, or telling at all, except in the departments of popularized science, of religion, of fictitious tales, and of journalism. To be a reader, is no longer, as once it was, to be of a meditative turn. To be a *very* popular author is no longer that honorary distinction which once it might have been amongst a more elevated because more select body of readers. We

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do not say this invidiously, or with any special reference. But it is evident that writers and readers must often act and reäct for reciprocal degradation. A writer of this day, either in France or England, to be *very* popular, must be a story-teller; which is a function of literature neither very noble in itself, nor, secondly, tending to permanence. All novels whatever, the best equally with the worst, have faded almost with the generation that produced them. This is a curse written as a superscription above the whole class. The modes of combining characters, the particular objects selected for sympathy, the diction, and often the manners,[13] hold up an imperfect mirror to any generation that is not their own. And the reader of novels belonging to an obsolete era, whilst acknowledging the skill of the groupings, or the beauty of the situations, misses the echo to that particular revelation of human nature which has met him in the social aspects of his own day; or too often he is perplexed by an expression which, having dropped into a lower use, disturbs the unity of the impression, or is revolted by a coarse sentiment, which increasing refinement has made unsuitable to the sex or to the rank of the character. How bestial and degrading at this day seem many of the scenes in Smollett! How coarse are the ideals of Fielding! — his odious Squire Western, his odious Tom Jones! What a gallery of histrionic masqueraders is thrown open in the novels of Richardson, powerful as they were once found by the two leading nations of the earth. A popular writer, therefore, who, *in order* to be popular, must speak through novels, speaks to what is least permanent in

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human sensibilities. That is already to be self-degraded. *Secondly*, because the novel-reading class is by far the most comprehensive one, and, being such, must count as a large majority amongst its members those who are poor in capacities of thinking, and are passively resigned to the instinct of immediate pleasure — to these the writer must chiefly humble himself; he must study *their* sympathies, must assume them, must give them back. In our days, he must give them back even their own street slang; so servile is the modern novelist's dependence on his *canaille* of an audience. In France, amongst the Sues, &c., it has been found necessary to give back even the closest portraits of obscene atrocities that shun the light, and burrow only in the charnel-houses of vast manufacturing towns. Finally, the very principle of commanding attention only by the interest of a tale, which means the interest of a momentary curiosity that is to vanish forever in a sense of satiation, and of a momentary suspense, that, having once collapsed, can never be rekindled, is in itself a confession of reliance upon the meaner offices of the mind. The result from all which is — that to be popular in the most extensive walk of popularity, that is, as a novelist, a writer must generally be in a very considerable degree self-degraded by sycophancy to the lowest order of minds, and cannot (except for mercenary purposes) think himself advantageously placed.

To have missed, therefore, this enormous expansion of the reading public, however unfortunate for Goldsmith's purse, was a great escape for his intellectual purity. Every man has two-edged tendencies lurking

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within himself, pointing in one direction to what will expand the elevating principles of his nature, pointing in another to what will tempt him to its degradation. A mob is a dreadful audience for chafing and irritating the latent vulgarisms of the human heart. Exaggeration and caricature, before such a tribunal, become inevitable, and sometimes almost a duty. The genial but not very delicate humor of Goldsmith would in such circumstances have slipped, by the most natural of transitions, into buffoonery; the unaffected pathos of Goldsmith would, by a monster audience, have been debauched into theatrical sentimentality. All the motions of Goldsmith's nature moved in the direction of the true, the natural, the sweet, the gentle. In the quiet times, politically speaking, through which his course of life travelled, he found a musical echo to the tenor of his own original sensibilities — in the architecture of European history, as it unfolded its proportions along the line of his own particular experience, there was a symmetry with the propositions of his own unpretending mind. Our revolutionary age would have unsettled his brain. The colossal movements of nations, from within and from without; the sorrow of the times, which searches so deeply; the grandeur of the times, which aspires so loftily; these forces, acting for the last fifty years by secret sympathy upon our fountains of thinking and impassioned speculation, have raised them from depths never visited by our fathers, into altitudes too dizzy for *their* contemplating. This generation and the last, with their dreadful records, would have untuned Goldsmith for writing in the key that suited him: and *us*

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they would have untuned for understanding his music, had we not learned to understand it in childhood, before the muttering hurricanes in the upper air had begun to reach our young ears, and forced them away to the thundering overhead, from the carolling of birds amongst earthly powers.

Goldsmith, therefore, as regards the political aspects of his own times, was fortunately placed; a thrush or a nightingale is hushed by the thunderings which are awakening to Jove's eagle. But an author stands in relation to other influences than political; and some of these are described by Mr. Forster as peculiarly unfavorable to comfort and respectability at the era of Goldsmith's novitiate in literature. Will Mr. Forster excuse us for quarrelling with his whole doctrine upon this subject — a subject and a doctrine continually forced upon our attention, in these days, by the extending lines of our own literary order, and continually refreshed in warmth of coloring by the contrast as regards *social* consideration, between our literary body and the corresponding order in France. The questions arising have really a general interest, as well as a special one, in connection with Goldsmith; and therefore we shall stir them a little, not with any view of exhausting the philosophy that is applicable to the case, but simply of amusing some readers (since Pliny's remark on history is much more true of literature or literary gossip, namely, that "*quoquo* modo scripta delectat"); and with the more ambitious purpose of recalling some other readers from precipitate conclusions upon a subject where nearly all that is most plausible happens to be most untrue.

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Mr. Forster, in his views upon the *social* rights of literature, is rowing pretty nearly in the same boat as Mr. Carlyle in *his* views upon the rights of labor. Each denounces, or by implication denounces, as an oppression and a nuisance, what *we* believe to be a necessity inalienable from the economy and structure of our society. Some years ago Mr. Carlyle offended us all (or all of us that were interested in social philosophy) by enlarging on a social affliction, which few indeed needed to see exposed, but most men would have rejoiced to see remedied, if it were but on paper, and by way of tentative suggestion. Precisely at that point, however, where his aid was invoked, Mr. Carlyle halted. So does Mr. Forster with regard to *his* grievance; he states it, and we partly understand him — as ancient Pistol says — "We hear him with ears;" and when we wait for him to go on, saying — "Well, here 's a sort of evil in life, how would you redress it? you 've shown, or you 've made another hole in the tin-kettle of society; how do you propose to tinker it?" — behold! he is suddenly almost silent. But this cannot be allowed. The right to insist upon a well-known grievance cannot be granted to that man (Mr. Carlyle, for instance, or Mr. Forster) who uses it as matter of blame and denunciation, unless, at the same time, he points out the methods by which it could have been prevented. He that simply bemoans an evil has a right to his moan, though he should make no pretensions to a remedy; but he that criminates, that imputes the evil as a fault, that charges the evil upon selfishness or neglect lurking in some alterable arrangements of society, has no right to do so, unless he can

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instantly sketch the remedy; for the very first step by which he could have learned that the evil involved a blame, the first step that could have entitled him to denounce it as a wrong, must have been that step which brought him within the knowledge (wanting to everybody else) that it admitted of a cure. A wrong it could not have been even in *his* eyes, so long as it was a necessity, nor a ground of complaint until the cure appeared to him a possibility. And the overriding motto for these parallel speculations of Messrs. Carlyle and Forster, in relation to the frailties of our social system, ought to have been, "*Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis.*" Unless with this watchword they had no right to commence their crusading march. *Curable* evils justify clamorous complaints; the incurable justify only prayers.

Why it was that Mr. Carlyle, in particular, halted so steadily at the point where his work of love was first beginning, it is not difficult to guess. As the "Statutes at large" have not one word against the liberty of unlicensed hypothesis, it is conceivable that Mr. C. might have indulged a little in that agreeable pastime; but this, he was well aware, would have brought him in one moment under the fire of Political Economy, from the whole vast line of its modern batteries. These gentlemen, the economists, would have torn to ribbons, within fifteen minutes, any *positive* speculation for amending the evil. It was better, therefore. to keep within the trenches of the blank negative, pointing to everything as *wrong*—horribly wrong, but never hinting at the mysterious *right;* which. to this

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day, we grieve to say, remains as mysterious as ever.[134]

Passing to Mr. Forster, who (being capable of a splendor so original) disappoints us most when he reminds us of Mr. Carlyle, by the most disagreeable of that gentleman's phraseological forms; and, in this instance, by a speculation twin-sister to the economic one just noticed; we beg to premise that in anything here said, it is far from our wish to express disaffection to the cause of our literary brothers. We grudge them nothing that they are ever likely to get. We wish even that the House of Commons would see cause for creating *majorats* in behalf of us all; only whispering in the ear of that honorable House to appoint a Benjamin's portion to ourselves, as the parties who suggested the idea. But what is the use of benevolently bequeathing larks for dinner to all literary men, in all time coming, if the sky must fall before they can bag our bequest? We shall discuss Mr. Forster's views, not perhaps according to any arrangement of his, but according to the order in which they come back to our own remembrance.

Goldsmith's period, Mr. F. thinks, was bad — not merely by the transitional misfortune (before noticed) of coming too late for the patron, and too soon for the public (which is the compound ill-luck of being a day after one fair, and a month too soon for the next), — but also by some coöperation in this evil destiny through misconduct on the part of authors themselves (p. 70). Not "the circumstances" only of authors were damaged, but the "literary character" itself. We are sorry to hear *that*. But, as long as they did

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not commit murder, we have a great indulgence for the frailties of authors. If ever the "benefit of clergy" could be fairly pleaded, it might have been by Grub Street for petty larceny. The "clergy" they surely could have pleaded; and the call for larceny was so audible in their condition, that in *them* it might be called an instinct of self-preservation, which surely was not implanted in man to be disobeyed. One word allow us to say on these three topics:—1. The condition of the literary body in its hard-working section at the time when Goldsmith belonged to it. 2. Upon the condition of that body in England as compared with that of the corresponding body in France. 3. Upon the condition of the body in relation to patronage purely *political*.

1. The pauperized (or Grub Street) section of the literary body, at the date of Goldsmith's taking service amongst it, was (in Mr. Forster's estimate) at its very lowest point of depression. And one comic presumption in favor of that notion we ourselves remember; namely, that Smart, the prose translator of Horace, and a well-built scholar, actually *let* himself out to a monthly journal on a regular lease of ninety-nine years.[185] What could move the rapacious publisher to draw the lease for this monstrous term of years, we cannot conjecture. Surely the villain might have been content with threescore years and ten. But think, reader, of poor Smart two years after, upon another publisher's applying to him vainly for contributions, and angrily demanding what possible objection could be made to offers so liberal, being reduced to answer — "No objection, sir, whatever, except an unexpired term of ninety-

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seven years yet to run." The bookseller saw that he must not apply again in *that* century; and, in fact, Smart could no longer let himself, but must be sub-let (if let at all) by the original lessee. Query now — was Smart entitled to vote as a freeholder, and Smart's children (if any were born during the currency of the lease), would they be serfs, and *ascripti prelo?* Goldsmith's own terms of self-conveyance to Griffiths — the terms we mean on which he "conveyed" his person and free-agency to the uses of the said Griffiths (or his assigns?) — do not appear to have been much more dignified than Smart's in the quality of the *conditions*, though considerably so in the duration of the *term;* Goldsmith's lease being only for one year, and not for ninety-nine, so that he had (as the reader perceives) a clear ninety-eight years at his own disposal. We suspect that poor Oliver, in his guileless heart, never congratulated himself on having made a more felicitous bargain. Indeed, it was not so bad, if everything be considered; Goldsmith's situation at the time was bad; and for that very reason the lease (otherwise monstrous) was *not* bad. He was to have lodging, board, and "a small salary," *very* small, we suspect; and in return for all these blessings, he had nothing to do, but to sit still at a table, to work hard from an early hour in the morning until 2 P. M. (at which elegant hour we presume that the parenthesis of dinner occurred), but also — which, not being an article in the lease, might have been set aside, on a motion before the King's Bench — to endure without mutiny the correction and revisal of all his MSS. by *Mrs.* Griffiths, wife to Dr. G. the lessee. This affliction of Mrs. *Dr.*

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G. surmounting his shoulders, and controlling his pen, seems to us not at all less dreadful than that of Sinbad when indorsed with the old man of the sea; and we, in Goldsmith's place, should certainly have tried how far Sinbad's method of abating the nuisance had lost its efficacy by time, namely, the tempting our oppressor to get drunk once or twice a day, and then suddenly throwing Mrs. Dr. G. off her perch. From that "bad eminence," which she had audaciously usurped, what harm could there be in thus dismounting this "old *woman* of the sea"? And as to an occasional thump or so on the head, which Mrs. Dr. G. might have caught in tumbling, that was *her* look-out; and might besides have improved her style. For really now, if the candid reader will believe us, we know a case, odd certainly but very true, where a young man, an author by trade,[136] who wrote pretty well, happening to tumble out of a first-floor in London, was afterwards observed to grow very perplexed and almost unintelligible in his style; until some years later, having the good fortune (like Wallenstein at Vienna) to tumble out of a two-pair of stairs window, he slightly fractured his skull, but, on the other hand, recovered the brilliancy of his long fractured style. Some people there are of our acquaintance who would need to tumble out of the attic story before they could seriously improve their style.

Certainly these conditions — the hard work, the being chained by the leg to the writing-table, and above all the having one's pen chained to that of Mrs. Dr. Griffiths, *do* seem to countenance Mr. F.'s idea, that Goldsmith's period was the purgatory of authors. And we freely confess — that excepting Smart's ninety-nine

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years' lease, or the contract between the Devil and Dr. Faustus, we never heard of a harder bargain driven with any literary man. Smart, Faustus, and Goldsmith, were clearly overreached. Yet, after all, was this treatment in any important point (excepting as regards Dr. Faustus) worse than that given to the whole college of Grub Street in the days of Pope? The first edition of the Dunciad dates from 1727: Goldsmith's matriculation in Grub Street dates from 1757—just thirty years later; which is one generation. And it is important to remember that Goldsmith, at this time in his twenty-ninth year, was simply an usher at an obscure boarding-school; had never practised writing for the press; and had not even himself any faith at all in his own capacity for writing. It is a singular fact, which we have on Goldsmith's own authority, that until his thirtieth year (that is, the year he spent with Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths) it never entered into his head that literature was his natural vocation. That vanity, which has been so uncandidly and sometimes so falsely attributed to Goldsmith, was compatible, we see, if at all it existed, with the humblest estimate of himself. Still, however much this deepens our regard for a man of so much genius united with so much simplicity and unassumingness, humility would not be likely to raise his salary; and we must not forget that his own want of self-esteem would reasonably operate on the terms offered by Griffiths. A man, who regarded himself as little more than an amanuensis, could not expect much better wages than an under-gardener, which perhaps he had. And, weighing all this, we see little to have altered in the lease—that was fair enough; only as

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regarded the execution of the lease, we really must have protested, under any circumstances, against Mrs. Doctor Griffiths. That woman would have broken the back of a camel, which must be supposed tougher than the heart of an usher. There we should have made a ferocious stand; and should have struck for much higher wages, before we could have brought our mind to think of capitulation. It is remarkable, however, that this year of humble servitude was not only (or, as if by accident) the epoch of Goldsmith's intellectual development, but also the occasion of it. Nay, if all were known, perhaps it may have been to Mrs. Doctor Griffiths in particular that we owe that revolution in his self-estimation which made Goldsmith an author by deliberate choice. Hag-ridden every day, he must have plunged and kicked violently to break loose from this harness; but, not impossibly, the very effort of contending with the hag when brought into collision with his natural desire to soothe the hag, and the inevitable counter-impulse in any continued practice of composition, towards the satisfaction at the same time of his own reason and taste, must have furnished a most salutary *palæstra* for the education of his literary powers. When one lives at Rome, one must do as they do at Rome: when one lives with a hag, one must accommodate oneself to haggish caprices; besides, that once in a month the hag might be right; or if not, and supposing her *always* in the wrong, which perhaps is too much to assume even of Mrs. Dr. G., *that* would but multiply the difficulties of reconciling *her* demands with the demands of the general reader and of Goldsmith's own judgment. And in the pres-

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sure of these difficulties would lie the very value of this rough Spartan education. Rope-dancing cannot be very agreeable in its elementary lessons; but it must be a capital process for calling out the agilities that slumber in a man's legs.

Still, though these hardships turned out so beneficially to Goldsmith's intellectual interests, and, consequently, so much to the advantage of all who have since delighted in his works, not the less on that account they *were* hardships, and hardships that imposed heavy degradation. So far, therefore, they would seem to justify Mr. Forster's characterization of Goldsmith's period by comparison with Addison's period[137] on the one side, and our own on the other. But, on better examination, it will be found that this theory is sustained only by an unfair selection of the antithetic objects in the comparison. Compare Addison's age *generally* with Goldsmith's — authors, prosperous or unprosperous, in each age taken indiscriminately — and the two ages will be found to offer "much of a muchness." But, if you take the paupers of one generation to contrast with the grandees of another, how is there any justice in the result? Goldsmith at starting was a penniless man. Except by random accidents he had not money enough to buy a rope, in case he had fancied himself in want of such a thing. Addison, on the contrary, was the son of a tolerably rich man; lived gayly at a most aristocratic college (Magdalen), in a most aristocratic university; formed early and brilliant connections with the political party that were magnificently preponderant until the last four years of Queen Anne; travelled on the Continent, not as a

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pedestrian mendicant, housing with owls, and thankful for the bounties of a village fair, but with the appointments and introduction of a young nobleman; and became a secretary of state, not by means of his "delicate humor," as Mr. Forster chooses to suppose, but through splendid patronage, and (speaking *Hibernicé*) through a "strong back." His bad verses, his Blenheim, his Cato, in later days, and other rubbish, had been the only part of his works that aided his rise; and even these would have availed him little, had he not originally possessed a *locus standi*, from which he could serve his artilleries of personal flatteries with commanding effect, and could *profit* by his successes. As to the really exquisite part of his writings, *that* did him no yeoman's service at all, nor *could* have done; for he was a made man, and had almost received notice to quit this world of prosperous whiggery, before he had finished those exquisite prose miscellanies. Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, &c., all owed their social positions to early accidents of good connections and sometimes of luck, which would not, indeed, have supplied the place of personal merit, but which gave lustre and effect to merit where it existed in strength. There were authors quite as poor as Goldsmith in the Addisonian age; there were authors quite as rich as Pope, Steele, &c., in Goldsmith's age, and having the same social standing. Goldsmith struggled with so much distress, not because his period was more inauspicious, but because his connections and starting advantages were incomparably less important. His profits were so trivial because his capital was next to none.

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So far, as regards the comparison between Goldsmith's age and the one immediately before it. But now, as regards the comparison with our own, removed by two generations — can it be said truly that the literary profession has risen in estimation, or is rising? There is a difficulty in making such an appraisement; and from different minds there would proceed very different appraisements; and even from the same mind, surveying the case at different stations. For, on the one hand, if a greater breadth of social respectability catches the eye on looking carelessly over the body of our modern literati, which may be owing chiefly to the large increase of gentlemen that in our day have entered the field of literature; on the other hand, the hacks and *handicraftsmen* whom the shallow education of newspaper journalism has introduced to the press, and whom poverty compels to labors not meriting the name of literature, are correspondingly expanding their files. There is, however, one reason from analogy, which may incline us to suppose that a higher consideration is now generally conceded to the purposes of literature, and, consequently, a juster estimate made of the persons who minister to those purposes. Literature — provided we use that word not for the mere literature of knowledge, but for the literature of power, using it for literature as it speaks to what is genial in man, namely, to the human *spirit*, and *not* for literature (falsely so called) as it speaks to the meagre understanding — is a fine art; and not only so, it is the supreme of the fine arts; nobler, for instance, potentially, than painting, or sculpture, or architecture. Now *all* the fine arts, *that popularly are*

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called such, have risen in esteem within the last generation. The most aristocratic of men will now ask into his own society an artist, whom fifty years ago he would have transferred to the house-steward's table And why? Not simply because more attention having been directed to the arts, more notoriety has gathered about the artist; for that sort of *éclat* would not work any durable change; but it is because the interest in the arts having gradually become much more of an enlightened interest, the public has been slowly trained to fix its attention upon the *intellect* which is presupposed in the arts, rather than upon the offices of *pleasure* to which they minister. The fine arts have now come to be regarded rather as powers that are to mould, than as luxuries that are to embellish. And it has followed that artists are valued more by the elaborate agencies which they guide, than by the fugitive sensations of wonder or sympathy which they evoke.

Now this is a change honorable to both sides. The public has altered its estimate of certain men; and yet has not been able to do so, without previously enlarging its idea of the means through which those men operate. It could not elevate the men, without previously elevating itself. But, if so, then, in correcting their appreciation of the fine arts, the public must simultaneously have corrected their appreciation of literature; because, whether men have or have not been in the habit of regarding literature as a fine art, this they must have felt, namely, that literature, in its more genial functions, works by the very same organs as the liberal arts, speaks to the same heart, operates through the same compound nature, and educates the same deep

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sympathies with mysterious ideals of beauty. *There* lies the province of the arts usually acknowledged as fine or liberal; *there* lies the province of fine or liberal literature. And with justifiable pride a *littérateur* may say — that *his* fine art wields a sceptre more potent than any other; literature is more potent than other fine arts, because *deeper* in its impressions according to the usual tenor of human sensibilities; because more *extensive*, in the degree that books are more diffused than pictures or statues; because more *durable*, in the degree that language is durable beyond marble or canvas, and in the degree that vicarious powers are opened to books for renewing their phœnix immortality through unlimited translations; powers denied to painting except through copies that are feeble, and denied to sculpture except to casts that are costly.

We infer that, as the fine arts have been rising, literature (on the secret feeling that essentially it moves by the same powers) must also have been rising; that, as the arts will continue to rise, literature will continue to rise; and that, in both cases, the men, the ministers, must ascend in social consideration as the things, the ministrations, ascend. But there is another form, in which the same result offers itself to our notice; and this should naturally be the last paragraph in this section 1, but, as we have little room to spare, it may do equally well as the first paragraph in section 2, namely, on the condition of our own literary body by comparison with the same body in France.

2. Who were the people amongst ourselves, that, throughout the eighteenth century, chiefly came for

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ward as undervaluers of literature? They belonged to two very different classes — the aristocracy and the commercial body, who agreed in the thing, but on very different impulses. To the mercantile man, the author was an object of ridicule, from natural poverty; *natural*, because there was no regular connection between literature and any mode of money-making. By accident the author might *not* be poor, but professionally, or according to any obvious opening for an income, he *was*. Poverty was the badge of all his tribe. Amongst the aristocracy, the instinct of contempt, or at least of slight regard towards literature, was supported by the irrelation of literature to the *state*. Aristocracy itself was the flower and fruitage of the state; a nobility was possible only in the ratio of the grandeur and magnificence developed for *social* results; so that a poor and unpopulous nation cannot create a great aristocracy: the flower and foliation must be in relation to the stem and the radix out of which they germinate. Inevitably, therefore, a nobility so great as the English — that not in pride, but in the mere logic of its political relations, felt its order to be a sort of heraldic shield, charged with the trophies and ancestral glories of the nation — could not but in its *public* scale of appreciation estimate every profession and rank of men by the mode of their natural connection with the state. Law and arms, for instance, were honored, not because any capricious precedent had been established of a title to public honor in favor of those professions, but because, through their essential functions, they opened for themselves a permanent necessity of introsusception into the organism of the state. A great

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law officer, a great military leader, a popular admiral, is already, by virtue of his functions, a noble in men's account, whether you gave or refused him a title; and in such cases it has always been the policy of an aristocratic state to confer, or even impose the title, lest the disjunction of the virtual nobility from the titular should gradually disturb the estimate of the latter But literature, by its very grandeur, is degraded socially; for its relations are essentially cosmopolitan, or, speaking more strictly, not cosmopolitan, which might mean to all other peoples considered as national states, whereas literature has no relation to any sections or social schisms amongst men — its relations are to the race. In proportion as any literary work rises in its pretensions; for instance, if it works by the highest forms of passion, its *nisus*, its natural effort is to address the race, and not any individual nation. That it found a bar to this *nisus*, in a limited language, was but an accident: the essential relations of every great intellectual work are to those capacities in man by which he tends to brotherhood, and not to those by which he tends to alienation. Man is ever coming nearer to agreement, ever narrowing his differences, notwithstanding that the interspace may cost an eternity to traverse. Where the agreement is, not where the difference is, in the centre of a man's affinities, not of his repulsions, *there* lies the magnetic centre towards which all poetry that is potent, and all philosophy that is faithful, are eternally travelling by natural tendency. Consequently, if indirectly literature may hold a patriotic value as a gay plumage in the cap of a nation, directly, and, by a far deeper tendency, litera-

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ture is essentially alien. A poet, a book, a system of religion, belongs to the nation best qualified for appreciating their powers, and not to the nation that, perhaps by accident, gave them birth. How, then, is it wonderful that an intense organ of the social principle in a nation, namely, a nobility, should fail, in their professional character, to rate highly, or even to recognize, as having any proper existence, a fine art which is by tendency anti-social (anti-social in this sense, that what it seeks, it seeks by transcending all social barriers and separations)? Yet it is remarkable that in England, where the aristocracy for three centuries (16th, 17th, 18th) paid so little honor, in their public or corporate capacity, to literature, privately they honored it with a rare courtesy. That same grandee, who would have looked upon Camden, Ben Jonson, Selden, or Hobbes, as an audacious intruder, if occupying any prominent station at a state festival, would have received him with a kind of filial reverence in his own mansion; for, in this place, as having no national reference, as sacred to hospitality, which regards the human tie, and not the civic tie, he would be at liberty to regard the man of letters in his cosmopolitan character. And on the same instinct, a prince in the very meanest state, would, in a state-pageant commemorating the national honors, assign a distinguished place to the national high admiral, though he were the most stupid of men, and would utterly neglect the stranger Columbus. But in his own palace, and at his own table, he would perhaps invert this order of precedency, and would place Columbus at his own right hand.

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Some such principle, as is here explained, did certainly prevail in the practice (whether consciously perceived or not in the philosophy) of that England, which extended through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. First, in the eighteenth century all honor to literature, under *any* relation, began to give way. And why? Because expanding politics, expanding partisanship, and expanding journalism, then first called into the field of literature an inferior class of laborers. Then first it was that, from the noblest of professions, literature became a trade. Literature it was that gave the first wound to literature; the hack scribbler it was that first degraded the lofty literary artist. For a century and a half we have lived under the shade of this fatal revolution. But, however painful such a state of things may be to the keen sensibilities of men pursuing the finest of vocations — carrying forward as inheritors from past generations the eternal chase after truth, and power, and beauty — still we must hold that the dishonor to literature has issued from internal sources proper to herself, and not from without. The nobility of England have, for three and a half centuries, personally practised literature as an elevated accomplishment: our royal and noble authors are numerous; and they would have continued the same cordial attentions to the literary body, had that body maintained the same honorable composition. But a *littérateur*, simply *as* such, it is no longer safe to distinguish with favor; once, but not now, he was liable to no misjudgment. Once he was pretty sure to be a man of some genius, or, at the least, of unusual scholarship. Now, on the contrary,

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a mob of traitors have mingled with the true men, and the loyal perish with the disloyal, because it is impossible, in a mob, so vast and fluctuating, for the artillery of avenging scorn to select its victims.

All this, bitter in itself, has become *more* bitter from the contrast furnished by France. We know that literature has long been misappreciated amongst ourselves. In France it has long been otherwise appreciated — more advantageously appreciated. And we infer that therefore it is in France more wisely appreciated. But this does not follow. We have ever been of opinion that the valuation of literature in France, or at least of current literature, and as it shows itself in the treatment of literary men, is unsound, extravagant, and that it rests upon a basis originally false. Simply to have been the translator from the English of some prose book, a history or a memoir, neither requiring nor admitting any display of mastery over the resources of language, conferred, throughout the eighteenth century, so advantageous a position in society upon one whom we English should view as a literary scrub or mechanic drudge, that we really had a right to expect the laws of France and the court ceremonies to reflect this feature of public manners. Naturally, for instance, any man honored so preposterously ought in law to have enjoyed, in right of his book, the *jus trium liberorum*, and perpetual immunity from taxes. Or again, as regards ceremonial honors, on any fair scale of proportions, it was reasonable to expect that to any man who had gone into a fourth edition, the royal sentinels should present arms; that to the author of a successful tragedy, the guard should

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everywhere turn out; and that an epic poet, if ever such a difficult birth should make its epiphany in Paris, must look to have his approach towards a *soirée* announced by a salvo of a hundred and one guns.

Our space will not allow us to go into the illustrative details of this monstrous anomaly in French society. We confine ourselves to its cause — as sufficiently explaining why it is that no imitation of such absurdities can or ought to prosper in England. The same state of things, under a different modification, takes place in Germany; and from the very same cause. Is it not monstrous, or *was* it not until within recent days, to find every German city drawing the pedantic materials and the pedantic interest of its staple conversation from the systems and the conflicts of a few rival academic professors? Generally these paramount lords of German conversation, that swayed its movements this way or that, as a lively breeze sways a cornfield, were metaphysicians; Fichte, for instance, and Hegel. These were the arid sands that bibulously absorbed all the perennial gushings of German enthusiasm. France of the last century and the modern Germany were, as to this point, on the same level of foolishness. But France had greatly the advantage in point of liberality. For general literature furnishes topics a thousand times more graceful and fitted to blend with social pleasure, than the sapless problems of ontological systems meant only for scholastic use.

But what then was the cause of this social deformity? Why was literature allowed eventually to disfigure itself by disturbing the natural currents of

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conversation, to make itself odious by usurpation, and thus virtually to operate as a mode of pedantry? It was because in neither land had the people any power of free discussion. It was because every question growing out of religion, or connecting itself with laws, or with government, or with governors, with political interests or political machineries, or with judical courts, was an interdicted theme. The mind sought in despair for some free area wide enough to allow of boundless openings for individualities of sentiment — human enough to sustain the interests of festive discussion. That open area was found in books. In Paris to talk of politics was to talk of the king; *l'état c'est moi;* to talk of the king in any spirit of discussion, to talk of that *Jupiter optimus maximus*, from whom all fountains flowed of good and evil things, before whom stood the two golden urns, one filled with *lettres de cachet*, the other with crosses, pensions, offices, what was it but to dance on the margin of a volcano, or to swim cotillons in the suction of a maelstrom? Hence it was that literature became the only safe colloquial subject of a general nature in old France; hence it was that literature furnished the only "open questions;" and hence it *is* that the mode and the expression of honor to literature in France has continued to this hour tainted with false and histrionic feeling, because originally it grew up from spurious roots, prospered unnaturally upon deep abuses in the system, and at this day (so far as it still lingers) memorializes the political bondage of the nation. Cleanse, therefore — is our prayer — cleanse, O, unknown Hercules! this

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Augéan stable of our English current literature, rich in dunghills, rich therefore in precipitate mushroom and fraudulent fungus, yet rich also (if we may utter our real thoughts) — rich preëminently at this hour in seed-plots of immortal growths, and in secret vegetations of volcanic strength; — cleanse it (O coming man!) but not by turning through it any river of Lethe, such as for two centuries swept over the literature of France. Purifying waters were these in one sense; they banished the accumulated depositions of barbarism; they banished Gothic tastes; yes, but they did this by laying asleep the nobler activities of a great people, and reconciling them to forgetfulness of all which commanded them as duties, or whispered to them as rights.

If, therefore, the false homage of France towards literature still survives, it is no object for imitation amongst *us;* since it arose upon a vicious element in the social composition of that people. Partially it *does* survive, as we all know by the experience of the last twenty years, during which authors, and *as* authors (not like Mirabeau or Talleyrand in spite of authorship), have been transferred from libraries to senates and privy councils. This has done no service to literature, but, on the contrary, has degraded it by seducing the children of literature from their proper ambition. It is the glory of literature to rise as if on wings into an atmosphere nobler than that of political intrigue. And the whole result to French literature has been, — that some ten or twelve of the leading literati have been tempted away by bribes from their

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appropriate duties, while some five thousand have been made envious and discontented.

At this point, when warned suddenly that the hour glass is running out, which measures our residuum of flying minutes, we first perceive, on looking round, that we have actually been skirmishing with Mr. Forster, from the beginning of our paper to this very line; and thus we have left ourselves but a corner for the main purpose (to which our other purpose of "argle-bargling" was altogether subordinate) of expressing emphatically our thanks to him for this successful labor of love in restoring a half-subverted statue to its upright position. We are satisfied that many thousands of readers will utter the same thanks to him, with equal fervor and with the same sincerity. Admiration for the versatile ability with which he has pursued his object is swallowed up for the moment in gratitude for his perfect success. It might have been imagined, that exquisite truth of household pathos, and of humor, with happy graces of style plastic as the air or the surface of a lake to the pure impulses of nature, sweeping them by the motions of her eternal breath, were qualities authorized to justify themselves before the hearts of men, in defiance of all that sickly scorn or the condescension of masquerading envy could avail for their disturbance. And so they are; and left to plead for themselves at such a bar as unbiased human hearts, they could not have their natural influences intercepted. But, in the case of Goldsmith, literary traditions have *not* left these qualities to their natural influences. It is a fact that up to this hour the contemporary falsehoods at Goldsmith's expense, and (worse perhaps than those false-

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hoods the malicious constructions of incidents partly true, having wings lent to them by the levity and amusing gossip of Boswell, continue to obstruct the full ratification of Goldsmith's pretensions. To this hour the scorn from many of his own age, runs side by side with the misgiving sense of his real native power. A feeling still survives, originally derived from his own age, that the "inspired idiot," wherever he succeeded, ought *not* to have succeeded, — having owed his success to accident, or even to some inexplicable perverseness in running counter to his own nature. It was by shooting awry that he had hit the mark; and, when most he came near to the bull's eye, most of all "by rights" he ought to have missed it. He had blundered into the Traveller, into Mr. Croaker, into Tony Lumkin; and not satisfied with such dreadful blunders as these, he had consummated his guilt by blundering into the Vicar of Wakefield, and the Deserted Village; atrocities over which, in effect, we are requested to drop the veil of human charity; since, the more gem-like we may choose to think these works, the more unnatural, audacious, and indeed treasonable, it was in an idiot to produce them.

In this condition of Goldsmith's traditionary character, so injuriously disturbing to the natural effect of his inimitable works (for in its own class each of his best works *is* inimitable), Mr. Forster steps forward with a three-fold exposure of the falsehood inherent in the anecdotes upon which this traditional character has arisen. Some of these anecdotes he challenges as *literally* false; others as virtually so. They are true, perhaps, but under such a version of their circumstances as

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would altogether take out the sting of their offensive in terpretation. For others again, and this is a profounder service, he furnishes a most just and philosophic explanation, that brings them at once within the reader's toleration, nay, sometimes within a deep reaction of pity. As a case, for instance, of downright falsehood, we may cite the well-known story told by Boswell, — that, when Goldsmith travelled in France with some beautiful young English women (meaning the Miss Hornecks), he was seriously uneasy at the attentions which they received from the gallantry of Frenchmen, as intruding upon his own claims. Now this story, in logical phrase, proves too much. For the man who *could* have expressed such feelings in such a situation must have been ripe for Bedlam. Coleridge mentions a man who entertained so exalted an opinion of himself, and of his own right to apotheosis, that he never uttered that great pronoun "*I*," without solemnly taking off his hat. Even to the oblique case "*me*," which no compositor ever honors with a capital *M*, and to the possessive pronoun *my* and *mine*, he held it a duty to kiss his hand. Yet this bedlamite would not have been a competitor with a lady for the attentions paid to her in right of her sex. In Goldsmith's case, the whole allegation was dissipated in the most decisive way. Some years after Goldsmith's death, one of the sisters personally concerned in the case was unaffectedly shocked at the printed story, when coming to her knowledge, as a gross calumny; her sorrow made it evident that the whole had been a malicious distortion of some light-hearted gayety uttered by Goldsmith. There is little doubt that the story of the bloom-

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colored coat, and of the puppet-show, rose on a similar basis — the calumnious perversion of a jest.

But in other cases, where there really *may* have been some fretful expression of self-esteem, Mr. Forster's explanation transfers the foible to a truer and a more pathetic station. Goldsmith's own precipitancy, his overmastering defect in proper reserve, in self-control, and in presence of mind, falling in with the habitual undervaluation of many amongst his associates, placed him at a great disadvantage in animated conversation. His very truthfulness, his simplicity, his frankness, his hurry of feeling, all told against him. They betrayed him into inconsiderate expressions that lent a color of plausibility to the malicious ridicule of those who disliked him the more, from being compelled, after all, to respect him. His own understanding oftentimes sided with his disparagers. He *saw* that he had been in the wrong; whilst secretly he *felt* that his meaning — if properly explained — had been right. Defrauded in this way, and by his own coöperation, of distinctions that naturally belonged to him, he was driven unconsciously to attempt some restoration of the balance, by claiming for a moment distinctions to which he had no real pretensions. The whole was a trick of sorrow, and of sorrowing perplexity. He felt that no justice had been done to him, and that he himself had made an opening for the wrong. The result he saw, but the process he could not disentangle; and, in the confusion of his distress, natural irritation threw him upon blind efforts to recover his ground by unfounded claims, when claims so well-founded had been maliciously disallowed.

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But a day of accounting comes at last, — a day of rehearing for the cause, and of revision for the judgment. The longer this review has been delayed, the more impressive it becomes in the changes which it works. Welcome is the spectacle when, after three-fourths of a century have passed away, a writer — qualified for such a task, by ample knowledge of things and persons, by great powers for a comprehensive estimate of the case, and for a splendid exposition of its results, with deep sensibility to the merits of the man chiefly concerned in the issue, enthusiastic, but without partisanship — comes forward to unsettle false verdicts, to recombine misarranged circumstances, and to explain anew misinterpreted facts. Such a man wields the authority of heraldic marshals. Like the Otho of the Roman theatre, he has power to raise or to degrade — to give or to take away precedency. But, like this Otho, he has so much power because he exercises it on known principles, and without caprice. To the man of true genius, like Goldsmith, when seating himself in humility on the lowest bench, he says, "Go thou up to a higher place. Seat thyself above those proud men, that once trampled thee in the dust. Be thy memorial upon earth, not (as of some who scorned thee) 'the whistling of a name.' Be thou remembered amongst men by tears of tenderness, by happy laughter untainted with malice, and by the benedictions of those that, reverencing man's nature, see gladly its frailties brought within the gracious smile of human charity, and its nobilities levelled to the apprehension of simplicity and innocence."

Over every grave, even though tenanted by guilt and

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shame, the human heart, when circumstantially made acquainted with its silent records of suffering or temptation, yearns in love or in forgiveness to breathe a solemn *Requiescat!* How much more, then, over the grave of a benefactor to the human race! But it is a natural feeling, with respect to such a prayer, that, however fervent and sincere, it has no perfect faith in its own validity, so long as any unsettled feud from ancient calumny hangs over the buried person. The undressed wrong seems to haunt the sepulchre in the shape of a perpetual disturbance to its rest. First of all, when this wrong has been adjudicated and expiated, is the *Requiescat* uttered with a perfect faith in itself. By a natural confusion we then transfer our own feelings to the occupant of the grave. The tranquillization to our own wounded sense of justice seems like an atonement to *his*: the peace for *us* transforms itself under a fiction of tenderness into a peace for *him:* the reconciliation between the world that did the wrong and the grave that seemed to suffer it, is accomplished; the reconciler, in such a case, whoever he may be, seems a double benefactor — to *him* that endured the injury — to *us* that resented it; and in the particular case now before the public, we shall all be ready to agree that this reconciling friend, who might have entitled his work *Vindiciæ Oliverianæ*, has, by the piety of his service to a man of exquisite genius, so long and so foully misrepresented, earned a right to interweave forever his own cipher and cognizance in filial union with those of OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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ALEXANDER POPE.

Every great classic in our native language should from time to time be reviewed anew; and especially if he belongs in any considerable extent to that section of the literature which connects itself with manners; and if his reputation originally, or his style of composition, is likely to have been much influenced by the transient fashions of his own age. The withdrawal, for instance, from a dramatic poet, or a satirist, of any false lustre which he has owed to his momentary connection with what we may call the *personalities* of a fleeting generation, or of any undue shelter to his errors which may have gathered round them from political bias, or from intellectual infirmities amongst his partisans, will sometimes seriously modify, after a century or so, the fairest *original* appreciation of a fine writer. A window, composed of Claude Lorraine glasses, spreads over the landscape outside a disturbing effect, which not the most practised eye can evade. The *eidola theatri* effect us all. No man escapes the contagion from his contemporary bystanders. And the reader may see, further

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on, that, had Pope been merely a satiric poet, he must in these times have laid down much of the splendor which surrounds him in our traditional estimate of his merit. Such a renunciation would be a forfeit, not always to errors in himself, but sometimes to errors in that stage of English society, which forced the ablest writer into a collusion with its own meretricious tastes. The antithetical prose "characters," as they were technically termed, which circulated amongst the aristocracy in the early part of the last century, the style of the dialogue in such comedy as was then popular, and much of the occasional poetry in that age, expose an immoderate craving for glittering effects from contrasts too harsh to be natural, too sudden to be durable, and too fantastic to be harmonious. To meet this vicious taste, from which (as from any diffusive taste) it is vain to look for *perfect* immunity in any writer lying immediately under its beams, Pope sacrificed, in *one* mode of composition, the simplicities of nature and sincerity; and, had he practised no other mode, we repeat that *now* he must have descended from his pedestal. To some extent he is degraded even as it is; for the reader cannot avoid whispering to himself — what quality of thinking must *that* be which allies itself so naturally (as will be shown) with distortions of fact or of philosophic truth? But, had his whole writings been of that same cast, he must have been degraded altogether, and a star would have fallen from our English galaxy of poets.

We mention this particular case as a reason generally for renewing by intervals the examination of great writers, and liberating the verdict of their con-

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temporaries from the casual disturbances to which every age is liable in its judgments, and in its tastes. As books multiply to an unmanageable excess, selection becomes more and more a necessity for readers, and the power of selection more and more a desperate problem for the busy part of readers. The possibility of selecting wisely is becoming continually more hopeless, as the necessity for selection is becoming continually more crying. Exactly as the growing weight of books overlays and stifles the power of comparison, *pari passu* is the call for comparison the more clamorous, and thus arises a duty correspondingly more urgent, of searching and revising until everything spurious has been weeded out from amongst the Flora of our highest literature; and until the waste of time for those who have so little at their command, is reduced to a *minimum*. For, where the good cannot be read in its twentieth part, the more requisite it is that no part of the bad should steal an hour of the available time; and it is not to be endured that people without a minute to spare, should be obliged first of all to read a book before they can ascertain whether it was at all *worth* reading. The public cannot read by proxy as regards the good which it is to appropriate, but it *can* as regards the poison which it is to escape. And thus, as literature expands, becoming continually more of a household necessity, the duty resting upon critics (who are the vicarious readers for the public) becomes continually more urgent — of reviewing all works that may be supposed to have benefited too much or too indiscriminately by the superstition of a name. The *prægustatores* should have tasted of every cup, and

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reported its quality, before the public call for it; and above all, they should have done this in all cases of the higher literature — that is, of literature properly so called.

What is it that we mean by *literature?* Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition; the most thoughtless person is easily made aware that in the idea of *literature* one essential element is, — some relation to a general and common interest of man, so that what applies only to a local, or professional, or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature; but, inversely, much that really *is* literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind, — to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm, — does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten thousandth part of its extent. The drama again, as, for instance, the finest of Shakspeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage, operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences that witnessed[138] their representation some time before they were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect

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than they could have had as books, during ages of costly copying or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea coëxtensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic (as from lecturers and public orators), may never come into books; and much that *does* come into books may connect itself with no literary interest.[1*9] But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought — not so much in a better definition of literature, as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfils. In that great social organ, which collectively we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often *do* so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is, first, the literature of *knowledge*, and, secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is, to *teach;* the function of the second is, to *move:* the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but proximately it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of

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books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honorable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth, namely, *power* or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society, of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration, which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of Heaven — the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly, are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, namely, the literature of power. What do you learn from Paradise Lost? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched

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cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe, is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards — a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. *All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth; whereas, the very *first* step in power is a flight — is an ascending into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, &c., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man; for the Scriptures themselves never condescended to deal by suggestion or coöperation, with the mere discursive understanding. When speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of "*the understanding heart*," — making

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the heart, that is, the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration. What is meant, for instance, by *poetic justice?* — It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence; for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice, by the degree in which it *attains* its object, a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing — not with the refractory elements of earthly life — but with elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid national forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves;* or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by* moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge is but a *provisional* work: a book upon trial and sufferance,

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and *quamdiu bene se gesserit*. Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence; first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat is over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains, as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the Iliad, the Prometheus of Æschylus, — the Othello or King Lear, — the Hamlet or Macbeth, — and the Paradise Lost, are not militant but triumphant forever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are not separated by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under

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the same standard, but as different in *kind*, and as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other; never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less; they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, nor be reflected in the mirror of copies, nor become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison.

Applying these principles to Pope, as a representative of fine literature in general, we would wish to remark the claim which he has, or which any equal writer has, to the attention and jealous winnowing of those critics in particular who watch over public morals. Clergymen, and all the organs of public criticism put in motion by clergymen, are more especially concerned in the just appreciation of such writers, if the two canons are remembered, which we have endeavored to illustrate, namely, that all works in this class, as opposed to those in the literature of knowledge, first, work by far deeper agencies; and, secondly, are more permanent; in the strictest sense they are κτηματα ἐς ἀεί; and what evil they do, or what good they do, is commensurate with the national language, sometimes long after the nation has departed. At this hour, five hundred years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer,[140] never equalled on this earth for their tenderness, and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and by others in the modernizations of

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Dryden, or Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour, one thousand eight hundred years since their creation, the Pagan tales of Ovid, never equalled on this earth for the gayety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This man's people and their monuments are dust; but *he* is alive: he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years; "and *shall* a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds only ground nests, that are swept away by floods, or confounded by the plough; but the literature of power builds nests in aërial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. *This* is a great prerogative of the *power* literature; and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An Encyclopædia is its abstract; and, in this respect, it may be taken for its speaking symbol, that, before one generation has passed, an Encyclopædia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the *rest* of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature, properly so called — literature κατ' ἐξοχήν, for the very same reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge — is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this planet has thrown our human

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passions of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt, exercise a power bad or good over human life, that cannot be contemplated, when stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe.[141] And of this let every one be assured — that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read, many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life like the forgotten incidents of childhood.

In making a revaluation of Pope, as regards some of his principal works, we should have been glad to examine more closely than we shall be able to do, some popular errors affecting his whole intellectual position; and especially these two: *first*, That he belonged to what is idly called the *French* School of our literature;[142] *secondly*, That he was specially distinguished from preceding poets by *correctness*. The first error has infected the whole criticism of Europe. The Schlegels, with all their false airs of subtlety, fall into this error in discussing every literature of Christendom. But, if by a mere accident of life any poet *had* first turned his thoughts into a particular channel on the suggestion of some French book, *that* would not justify our classing what belongs to universal nature, and what *inevitably* arises at a certain stage of social progress, under the category of a French creation. Somebody must have been first in point of time upon every field; but this casual precedency establishes no title whatever to authority, or plea of original dominion over fields that lie within the inevitable line of march upon which nations are moving. Had it

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happened that the first European writer on the higher geometry was a Græco-Sicilian, *that* would not have made it rational to call geometry the Græco-Sicilian Science. In *every* nation first comes the higher form of passion, next the lower. This is the mere order of nature in governing the movements of human intellect, as connected with social evolution; this is therefore the universal order, that in the earliest stages of literature, men deal with the great elementary grandeurs of passion, of conscience, of the will in self-conflict; they deal with the capital struggle of the human race in raising empires, or in overthrowing them — in vindicating their religion (as by crusades), or with the more mysterious struggles amongst spiritual races allied to our own, that have been dimly revealed to us. We have an Iliad, a Jerusalem Delivered, a Paradise Lost. These great subjects exhausted, or exhausted in their more inviting manifestations, inevitably by the mere endless motion of society, there succeeds a lower key of passion. Expanding social intercourse in towns, multiplied and crowded more and more, banishes those gloomier and grander phases of human history from literature. The understanding is quickened; the lower faculties of the mind — fancy, and the habit of minute distinction — are applied to the contemplation of society and manners. Passion begins to wheel in lower flights, and to combine itself with interests that in part are addressed to the insulated understanding — observing, refining, reflecting. This may be called the *minor* key of literature in opposition to the *major*, as cultivated by Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton. But this key arises spontaneously in *every*

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people, and by a necessity as sure as any that moulds the progress of civilization. Milton and Spenser were *not* of any Italian school. Their Italian studies were the result and not the cause of the determination given to their minds by nature working in conjuction with their social period. It is equally childish to say of Dryden and Pope, that they belonged to any French school. That thing which they did, they *would* have done though France had been at the back of China. The school to which they belonged, was a school developed at a certain stage of progress in all nations alike by the human heart as modified by the human understanding. It is a school depending on the peculiar direction given to the sensibilities by the reflecting faculty, and by the new phases of society. Even as a fact (though a change as to the fact could not make any change at all in the philosophy of the case), it is not true that either Dryden or Pope was influenced by French literature. Both of them had a very imperfect acquaintance with the French language. Dryden ridiculed French literature; and Pope, except for some purposes connected with his Homeric translations, read as little of it as convenience would allow. But, had this been otherwise, the philosophy of the case stands good; that, after the primary formations of the fermenting intellect, come everywhere — in Thebes or Athens, France or England — the secondary; that, after the creating passion comes the reflecting and recommuning passion; that after the solemnities and cloistral grandeurs of life — solitary and self-conflicting — comes the recoil of a self-observing and self-dissecting stage, derived from life social and gregarious. After the

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Iliad, but doubtless many generations after, comes a Batrachomyomachia. After the gorgeous masque of our forefathers came always the anti-masque, that threw off echoes as from some devil's laughter in mockery of the hollow and transitory pomps that went before.

It is an error equally gross, and an error in which Pope himself participated, that his plume of distinction from preceding poets consisted in *correctness*. Correctness in what? Think of the admirable qualifications for settling the scale of such critical distinctions which that man must have had who turned out upon this vast world the single oracular word "correctness" to shift for itself, and explain its own meaning to all generations. Did he mean logical correctness in maturing and connecting thoughts? But of all poets that have practised reasoning in verse, Pope is the one most inconsequential in the deduction of his thoughts, and the most severely distressed in any effort to effect or to explain the dependency of their parts. There are not ten consecutive lines in Pope unaffected by this infirmity. All his thinking proceeded by insulated and discontinuous jets; and the only resource for *him*, or chance of even seeming correctness, lay in the liberty of stringing his aphoristic thoughts like pearls, having no relation to each other but that of contiguity. To *set* them like diamonds was for Pope to risk distraction; to systematize was ruin. On the other hand, if this elliptical word *correctness* is to be understood with such a complimentary qualification as would restrict it to Pope's use of *language*, that construction is even more untenable than the other — more conspicuously

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untenable — for many are they who have erred by illogical thinking, or by distracted evolution of thoughts; but rare is the man amongst classical writers in any language who has disfigured his meaning more remarkably than Pope by imperfect expression. We do not speak of plebeian phrases, of exotic phrases, of slang, from which Pope was not free, though *more* free than many of his contemporaries. From vulgarism indeed he was shielded, though imperfectly, by the aristocratic society he kept: *they* being right, *he* was right; and he erred only in the cases where they misled him; for even the refinement of that age was oftentimes coarse and vulgar. His grammar, indeed, is often vicious: preterites and participles he constantly confounds, and registers this class of blunders forever by the cast-iron index of rhymes that never *can* mend. But worse than this mode of viciousness is his syntax, which is so bad as to darken his meaning at times, and at other times to defeat it. But these were errors cleaving to his times; and it would be unfair to exact from Pope a better quality of diction than belonged to his contemporaries. Still it is indisputable that a better model of diction and of grammar prevailed a century before Pope. In Spenser, in Shakspeare, in the Bible of King James' reign, and in Milton, there are very few grammatical errors.[143] But Pope's defect in language was almost peculiar to himself. It lay in an inability, nursed doubtless by indolence, to carry out and perfect the expression of the thought he wishes to communicate. The language does not realize the idea; it simply suggests or hints it. Thus, to give a single illustration: —

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"Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man the judgment shoots at flying game."

The first line one would naturally construe into this: that God and Nature were in harmony, whilst all other objects were scattered into incoherency by difference and disunion. Not at all; it means nothing of the kind; but that God and Nature only are exempted from the infirmities of change. *They* only continue uniform and self-consistent. This might mislead many readers; but the second line *must* do so; for who would not understand the syntax to be, that the judgment, as it exists in man, shoots at flying game? But, in fact, the meaning is, that the judgment, in aiming its calculations at man, aims at an object that is still on the wing, and never for a moment stationary. We give this as a specimen of a fault in diction, the very worst amongst all that are possible. To write bad grammar or colloquial slang does not necessarily obscure the sense; but a fault like this is a treachery, and hides the true meaning under the cloud of a conundrum; nay, worse; for even a conundrum has fixed conditions for determining its solution, but this sort of mutilated expression is left to the solutions of conjecture.

There are endless varieties of this fault in Pope, by which he sought relief for himself from half-an-hour's labor, at the price of utter darkness to his reader.

One editor distinguishes amongst the epistles that which Pope addressed to Lord Oxford some years after his fall, as about the most "*correct*, musical, dignified, and affecting," that the poet has left. Now, even as a specimen of vernacular English, it is con-

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spicuously bad: the shocking gallicism, for instance, of "*attend*," for "wait his leisure," in the line, "For *him* (that is, on his behalf) thou oft hast bid the world attend," would alone degrade the verses. To bid the world attend — is to bid the world to listen attentively; whereas what Pope means is, that Lord Oxford bade the world wait in his ante-chamber, until he had leisure from his important conferences with a poet, to throw a glance upon affairs so trivial as those of the human race. This use of the word *attend* is a shocking violation of the English idiom; and even the slightest would be an unpardonable blemish in a poem of only forty lines, which ought to be polished as exquisitely as a cameo. It is a still worse disfiguration of the very same class, namely, a silent confession of defeat, in a regular wrestling match with the difficulties of a metrical expression, that the poem terminates thus —

"Nor fears to tell that *Mortimer* is he."

Why *should* he fear? Really there is no very desperate courage required for telling the most horrible of secrets about Mortimer. Had Mortimer even been so wicked as to set the Thames on fire, safely it might have been published by Mortimer's bosom friend to all magistrates, sheriffs, and constables; for not a man of them would have guessed in what hiding-place to look for Mortimer, or who Mortimer might be. True it is, that a secondary earldom, conferred by Queen Anne upon Robert Harley, was that of Mortimer; but it lurked unknown to the public ear; it was a coronet that lay hid under the beams of *Oxford* — a title so long familiar to English ears, when descending

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through six-and-twenty generations of de Veres. Quite as reasonable it would be in a birth-day ode to the Prince of Wales, if he were addressed as my Lord of Chester, or Baron of Renfrew, or your Grace of Cornwall. To express a thing in cipher may do for a conspirator; but a poet's *correctness* is shown in his intelligibility.

Amongst the early poems of Pope, the "ELOISA TO ABELARD" has a special interest of a double order First, it has a *personal* interest as the poem of Pope, because indicating the original destination of Pope's intellect, and the strength of his native vocation to a class of poetry in deeper keys of passion than any which he systematically cultivated. For itself also, and abstracting from its connection with Pope's natural destination, this poem has a *second* interest, an intrinsic interest, that will always make it dear to impassioned minds. The self-conflict — the flux and reflux of the poor agitated heart — the spectacle of Eloisa now bending penitentially before the shadowy austerities of a monastic future, now raving upon the remembrances of the guilty past — one moment reconciled by the very anguish of her soul to the grandeurs of religion and of prostrate adoration, the next moment revolting to perilous retrospects of her treacherous happiness — the recognition, by shining gleams through the very storm and darkness evoked by her earthly sensibilities, of a sensibility deeper far in its ground, and that trembled towards holier objects — the lyrical tumult of the changes, the hope, the tears, the rapture, the penitence, the despair — place the reader in tumultuous sympathy with the poor distracted nun.

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Exquisitely imagined, among the passages towards the end, is the introduction of a voice speaking to Eloisa from the grave of some sister nun, that, in long-forgotten years, once had struggled and suffered like herself,

> "Once (like herself) that trembled, wept, and prayed,
> Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid."

Exquisite is the passage in which she prefigures a visit yet to come from Abelard to herself — no more in the character of a lover, but as a priest, ministering by spiritual consolation to her dying hours, pointing her thoughts to heaven, presenting the Cross to her through the mists of death, and fighting for her as a spiritual ally against the torments of flesh. That anticipation was not gratified. Abelard died long before her; and the hour never arrived for *him* of which with such tenderness she says, —

> "It will be *then* no crime to gaze on me."

But another anticipation *has* been fulfilled in a degree that she could hardly have contemplated; the anticipation, namely, —

> "That ages hence, when all her wŏes were o'er,
> And that rebellious heart should beat no more,"

wandering feet should be attracted from afar

> "To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,"

as the common resting-place and everlasting marriage-bed of Abelard and Eloisa; that the eyes of many that had been touched by their story, by the memory of their extraordinary accomplishments in an age of

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darkness, and by the calamitous issue of their attachment, should seek, first and last, for the grave in which the lovers trusted to meet again in peace; and should seek it with interest so absorbing, that even amidst the ascent of hosannas from the choir, amidst the grandeurs of high mass, the raising of the host, and "the pomp of dreadful sacrifice," sometimes these wandering eyes should steal aside to the solemn abiding-place of Abelard and his Eloisa, offering so pathetic a contrast, by its peaceful silence, to the agitations of their lives; and that there, amidst thoughts which by right were all due and dedicated

"to Heaven,
One *human* tear should drop and be forgiven."

We may properly close this subject of Abelard and Eloisa, by citing, in English, the solemn Latin inscription placed in the last century, six hundred years after their departure from earth, over their common remains. They were buried in the same grave, Abelard dying first by a few weeks more than twenty-one years; his tomb was opened again to admit the coffin of Eloisa; and the tradition at Quincey, the parish near Nogent-sur-Seine, in which the monastery of the Paraclete is situated, was, that at the moment of interment Abelard opened his arms to receive the impassioned creature that once had loved *him* so frantically, and whom *he* had loved with a remorse so memorable. The epitaph is singularly solemn in its brief simplicity, considering that it came from Paris, and from academic wits: "Here, under the same marble slab, lie the founder of this monastery, Peter

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Abelard, and its earliest Abbess, Heloisa — once united in studies, in love, in their unhappy nuptial engagements, and in penitential sorrow; but now, our hope is, reünited forever in bliss."

The SATIRES of Pope, and what under another name *are* satires, namely, his MORAL EPISTLES, offer a second variety of evidence to his voluptuous indolence. They offend against philosophic truth more heavily than the Essay on Man; but not in the same way. The Essay on Man sins chiefly by want of central principle, and by want therefore of all coherency amongst the separate thoughts. But taken *as* separate thoughts, viewed in the light of fragments and brilliant aphorisms, the majority of the passages have a mode of truth; not of truth central and coherent, but of truth angular and splintered. The Satires, on the other hand, were of false origin. They arose in a sense of talent for caustic effects, unsupported by any satiric heart. Pope had neither the malice (except in the most fugitive form) which thirsts for leaving wounds, nor, on the other hand, the deep moral indignation which burns in men whom Providence has from time to time armed with scourges for cleansing the sanctuaries of truth and justice. He was contented enough with society as he found it; bad it might be, but it was good enough for *him;* — and it was the merest self-delusion if at any moment the instinct of glorying his satiric mission (the *magnificabo apostolatum meum*) persuaded him that in *his* case it might be said, *Facit indignatio versum.* The indignation of Juvenal was not always very noble in its origin, or pure in its purpose; it was sometimes mean in its quality, false in its direction, extravagant

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in its expression; but it was tremendous in the roll of its thunders, and as withering as the scowl of a Mephistopheles. Pope, having no such internal principle of wrath boiling in his breast, being really (if one must speak the truth) in the most pacific and charitable frame of mind towards all scoundrels whatever, except such as might take it into their heads to injure a particular Twickenham grotto, was unavoidably a hypocrite of the first magnitude when he affected (or sometimes really conceited himself) to be in a dreadful passion with offenders as a body. It provokes fits of laughter, in a man who knows Pope's real nature, to watch him in the process of brewing the storm that spontaneously will not come; whistling, like a mariner, for a wind to fill his satiric sails; and pumping up into his face hideous grimaces in order to appear convulsed with histrionic rage. Pope should have been counselled never to write satire, except on those evenings when he was suffering horribly from indigestion. By this means the indignation would have been ready-made. The rancor against all mankind would have been sincere; and there would have needed to be no extra expense in getting up the steam. As it is, the short puffs of anger, the uneasy snorts of fury, in Pope's satires, give one painfully the feeling of a steam-engine with unsound lungs. Passion of any kind may become in some degree ludicrous, when disproportioned to its exciting occasions. But it is never entirely ludicrous, until it is self-betrayed as counterfeit. Sudden collapses of the manufactured wrath, sudden oblivion of the criminal, announce Pope's as *always* counterfeit.

Meantime insincerity is contagious. One falsehood

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draws on another. And having begun by taking a station of moral censorship, which was in the uttermost degree a self-delusion, Pope went on to other self-delusions in reading history the most familiar, or in reporting facts the most notorious. Warburton had more to do with Pope's satires as an original suggester,[144] and not merely as a commentator, than with any other section of his works. Pope and he hunted in couples over this field; and those who know the absolute craziness of Warburton's mind, the perfect frenzy and *lymphaticus error* which possessed him for leaving all high-roads of truth and simplicity, in order to trespass over hedge and ditch after coveys of shy paradoxes, cannot be surprised that Pope's good sense should often have quitted him under such guidance. —— There is, amongst the earliest poems of Wordsworth, one which has interested many readers by its mixed strain of humor and tenderness. It describes two thieves who act in concert with each other. One is a very aged man, and the other is his great-grandson of three years old:

> "There are ninety good years of fair and foul weather
> Between them, and both go a stealing together."

What reconciles the reader to this social iniquity, is the imperfect accountability of the parties; the one being far advanced in dotage, and the other an infant. And thus

> "Into what sin soever the couple may fall,
> *This* child but half-knows it, and *that* not at all."

Nobody besides suffers from their propensities: since the child's mother makes good in excess all their

depredations; and nobody is duped for an instant by their gross attempts at fraud; for

> "Wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,
> Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles."

There was not the same disparity of years between Pope and Warburton as between old Daniel and his descendant in the third generation: Warburton was but ten years younger. And there was also this difference, that in the case of the two thieves neither was official ringleader; on the contrary, they took it turn about; great-grandpapa was ringleader to-day, and the little great-grandson to-morrow:

> "Each in his turn was both leader and led;"

whereas, in the connection of the two literary accomplices, the Doctor was latterly always the instigator to any outrage on good sense; and Pope, from mere habit of deference to the Doctor's theology and theological wig, as well as from gratitude for the Doctor's pugnacity in his defence (since Warburton really was as good as a bull-dog in protecting Pope's advance or retreat), followed with docility the leading of his reverend friend into any excess of folly. It is true that oftentimes in earlier days Pope had run into scrapes from his own heedlessness; and the Doctor had not the merit of suggesting the *escapade*, but only of defending it; which he always does (as sailors express it) "with a will;" for he never shows his teeth so much, or growls so ferociously, as when he suspects the case to be desperate. But in the satires, although the original absurdity comes forward in the text of Pope, and the Warburtonian note in defence is appar-

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ently no more than an afterthought of the good Doctor in his usual style of threatening to cudgel anybody who disputes his friend's assertion; yet sometimes the thought expressed and adorned by the poet had been prompted by the divine. This only can account for the savage crotchets, paradoxes, and conceits, which disfigure Pope's later edition of his satires.

Truth, even of the most appreciable order, truth of history, goes to wreck continually under the perversities of Pope's satire applied to celebrated men; and as to the higher truth of philosophy, it was still less likely to survive amongst the struggles for striking effects and startling contrasts But worse are Pope's satiric sketches of women, as carrying the same outrages on good sense to a far greater excess; and as these expose the false principles on which he worked more brightly, and have really been the chief ground of tainting Pope's memory with the reputation of a woman-hater (which he was *not*), they are worthy of separate notice.

It is painful to follow a man of genius through a succession of inanities descending into absolute nonsense, and of vulgarities sometimes terminating in brutalities. These are harsh words, but not harsh enough by half as applied to Pope's gallery of female portraits. What is the key to his failure? It is simply that, throughout this whole satiric section, not one word is spoken in sincerity of heart, or with any vestige of self-belief. The case was one of those so often witnessed, where either the indiscretion of friends, or some impulse of erring vanity in the writer had put him upon undertaking a task in which he had

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too little natural interest to have either thought upon it with originality, or observed upon it with fidelity. Sometimes the mere coercion of system drives a man into such a folly. He treats a subject which branches into A, B, and C. Having discussed A and B, upon which he really *had* something to offer, he thinks it necessary to integrate his work by going forward to C, on which he knows nothing at all, and, what is even worse, for which in his heart he cares nothing at all. Fatal is all falsehood. Nothing is so sure to betray a man into the abject degradation of self-exposure as pretending to a knowledge which he has not, or to an enthusiasm which is counterfeit. By whatever mistake Pope found himself pledged to write upon the characters of women, it was singularly unfortunate that he had begun by denying to women any characters at all.

> "Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
> And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair."

Well for *him* if he had stuck to that liberal doctrine: "Least said, soonest mended." And *much* he could not easily have said upon a subject that he had pronounced all but a nonentity. In Van Troil's work, or in Horrebow's, upon Iceland, there is a well-known chapter regularly booked in the index — *Concerning the Snakes of Iceland.* This is the title, the running rubric; and the body of the chapter consists of these words — "There *are* no snakes in Iceland." That chapter is soon studied, and furnishes very little opening for foot-notes or supplements. Some people have thought that Mr. Van T. might with advantage have amputated this unsnaky chapter on snakes; but at

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least nobody can accuse him of forgetting his own extermination of snakes from Iceland, and proceeding immediately to describe such horrible snakes as eye had never beheld amongst the afflictions of the island. Snakes there are none, he had protested; and, true to his word, the faithful man never wanders into any description of Icelandic snakes. Not so our satiric poet. He, with Mahometan liberality, had denied characters, that is, souls, to women. "Most women," he says, "have no character at all;"[145] yet, for all that, finding himself pledged to treat this very subject of female characters, he introduces us to a museum of monsters in that department, such as few fancies could create, and no logic can rationally explain. What was he to do? He had entered upon a theme concerning which, as the result has shown, he had not one solitary thought — good, bad, or indifferent. Total bankruptcy was impending. Yet he was aware of a deep interest connected with this section of his satires; and, to meet this interest, he invented what was pungent, when he found nothing to record which was true.

It is a consequence of this desperate resource — this plunge into absolute fiction — that the true objection to Pope's satiric sketches of the other sex ought not to arise amongst women, as the people that suffered by his malice, but amongst readers generally, as the people that suffered by his fraud. He has promised one thing, and done another. He has promised a chapter in the zoology of nature, and he gives us a chapter in the fabulous zoology of the herald's college. A tigress is not much within ordinary experience, still

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there *is* such a creature; and in default of a better choice, that is, of a choice settling on a more familiar object, we are content to accept a good description of a tigress. We are reconciled; but we are *not* reconciled to a description, however spirited, of a basilisk. A viper might do; but not, if you please, a dragoness or a harpy. The describer knows, as well as any of us the spectators know, that he is romancing; the *incredulus odi* overmasters us all; and we cannot submit to be detained by a picture which, according to the shifting humor of the poet, angry or laughing, as a lie, where it is not a jest, is an affront to the truth of nature, where it is not confessedly an extravagance of drollery. In a playful fiction, we can submit with pleasure to the most enormous exaggerations; but then they must be offered as such. These of Pope's are not *so* offered, but as serious portraits; and in that character they affect us as odious and malignant libels. The malignity was not real, as indeed nothing was real, but a condiment for hiding insipidity. Let us examine two or three of them, equally with a view to the possibility of the object described, and to the delicacy of the description.

> "How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
> The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
> To *her* Calista proved her conduct nice;
> And good Simplicius asks of *her* advice."

Here we have the general outline of Silia's character; not particularly striking, but intelligible. She has a suavity of disposition that accommodates itself to all infirmities. And the worst thing one apprehends in her is — falseness. People with such honeyed breath

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for *present* frailties, are apt to exhale their rancor upon them when a little out of hearing. But really now this is no foible of Silia's. One likes her very well, and would be glad of her company to tea. For the dramatic reader knows who Calista is; and if Silia has indulgence for *her*, she must be a thoroughly tolerant creature. Where is her fault, then? You shall hear —

> "Sudden she storms! she raves! — You tip the wink,
> But spare your censure; Silia does *not* drink.
> All eyes may see from what the change arose:
> All eyes may see — (see what?) — a pimple on her nose."

Silia, the dulcet, is suddenly transformed into Silia the fury. But why? The guest replies to that question by *winking* at his fellow-guest; which most atrocious of vulgarities is expressed by the most odiously vulgar of phrases — he *tips* the wink — meaning to tip an insinuation that Silia is intoxicated. Not so, says the poet — drinking is no fault of hers — everybody may see [why not the winker then?] that what upsets her temper is a pimple on the nose. Let us understand you, Mr. Pope. A pimple! — what, do you mean to say that pimples jump up on ladies' faces at the unfurling of a fan? If they really *did* so in the twelfth of George II., and a lady, not having a pimple on leaving her dressing-room, might grow one whilst taking tea, then we think that a saint might be excused for storming a little. But how is it that the wretch who winks, does *not* see the pimple, the *causa teterrima* of the sudden wrath; and Silia, who has no looking-glass at her girdle, *does?* And then who is it

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that Silia "storms" at — the company, or the pimple? If at the company, we cannot defend her; but if at the pimple — O, by all means — storm and welcome — she can't say anything worse than it deserves. Wrong or right, however, what moral does Silia illustrate more profound than this — that a particular lady, otherwise very amiable, falls into a passion upon suddenly finding her face disfigured? But then one remembers the song, "*My face is my fortune, sir, she said, sir, she said*" — it is a part of *every* woman's fortune, so long as she is young. Now, to find one's fortune dilapidating by changes so rapid as this — pimples rising as suddenly as April clouds — is far too trying a calamity, that a little fretfulness should merit either reproach or sneer. Dr. Johnson's opinion was, that the man who cared little for dinner, could not be reasonably supposed to care much for anything. More truly it may be said, that the woman who is reckless about her face must be an unsafe person to trust with a secret. But, seriously, what moral, what philosophic thought can be exemplified by a case so insipid, and so imperfectly explained as this? But we must move on.

Next, then, let us come to the case of Narcissa:—

> "'Odious! in *woollen*?[146] 'T would a saint provoke,'
> Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
> 'No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
> Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;
> One would not sure be frightful when one 's dead:
> And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.'"

Well, what 's the matter now? What's amiss with Narcissa, that a satirist must be called in to hold an inquest upon her corpse, and take Betty's evidence

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against her mistress? Upon hearing any such question, Pope would have started up in the character (very unusual with *him*) of religious censor, and demanded whether one approved of a woman's fixing her last dying thought upon the attractions of a person so soon to dwell with darkness and worms? Was *that* right — to provide for coquetting in her coffin? Why no, not strictly right, its impropriety cannot be denied; but what strikes me even more is, the suspicion that it may be a lie. Be this as it may, there are two insurmountable objections to the case of Narcissa, even supposing it not fictitious — namely, first, that so far as it offends at all, it offends the religious sense, and not any sense of which satire takes charge; secondly, that without reference to the special functions of satire, *any* form of poetry whatever, or *any* mode of moral censure, concerns itself not at all with anomalies. If the anecdote of Narcissa were other than a fiction, then it was a case too peculiar and idiosyncratic to furnish a poetic illustration; neither moral philosophy nor poetry condescends to the monstrous or the abnormal; both one and the other deal with the catholic and the representative.

There is another *Narcissa* amongst Pope's tulip-beds of ladies, who is even more open to criticism — because offering not so much an anomaly in one single trait of her character, as an utter anarchy in all. *Flavia* and *Philomedé* again present the same multitude of features with the same absence of all central principle for locking them into unity. They must have been distracting to themselves; and they are distracting to us a century later. *Philomedé*, by the way,

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stands for the second Duchess of Marlborough,[147] daughter of the great Duke. And these names lead us naturally to Sarah, the original, and (one may call her) the *historical* Duchess, who is libelled under the name of *Atossa*. This character amongst all Pope's satiric sketches has been celebrated the most, with the single exception of his *Atticus*. But the *Atticus* rested upon a different basis — it was true; and it was noble. Addison really *had* the infirmities of envious jealousy, of stimulated friendship, and of treacherous collusion with his friend's enemies — which Pope imputed to him under the happy parisyllabic name of Atticus; and the mode of imputation, the tone of expostulation — indignant as regarded Pope's own injuries, but yet full of respect for Addison, and even of sorrowful tenderness; all this in combination with the interest attached to a feud between two men so eminent, has sustained the *Atticus* as a classic remembrance in satiric literature. But the *Atossa* is a mere chaos of incompatibilities, thrown together as into some witch's cauldron. The witch, however, had sometimes an unaffected malignity, a sincerity of venom in her wrath, which acted chemically as a solvent for combining the heterogeneous ingredients in her kettle; whereas the want of truth and earnestness in Pope leaves the incongruities in his kettle of description to their natural incoherent operation on the reader. We have a great love for the great Duchess of Marlborough, though too young by a hundred years[148] or so to have been that true and faithful friend which, as contemporaries, we *might* have been.

What we love Sarah for, is partly that she has been

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ill used by all subsequent authors, one copying from another a fury against her which even in the first of these authors was not real. And a second thing which we love is her very violence, qualified as it was. Sulphureous vapors of wrath rose up in columns from the crater of her tempestuous nature against him that *deeply* offended her, but she neglected petty wrongs. Wait, however, let the volcanic lava have time to cool, and all returned to absolute repose. It has been said that she did not write her own book. We are of a different opinion. The mutilations of the book were from other and inferior hands; but the main texture of the narrative and of the comments were, and must have been, from herself, since there could have been no adequate motive for altering them, and nobody else could have had the same motive for uttering them. It is singular that, in the case of the Duchess, as well as that of the Lady M. W. Montagu, the same two men, without concert, were the original aggressors amongst the *gens de plume*, namely, Pope, and subsequently Horace Walpole. Pope suffered more from his own libellous assault upon *Atossa*, through a calumny against himself rebounding from it, than *Atossa* could have done from the point-blank shot of fifty such batteries. The calumny circulated was, that he had been bribed by the Duchess with a thousand pounds to suppress the character — which of itself was bad enough; but, as the consummation of baseness, it was added, that after all, in spite of the bribe, he caused it to be published. This calumny we believe to have been utterly without foundation. It is repelled by Pope's character, incapable of any act so vile, and by his position, needing

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no bribes. But what we wish to add, is that the calumny is equally repelled by Sarah's character, incapable of any propitiation so abject. Pope wanted no thousand pounds; but neither did Sarah want his clemency. *He* would have rejected the £1000 cheque with scorn; but *she* would have scorned to offer it. Pope cared little for Sarah; but Sarah cared less for Pope.

What *is* offensive, and truly so, to every generous reader, may be expressed in two items: first, not pretending to have been himself injured by the Duchess, Pope was in this instance meanly adopting some third person's malice, which sort of intrusion into other people's quarrels is a sycophantic act, even where it may not have rested upon a sycophantic motive; secondly, that even as a second-hand malice it is not sincere. More shocking than the malice is the self-imposture of the malice. In the very act of puffing out his cheeks like Æolus, with ebullient fury, and conceiting himself to be in a passion perfectly diabolic, Pope is really unmoved, or angry only by favor of dyspepsy; and at a word of kind flattery from Sarah, (whom he was quite the man to love), though not at the clink of her thousand guineas, he would have fallen at her feet, and kissed her beautiful hand with rapture. To enter a house of hatred as a junior partner, and to take the stock of malice at a valuation — (we copy from advertisements) — *that* is an ignoble act. But then how much worse in the midst of all this unprovoked wrath, real as regards the persecution which it meditates, but false as the flatteries of a slave in relation to its pretended grounds, for the spectator

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to find its malice counterfeit, and the fury only a plagiarism from some personated fury in an opera!

There is no truth in Pope's satiric sketches of women — not even colorable truth; but, if there were, how frivolous, how hollow, to erect into solemn monumental protestations against the whole female sex what, if examined, turn out to be pure casual eccentricities, or else personal idiosyncrasies, or else foibles shockingly caricatured, but, above all, to be such foibles as could not have connected themselves with *sincere* feelings of indignation in any rational mind!

The length and breadth (almost we might say, the *depth*) of the shallowness, which characterizes Pope's Philosophy, cannot be better reflected than from the four well-known lines —

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> *His* can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:
> For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administered is best."

In the first couplet, what Pope says is, that a life, which is irreproachable on a *human* scale of appreciation, neutralizes and practically cancels all possible errors of creed, opinion, or theory. But this schism between the moral life of man and his moral faith, which takes for granted that either may possibly be true, whilst the other is entirely false, can wear a moment's plausibility only by understanding *life* in so limited a sense as the sum of a man's external actions, appreciable by man. He whose life is in the right, cannot, says Pope, in any sense calling for blame, have a wrong faith; that is, if his life *were* right, his creed might be disregarded. But the answer is — that

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his life, according to any adequate idea of life in a moral creature, *cannot* be in the right unless in so far as it bends to the influences of a true faith. How feeble a conception must that man have of the infinity which lurks in a human spirit, who can persuade himself that its total capacities of life are exhaustible by the few gross *acts* incident to social relations or open to human valuation! An act, which may be necessarily limited and without opening for variety, may involve a large variety of motives — motives again, meaning grounds of action that are distinctly recognized for such, may (numerically speaking) amount to nothing at all when compared with the absolutely infinite influxes of feeling or combination of feeling that vary the thoughts of man; and the true internal *acts* of moral man are his thoughts, his yearnings, his aspirations, his sympathies, his repulsions of heart. This is the life of man as it is appreciable by heavenly eyes. The scale of an alphabet, how narrow is that! Four or six and twenty letters, and all is finished. Syllables range through a wider compass. Words are yet more than syllables. But what are words to thoughts? Every word has a thought corresponding to it, so that not by so much as one solitary counter can the words outrun the thoughts. But every thought has *not* a word corresponding to it; so that the thoughts may outrun the words by many a thousand counters. In a developed nature they *do* so. But what are the thoughts when set against the modifications of thoughts by feelings, hidden even from him that feels them, or against the inter-combinations of such modifications with others — complex with com

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plex, decomplex with decomplex — these can be unravelled by no human eye! This is the infinite music that God only can read upon the vast harp of the human heart. Some have fancied that musical combinations might be exhausted. A new Mozart might be impossible. All that he could do might already have been done. Music laughs at *that*, as the sea laughs at palsy for its billows, as the morning laughs at old age and wrinkles for itself. But a harp, though a world in itself, is but a narrow world by comparison with the world of a human heart.

Now these thoughts, tinctured subtly with the perfume and coloring of human affections, make up the sum of what merits κατ' ἐξοχην the name of *life;* and these in a vast proportion depend for their possibilities of truth upon the degree of approach which the thinker makes to the appropriation of a pure faith. A man is thinking all day long, and putting thoughts into words; he is acting comparatively seldom. But are any man's thoughts brought into conformity with the openings to truth that a faith like the Christian's faith suggests? Far from it. Probably there never was one thought, from the foundation of the earth, that has passed through the mind of man, which did not offer some blemish, some sorrowful shadow of pollution, when it came up for review before a heavenly tribunal; that is, supposing it a thought entangled at all with human interests or human passions. But it is the *key* in which the thoughts move, that determines the stage of moral advancement. So long as we are human, many among the numerous and evanescent elements that enter (half-observed or not observed at all) into

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our thoughts, cannot *but* be tainted. But the governing, the predominant element it is which gives the character and the tendency to the thought; and this must become such, must become a governing element, through the quality of the ideals deposited in the heart by the quality of the religious faith. One pointed illustration of this suggests itself from another poem of Pope's, in which he reiterates his shallow doctrine. In his Universal Prayer he informs us that it can matter little whether we pray to Jehovah or to Jove, so long as in either case we pray to the First Cause. To contemplate God under that purely ontological relation to the world, would have little more operative value for what is most important in man, than if he prayed to gravitation. And it would have been more honest in Pope to say, as virtually he has said in the couplet under examination, that it can matter little whether man prays at all to any being. It deepens the scandal of this sentiment, coming from a poet professing Christianity, that a clergyman (holding preferment in the English Church) namely, Dr. Joseph Warton, justifies Pope for this Pagan opinion, upon the ground that an ancient philosopher had uttered the same opinion long before. What sort of philosopher? A Christian? No; but a Pagan. What then is the value of the justification? To a Pagan it could be no blame that he should avow a reasonable Pagan doctrine. In Irish phrase, it was "true for *him*." Amongst gods that were all utterly alienated from any scheme of moral government, all equally remote from the executive powers for sustaining such a government, so long as there was a practical anarchy

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and rivalship amongst themselves, there could be no sufficient reason for addressing vows to one rather than to another. The whole pantheon collectively could do nothing for moral influences; *à fortiori*, no separate individual amongst them. Pope indirectly confesses this elsewhere by his own impassioned expression of Christian feelings, though implicitly denying it here by his mere understanding. For he reverberates elsewhere, by deep echoes, that power in Christianity, which even in a legendary tale he durst not on mere principles of good sense and taste have ascribed to Paganism. For instance, how could a God, having no rebellion to complain of in man, pretend to any occasion of large forgiveness of man or of framing means for reconciling this forgiveness with his own attribute of perfect holiness? What room, therefore, for ideals of mercy, tenderness, long-suffering, under any Pagan religion, under any worship of Jove! How again from gods, disfigured by fleshly voluptuousness in every mode, could any countenance be derived to an awful ideal of purity? Accordingly we find, that even among the Romans (the most advanced, as regards moral principle, of all heathen nations) neither the deep fountain of benignity, nor that of purity, was unsealed in man's heart. So much of either was sanctioned as could fall within the purposes of the magistrate, but beyond that level neither fountain could have been permitted to throw up its column of water, nor could in fact have had any impulse to sustain it in ascending; and not merely because it would have been repressed by ridicule as a deliration of the human mind, but also

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because it would have been frowned upon gravely by the very principle of the Roman polity, as wandering away from *civic* objects. Even for so much of these great restorative ventilations as Rome enjoyed, she was indebted not to her religion, but to elder forces that act *in spite of* her religion, namely, the original law written upon the human heart. Now, on the other hand, Christianity has left a separate system of ideals amongst men, which (as regards their development) are continually growing in authority. Waters, after whatever course of wandering, rise to the level of their original springs. Christianity lying so far above all other fountains of religious influence, no wonder that its irrigations rise to altitudes otherwise unknown, and from which the distribution to every level of society becomes comparatively easy. Those men are reached oftentimes — choosing or not choosing — by the healing streams, who have not sought them nor even recognized them. Infidels of the most determined class talk in Christian lands the morals of Christianity, and exact that morality with their hearts, constantly mistaking it for a morality coëxtensive with man; and why? Simply from having been moulded unawares by its universal pressure through infancy, childhood, manhood, in the nursery, in the school, in the market-place. Pope himself, not by system or by affectation an infidel, not in any coherent sense a doubter, but a careless and indolent assenter to such doctrines of Christianity as his own Church prominently put forward, or as social respectability seemed to enjoin, — Pope, therefore, so far a very lukewarm Christian, was yet unconsciously to himself searched

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profoundly by the Christian types of purity. This we may read in his

> "Hark, the herald angels say,
> Sister spirit, come away!"

Or, again, as some persons read the great lessons of spiritual ethics more pathetically in those that have transgressed them, than in those that have been faithful to the end, — read them in the Magdalen that fades away in penitential tears rather than in the virgin martyr triumphant on the scaffold, — we may see in his own Eloisa, and in her fighting with the dread powers let loose upon her tempestuous soul, how profoundly Pope also had drunk from the streams of Christian sentiment through which a new fountain of truth had ripened a new vegetation upon earth. What was it that Eloisa fought with? What power afflicted her trembling nature, that any Pagan religions *could* have evoked? The human love, "the nympholepsy of the fond despair," might have existed in a Vestal Virgin of ancient Rome; but in the Vestal what counter-influence could have come into conflict with the passion of love through any operation whatever of religion? None of any ennobling character that could reach the Vestal's own heart. The way in which religion connected itself with the case was through a traditional superstition, not built upon any fine spiritual sense of female chastity as dear to Heaven, but upon a gross fear of alienating a tutelary goddess by offering an imperfect sacrifice. This sacrifice, the sacrifice of the natural household[149] charities in a few injured women on the altar of the goddess, was selfish in all

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its stages — selfish in the dark deity that could be pleased by the sufferings of a human being simply *as* sufferings, and not at all under any fiction that they were voluntary ebullitions of religious devotion — selfish in the senate and people who demanded these sufferings as a ransom paid through sighs and tears for *their* ambition — selfish in the Vestal herself, as sustained altogether by fear of a punishment too terrific to face, sustained therefore by the meanest principle in her nature. But in Eloisa how grand is the collision between deep religious aspirations and the persecuting phantoms of her undying human passion! The Vestal feared to be walled up alive — abandoned to the pangs of hunger — to the trepidations of darkness — to the echoes of her own lingering groans — to the torments perhaps of frenzy rekindling at intervals the decaying agonies of flesh. Was *that* what Eloisa feared? Punishment she had none to apprehend. The crime was past, and remembered only by the criminals. There was none to accuse but herself; there was none to judge but God. Wherefore should Eloisa fear? Wherefore and with what should she fight? She fought by turns against herself and against God, against her human nature, and against her spiritual yearnings. How grand were the mysteries of her faith, how gracious and forgiving its condescensions! How deep had been her human love, how imperishable its remembrance on earth! "What is it," the Roman Vestal would have said, "that this Christian lady is afraid of? What is the phantom that she seems to see?" Vestal! it is not fear, but grief. She sees an immeasurable heaven that seems to touch her eyes; so

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near is she to its love. Suddenly, an Abelard — the glory of his race — appears, that seems to touch her lips. The heavens recede and diminish to a starry point twinkling in an unfathomable abyss; they are all but lost for *her*. Fire, it is, in Eloisa, that searches fire; the holy that fights with the earthly; fire that cleanses with fire that consumes. Like cavalry the two fires wheel and counterwheel, advancing and retreating, charging and countercharging through and through each other. Eloisa trembles, but she trembles as a guilty creature before a tribunal unveiled within the secrecy of her own nature. There was no such trembling in the heathen worlds, for there was no such secret tribunal. Eloisa fights with a shadowy enemy. There was no such fighting for Roman Vestals; because all the temples of our earth (which is the crowned Vesta), no, nor all the glory of her altars, nor all the pomp of her cruelties, could cite from the depths of a human spirit any such fearful shadow as Christian faith evokes from an afflicted conscience.

Pope, therefore, wheresoever his heart speaks loudly, shows how deep had been his early impressions from Christianity. That is shown in his intimacy with Crashaw, in his Eloisa, in his Messiah, in his adaptation to Christian purposes of the Dying Adrian, &c. It is remarkable, also, that Pope betrays, in all places where he has occasion to *argue* about Christianity, how much grander and more faithful to that great theme were the subconscious perceptions of his heart than the explicit commentaries of his understanding. He, like so many others, was unable to read or interpret the testimonies of his own heart, which is a deep over which diviner

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agencies brood than are legible to the intellect. The cipher written on his Heaven-visited heart was deeper than his understanding could interpret.

If the question were asked, What ought to have been the best among Pope's poems? most people would answer, the *Essay on Man.* If the question were asked, What *is* the worst? all people of judgment would say, the *Essay on Man.* Whilst yet in its rudiments, this poem claimed the first place by the promise of its subject; when finished, by the utter failure of its execution, it fell into the last. The case possesses a triple interest — first, as illustrating the character of Pope modified by his situation; secondly, as illustrating the true nature of that "didactic" poetry to which this particular poem is usually referred; thirdly, as illustrating the anomalous condition to which a poem so grand in its ambition has been reduced by the double disturbance of its proper movement; one disturbance through the position of Pope, another through his total misconception of didactic poetry. First, as regards Pope's situation, it may seem odd — but it is not so — that a man's social position should overrule his intellect. The scriptural denunciation of riches, as a snare to any man that is striving to rise above worldly views, applies not at all less to the intellect, and to any man seeking to ascend by some aërial arch of flight above ordinary intellectual efforts. Riches are fatal to those continuities of energy without which there is no success of that magnitude. Pope had £800 a year. *That* seems not so much. No, certainly not, with a wife and six children; but by accident Pope had no wife and no children. He was

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luxuriously at his ease: and this accident of his position in life fell in with a constitutional infirmity that predisposed him to indolence. Even his religious faith, by shutting him out from those public employments which else his great friends would have been too happy to obtain for him, aided his idleness, or sometimes invested it with a false character of conscientious self-denial. He cherished his religion confessedly as a plea for idleness. The result of all this was, that in his habits of thinking and of study (if *study* we can call a style of reading so desultory as *his*), Pope became a pure *dilettante;* in his intellectual eclecticism he was a mere epicure, toying with the delicacies and varieties of literature; revelling in the first bloom of moral speculations, but sated immediately; fastidiously retreating from all that threatened labor, or that exacted continuous attention; fathoming, throughout all his vagrancies amongst books, no foundation; filling up no chasms; and with all his fertility of thought expanding no germs of new life.

This career of luxurious indolence was the result of early luck which made it possible, and of bodily constitution which made it tempting. And when we remember his youthful introduction to the highest circles in the metropolis, where he never lost his footing, we cannot wonder that, without any sufficient motive for resistance, he should have sunk passively under his constitutional propensities, and should have fluttered amongst the flower-beds of literature or philosophy far more in the character of a libertine butterfly for casual enjoyment, than of a hard-working bee pursuing a premeditated purpose.

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Such a character, strengthened by such a situation, would at any rate have disqualified Pope for composing a work severely philosophic, or where philosophy did more than throw a colored light of pensiveness upon some sentimental subject. If it were necessary that the philosophy should enter substantially into the very texture of the poem, furnishing its interest and prescribing its movement, in that case Pope's combining and theorizing faculty would have shrunk as from the labor of building a pyramid. And woe to him where it did *not*, as really happened in the case of the Essay on Man. For his faculty of execution was under an absolute necessity of shrinking in horror from the enormous details of such an enterprise to which so rashly he had pledged himself. He was sure to find himself, as find himself he did, landed in the most dreadful embarrassment upon reviewing his own work. A work, which, when finished, was not even begun; whose arches wanted their key-stones; whose parts had no coherency; and whose pillars, in the very moment of being thrown open to public view, were already crumbling into ruins. This utter prostration of Pope in a work so ambitious as an Essay on Man — a prostration predetermined from the first by the personal circumstances which we have noticed — was rendered still more irresistible in the *second* place by the general misconception in which Pope shared as to the very meaning of "didactic" poetry. Upon which point we pause to make an exposition of our own views.

What *is* didactic poetry? What does "didactic" mean when applied as a distinguishing epithet to such

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an idea as a poem? The predicate destroys the subject. It is a case of what logicians call *contradictio in aajecto* — the unsaying by means of an attribute the very thing which is the subject of that attribute you have just affirmed. No poetry can have the function of teaching. It is impossible that a variety of species should contradict the very purpose which contradistinguishes its *genus*. The several species differ partially; but not by the whole idea which differentiates their class. Poetry, or any one of the fine arts (all of which alike speak through the genial nature of man and his excited sensibilities), can teach only as nature teaches, as forests teach, as the sea teaches, as infancy teaches, namely, by deep impulse, by hieroglyphic suggestion. Their teaching is not direct or explicit, but lurking, implicit, masked in deep incarnations. To teach formally and professedly, is to abandon the very differential character and principle of poetry. If poetry could condescend to teach anything, it would be truths moral or religious. But even these it can utter only through symbols and actions. The great moral, for instance, the last result of the Paradise Lost, is once formally announced; but it teaches itself only by diffusing its lesson through the entire poem in the total succession of events and purposes; and even this succession teaches it only when the whole is gathered into unity by a reflex act of meditation; just as the pulsation of the physical heart can exist only when all the parts in an animal system are locked into one organization.

To address the *insulated* understanding is to lay aside the Prospero's robe of poetry. The objection

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therefore, to didactic poetry, as vulgarly understood, would be fatal, even if there were none but this logical objection derived from its definition. To be in self-contradiction is, for any idea whatever, sufficiently to destroy itself. But it betrays a more obvious and practical contradiction when a little searched. If the true purpose of a man's writing a didactic poem were to teach, by what suggestion of idiocy should he choose to begin by putting on fetters? Wherefore should the simple man volunteer to handcuff and manacle himself, were it only by the incumbrances of metre, and perhaps of rhyme? But these he will find the very least of his incumbrances. A far greater exists in the sheer necessity of omitting in any poem a vast variety of details, and even capital sections of the subject, unless they will bend to purposes of ornament. Now this collision between two purposes, the purpose of use in mere teaching, and the purpose of poetic delight, shows, by the uniformity of its solution, which is the true purpose, and which the merely ostensible purpose. Had the true purpose been instruction, the moment that this was found incompatible with a poetic treatment, as soon as it was seen that the sound education of the reader-pupil could not make way without loitering to gather poetic flowers, the stern cry of "duty" would oblige the poet to remember that he had dedicated himself to a didactic mission, and that he differed from other poets, as a monk from other men, by his vows of self-surrender to harsh ascetic functions. But, on the contrary, in the very teeth of this rule, wherever such a collision does really take place, and one or other of the supposed objects must give way, it is always the

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vulgar object of *teaching* (the pedagogue's object) which goes to the rear, whilst the higher object of poetic emotion moves on triumphantly. In reality not one didactic poet has ever yet attempted to use any parts or processes of the particular art which he made his theme, unless in so far as they seemed susceptible of poetic treatment, and only *because* they seemed so. Look at the poem of *Cyder*, by Philips, of the *Fleece* of Dyer, or (which is a still weightier example) at the *Georgics* of Virgil, — does any of these poets show the least anxiety for the correctness of your principles, or the delicacy of your manipulations in the worshipful arts they affect to teach? No; but they pursue these arts through every stage that offers any attractions of beauty. And in the very teeth of all anxiety for teaching, if there existed traditionally any very absurd way of doing a thing which happened to be eminently picturesque, and if, opposed to this, there were some improved mode that had recommended itself to poetic hatred by being dirty and ugly, the poet (if a good one) would pretend never to have heard of this disagreeable improvement. Or if obliged, by some rival poet, not absolutely to ignore it, he would allow that such a thing could be done, but hint that it was hateful to the Muses or Graces, and very likely to breed a pestilence.

This subordination of the properly didactic function to the poetic, which, leaving the old essential distinction of poetry (namely, its sympathy with the genial motions of man's heart) to override all accidents of special variation, and showing that the essence of poetry never *can* be set aside by its casual modifica-

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tions, will be compromised by some loose thinkers, under the idea that in didactic poetry the element of instruction is in fact one element, though subordinate and secondary. Not at all. What we are denying is, that the element of instruction enters *at all* into didactic poetry. The subject of the Georgics, for instance, is Rural Economy as practised by Italian farmers; but Virgil not only *omits* altogether innumerable points of instruction insisted on as articles of religious necessity by Varro, Cato, Columella, &c., but, even as to those instructions which he *does* communicate, he is careless whether they are made technically intelligible or not. He takes very little pains to keep you from capital mistakes in *practising* his instructions; but he takes good care that you shall not miss any strong impression for the eye or the heart to which the rural process, or rural scene, may naturally lead. He pretends to give you a lecture on farming, in order to have an excuse for carrying you all round the beautiful farm. He pretends to show you a good plan for a farm-house, as the readiest means of veiling his impertinence in showing you the farmer's wife and her rosy children. It is an excellent plea for getting a peep at the bonny milk-maids to propose an inspection of a model dairy. You pass through the poultry-yard, under whatever pretence, in reality to see the peacock and his harem. And so on to the very end, the pretended instruction is but in secret the connecting tie which holds together the laughing flowers going off from it to the right and to the left; whilst if ever at intervals this prosy thread of pure didactics is brought forward more obtrusively, it is so by way of foil, to

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make more effective upon the eye the prodigality of the floral magnificence.

We affirm, therefore, that the didactic poet is so far from seeking even a secondary or remote object in the particular points of information which he may happen to communicate, that much rather he would prefer the having communicated none at all. We will explain ourselves by means of a little illustration from Pope, which will at the same time furnish us with a miniature type of what we ourselves mean by a didactic poem, both in reference to what it *is* and to what it is *not*. In the Rape of the Lock there is a game at cards played, and played with a brilliancy of effect and felicity of selection, applied to the circumstances, which make it a sort of gem within a gem. This game was not in the first edition of the poem, but was an afterthought of Pope's, labored therefore with more than usual care. We regret that *ombre*, the game described, is no longer played, so that the entire skill with which the mimic battle is fought cannot be so fully appreciated as in Pope's days. The strategics have partly perished, which really Pope ought not to complain of, since he suffers only as Hannibal, Marius, Sertorius, suffered before him. Enough, however, survives of what will tell its own story. For what is it, let us ask, that a poet has to do in such a case, supposing that he were disposed to weave a didactic poem out of a pack of cards, as Vida has out of the chess-board? In describing any particular game, he does not seek to *teach* you that game — he postulates it as *already* known to you — but he relies upon separate resources. First, he will revive in the reader's eye, for picturesque effect,

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the well-known personal distinctions of the several kings, knaves, &c., their appearances and their powers. Secondly, he will choose some game in which he may display a happy selection applied to the chances and turns of fortune, to the manœuvres, to the situations of doubt, of brightening expectation, of sudden danger, of critical deliverance, or of final defeat. The interest of a war will be rehearsed — *lis est de paupere regno* — that is true; but the depth of the agitation on such occasions, whether at chess, at draughts, or at cards, is not measured of necessity by the grandeur of the stake; he selects, in short, whatever fascinates the eye or agitates the heart by mimicry of life; but so far from *teaching*, he presupposes the reader already *taught*, in order that he may go along with the movement of the descriptions.

Now, in treating a subject so vast, indeed so inexhaustible, as man, this eclecticism ceases to be possible. Every part depends upon every other part. In such a *nexus* of truths to insulate is to annihilate. Severed from each other the parts lose their support, their coherence, their very meaning; you have no liberty to reject or to choose. Besides, in treating the ordinary themes proper for what is called didactic poetry, — say, for instance, that it were the art of rearing silk-worms or bees, or suppose it to be horticulture, landscape-gardening, hunting, or hawking, — rarely does there occur anything polemic; or if a slight controversy *does* arise, it is easily hushed asleep — it is stated in a line, it is answered in a couplet. But in the themes of Lucretius and Pope *everything* is polemic; you move only through dispute, you pros-

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per only by argument and never-ending controversy, There is not positively one capital proposition or doctrine about man, about his origin, his nature, his relations to God, or his prospects, but must be fought for with energy, watched at every turn with vigilance, and followed into endless mazes, not under the choice of the writer, but under the inexorable dictation of the argument.

Such a poem, so unwieldy, whilst at the same time so austere in its philosophy, together with the innumerable polemic parts essential to its good faith and even to its evolution, would be absolutely unmanageable from excess and from disproportion, since often a secondary demur would occupy far more space than a principled section. Here lay the impracticable dilemma for Pope's Essay on Man. To satisfy the demands of the subject, was to defeat the objects of poetry. To evade the demands in the way that Pope has done, is to offer us a ruin for a palace. The very same dilemma existed for Lucretius, and with the very same result. The *De Rerum Naturâ* (which might, agreeably to its theme, have been entitled *De Omnibus Rebus*), and the Essay on Man (which might equally have borne the Lucretian title *De Rerum Naturâ*), are both, and from the same cause, fragments that could not have been completed. Both are accumulations of diamond-dust without principles of coherency. In a succession of pictures, such as usually form the materials of didactic poems, the slightest thread of interdependency is sufficient. But, in works essentially and everywhere argumentative and polemic, to omit the connecting links, as often as they are insusceptible

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of poetic effect, is to break up the unity of the parts, and to undermine the foundations, in what expressly offers itself as a systematic and architectural whole Pope's poem has suffered even more than that of Lucretius from this want of cohesion. It is indeed the realization of anarchy; and one amusing test of this may be found in the fact that different commentators have deduced from it the very opposite doctrines. In some instances this apparent antinomy is doubtful, and dependent on the ambiguities or obscurities of the expression. But in others it is fairly deducible; and the cause lies in the elliptical structure of the work. The ellipsis, or (as sometimes it may be called) the chasm, may be filled up in two different modes essentially hostile; and he that supplies the *hiatus*, in effect determines the bias of the poem this way or that — to a religious or to a sceptical result. In this edition the commentary of Warburton has been retained, which ought certainly to have been dismissed. The Essay is, in effect, a Hebrew word with the vowel-points omitted; and Warburton supplies one set of vowels, whilst Crousaz with equal right supplies a contradictory set.

As a whole, the edition before us* is certainly the most agreeable of all that we possess. The fidelity of Mr. Roscoe to the interests of Pope's reputation, contrasts pleasingly with the harshness at times of Bowles, and the reckless neutrality of Warton. In the editor of a great classic, we view it as a virtue, wearing the grace of loyalty, that he should refuse to expose frailties or defects in a spirit of exultation. Mr. Roscoe's own notes are written with a peculiar good

* [Roscoe's edition, of which this paper was originally a review.]

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sense, temperance, and kind feeling. The only objection to them, which applies, however, still more to the notes of the former editors, is the want of compactness. They are not written under that austere instinct of compression and verbal parsimony, as the ideal merit in an annotator, which ought to govern all such ministerial labors in our days. Books are becoming too much the oppression of the intellect, and cannot endure any longer the accumulation of undigested commentaries, or that species of diffusion in editors which roots itself in laziness. The efforts of condensation and selection are painful; and they are luxuriously evaded by reprinting indiscriminately whole masses of notes — though often in substance reiterating each other. But the interests of readers clamorously call for the amendment of this system. The principle of selection must now be applied even to the *text* of great authors. It is no longer advisable to reprint the whole of either Dryden or Pope. Not that we would wish to see their works mutilated. Let such as are selected be printed in the fullest integrity of the text. But some have lost their interest;[150] others, by the elevation of public morals since the days of those great wits, are felt to be now utterly unfit for general reading. Equally for the reader's sake and the poet's, the time has arrived when they may be advantageously retrenched; for they are painfully at war with those feelings of entire and honorable esteem with which all lovers of exquisite intellectua brilliancy must wish to surround the name and memory of Pope.

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POPE

ALEXANDER POPE, the most brilliant of all wits who have at any period applied themselves to the poetic treatment of human manners, to the selecting from the play of human character what is picturesque, or the arresting what is fugitive, was born in the city of London on the 21st[151] day of May, in the memorable year 1688; about six months, therefore, before the landing of the Prince of Orange, and the opening of the great revolution which gave the final ratification to all previous revolutions of that tempestuous century. By the 'city' of London the reader is to understand us as speaking with technical accuracy of that district, which lies within the ancient walls and the jurisdiction of the lord mayor. The parents of Pope, there is good reason to think, were of 'gentle blood,' which is the expression of the poet himself when describing them in verse. His mother was so undoubtedly; and her illustrious son, in speaking of her to Lord Harvey, at a time when any exaggeration was open to an easy refutation, and writing in a spirit most likely to provoke it, does not scruple to say, with a tone of dignified haughtiness not unbecoming the situation of a filial champion on behalf of an insulted mother, that by birth and descent she was not below that young lady, (one of the two beautiful Miss Lepels,) whom his

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lordship had selected from all the choir of court beauties as the future mother of his children. Of Pope's extraction and immediate lineage for a space of two generations we know enough. Beyond that we know little. Of this little a part is dubious; and what we are disposed to receive as *not* dubious, rests chiefly on his own authority. In the prologue to his Satires, having occasion to notice the lampooners of the times, who had represented his father as 'a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay a bankrupt,' he feels himself called upon to state the truth about his parents; and naturally much more so at a time when the low scurrilities of these obscure libellers had been adopted, accredited, and diffused by persons so distinguished in all points of personal accomplishment and rank as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Harvey: '*hard as thy heart*,' was one of the lines in their joint pasquinade, '*hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.*' Accordingly he makes the following formal statement: 'Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe. His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles [meaning Charles I.]; the eldest, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left *her* what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family.' The sequestrations here spoken of were those inflicted by the commissioners for the parliament; and usually they levied a fifth, or even two fifths, according to the apparent delinquency of the parties. But in such cases two great differences arose in the treatment of

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the royalists; first, that the report was colored according to the interest which a man possessed, or other private means for biassing the commissioners; secondly, that often, when money could not be raised on mortgage to meet the sequestration, it became neccessary to sell a family estate suddenly, and therefore in those times at great loss; so that a nominal fifth might be depressed by favor to a tenth, or raised by the necessity of selling to a half. And hence might arise the small dowry of Mrs. Pope, notwithstanding the family estate in Yorkshire had centred in her person. But, by the way, we see from the fact of the eldest brother having sought service in Spain, that Mrs. Pope was a Papist; not, like her husband, by conversion, but by hereditary faith. This account, as publicly thrown out in the way of challenge by Pope, was, however, sneered at by a certain Mr. Pottinger of those days, who, together with his absurd name, has been safely transmitted to posterity in connection with this single feat of having contradicted Alexander Pope. We read in a diary published by the Microcosm, '*Met a large hat, with a man under it.*' And so, here, we cannot so properly say that Mr. Pottinger brings down the contradiction to our times, as that the contradiction brings down Mr. Pottinger. 'Cousin Pope,' said Pottinger, 'had made himself out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it.' And he then goes on to plead in abatement of Pope's pretensions, 'that an old maiden aunt, equally related,' (that is, standing in the same relation to himself and to the poet,) 'a great genealogist, who was always talking of her family, never mentioned this circumstance.' And again we are told, from another quarter, that the Earl of Guildford, after ex-

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press investigation of this matter, 'was sure that,' amongst the descendants of the Earls of Downe, 'there was none of the name of Pope.' How it was that Lord Guildford came to have any connection with the affair, is not stated by the biographers of Pope; but we have ascertained that, by marriage with a female descendant from the Earls of Downe, he had come into possession of their English estates.

Finally, though it is rather for the honor of the Earls of Downe than of Pope to make out the connection, we must observe that Lord Guildford's testimony, *if ever given at all*, is simply negative; he had found no proofs of the connection, but he had not found any proofs to destroy it; whilst, on the other hand, it ought to be mentioned, though unaccountably overlooked, by all previous biographers, that one of Pope's anonymous enemies, who hated him personally, but was apparently master of his family history, and too honorable to belie his own convictions, expressly affirms of his own authority, and without reference to any claim put forward by Pope, that he was descended from a junior branch of the Downe family. Which testimony has a double value; first as corroborating the probability of Pope's statement viewed in the light of a fact; and, secondly, as corroborating that same statement viewed in the light of a current story, true or false, and not as a disingenuous fiction put forward by Pope to confute Lord Harvey.

It is probable to us, that the Popes, who had been originally transplanted from England to Ireland, had in the person of some cadet been re-transplanted to England; and that having in that way been disconnected from all personal recognition, and all local memorials

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of the capital house, by this sort of *postliminium*, the junior branch had ceased to cherish the honor of a descent which had now divided from all direct advantage. At all events, the researches of Pope's biographers have not been able to trace him farther back in the paternal line than to his grandfather; and he (which is odd enough, considering the popery of his descendants) was a clergyman of the established church in Hampshire. This grandfather had two sons. Of the eldest nothing is recorded beyond the three facts, that he went to Oxford, that he died there, and that he spent the family estate.[152] The younger son, whose name was Alexander, had been sent when young, in some commercial character, to Lisbon;[153] and there it was, in that centre of bigotry, that he became a sincere and most disinterested Catholic. He returned to England; married a Catholic young widow; and became the father of a second Alexander Pope, *ultra Sauromatas notus et Antipodes.*

By his own account to Spence, Pope learned 'very early to read;' and writing he taught himself 'by copying from printed books;' all which seems to argue, that as an only child, with an indolent father and a most indulgent mother, he was not molested with much schooling in his infancy. Only one adventure is recorded of his childhood, viz., that he was attacked by a cow, thrown down, and wounded in the throat.

Pope escaped this disagreeable kind of vaccination without serious injury, and was not farther tormented by cows or schoolmasters until he was about eight years old, when the family priest, that is, we presume, the confessor of his parents, taught him, agreeably to the Jesuit system, the rudiments of Greek and Latin

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concurrently. This priest was named Banister; and his name is frequently employed, together with other fictitious names, by way of signature to the notes in the Dunciad, an artifice which was adopted for the sake of giving a characteristic variety to the notes, according to the tone required for the illustration of the text. From his tuition Pope was at length dismissed to a Catholic school at Twyford, near Winchester. The selection of a school in this neighborhood, though certainly the choice of a Catholic family was much limited, points apparently to the old Hampshire connection of his father. Here an incident occurred which most powerfully illustrates the original and constitutional determination to satire of this irritable poet. He knew himself so accurately, that in after times, half by way of boast, half of confession, he says,

> 'But touch me, and no Minister so sore:
> Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
> Slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme,
> Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
> And the sad burthen of some merry song.'

Already, it seems, in childhood he had the same irresistible instinct, victorious over the strongest sense of personal danger. He wrote a bitter satire upon the presiding pedagogue, was brutally punished for this youthful indiscretion, and indignantly removed by his parents from the school. Mr. Roscoe speaks of Pope's personal experience as necessarily unfavorable to public schools; but in reality he knew nothing of public schools. All the establishments for Papists were narrow, and suited to their political depression; and his parents were too sincerely anxious for their son's religious principles to risk the contagion of Protestant association by sending him elsewhere.

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From the scene[154] of his disgrace and illiberal punishment, he passed, according to the received accounts, under the tuition of several other masters in rapid succession. But it is the less necessary to trouble the reader with their names, as Pope himself assures us, that he learned nothing from any of them. To Banister he had been indebted for such trivial elements of a schoolboy's learning as he possessed at all, excepting those which he had taught himself. And upon himself it was, and his own admirable faculties, that he was now finally thrown for the rest of his education, at an age so immature that many boys are then first entering their academic career. Pope is supposed to have been scarcely twelve years old when he assumed the office of self-tuition, and bade farewell for ever to schools and tutors.

Such a phenomenon is at any rate striking. It is the more so, under the circumstances which attended the plan, and under the results which justified its execution. It seems, as regards the plan, hardly less strange that prudent parents should have acquiesced in a scheme of so much peril to his intellectual interests, than that the son, as regards the execution, should have justified their confidence by his final success. More especially this confidence surprises us in the father. A doating mother might shut her eyes to all remote evils in the present gratification to her affections; but Pope's father was a man of sense and principle; he must have weighed the risks besetting a boy left to his own intellectual guidance; and to these risks he would allow the more weight from his own conscious defect of scholarship and inability to guide or even to accompany his son's studies. He could

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neither direct the proper choice of studies; nor in any one study, taken separately, could he suggest the proper choice of books.

The case we apprehend to have been this. Alexander Pope, the elder, was a man of philosophical desires and unambitious character. Quiet and seclusion and innocence of life, — these were what he affected for himself; and that which had been found available for his own happiness, he might reasonably wish for his son. The two hinges upon which his plans may be supposed to have turned, were, first, the political degradation of his sect; and, secondly, the fact that his son was an only child. Had he been a Protestant, or had he, though a Papist, been burthened with a large family of children, he would doubtless have pursued a different course. But to him, and, as he sincerely hoped, to his son, the strife after civil honors was sternly barred. Apostasy only could lay it open. And, as the sentiments of honor and duty in this point fell in with the vices of his temperament, high principle concurring with his constitutional love of ease, we need not wonder that he should early retire from commerce with a very moderate competence, or that he should suppose the same fortune sufficient for one who was to stand in the same position. This son was from his birth deformed. That made it probable that he might not marry. If he should, and happened to have children, a small family would find an adequate provision in the patrimonial funds; and a large one at the worst could only throw him upon the same commercial exertions to which he had been obliged himself. The Roman Catholics, indeed, were just then situated as our modern Quakers are. Law to the one, as conscience

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to the other, closed all modes of active employment except that of commercial industry. Either his son, therefore, would be a rustic recluse, or, like himself, he would be a merchant.

With such prospects, what need of an elaborate education? And where was such an education to be sought? At the petty establishments of the suffering Catholics, the instruction, as he had found experimentally, was poor. At the great national establishments his son would be a degraded person; one who was permanently repelled from every arena of honor, and sometimes, as in cases of public danger, was banished from the capital, deprived of his house, left defenceless against common ruffians, and rendered liable to the control of every village magistrate. To one in these circumstances solitude was the wisest position, and the best qualification, for that was an education that would furnish aids to solitary thought. No need for brilliant accomplishments to him who must never display them; forensic arts, pulpit erudition, senatorial eloquence, academical accomplishments — these would be lost to one against whom the courts, the pulpit, the senate, the universities, were closed. Nay, by possibility worse than lost; they might prove so many snares or positive bribes to apostasy. Plain English, therefore, and the high thinking of his compatriot authors, might prove the best position for the mind of an English Papist destined to seclusion.

Such are the considerations under which we read and interpret the conduct of Pope's parents; and they lead us to regard as wise and conscientious a scheme which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been pitiably foolish. And be it remembered, that to these

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considerations, derived exclusively from the civil circumstances of the family, were superadded others derived from the astonishing prematurity of the individual. That boy who could write at twelve years of age the beautiful and touching stanzas on Solitude, might well be trusted with the superintendence of his own studies. And the stripling of sixteen, who could so far transcend in good sense the accomplished statesmen or men of the world with whom he afterwards corresponded, might challenge confidence for such a choice of books as would best promote the development of his own faculties.

In reality, one so finely endowed as Alexander Pope, could not easily lose his way in the most extensive or ill-digested library. And though he tells Atterbury, that at one time he abused his opportunities by reading controversial divinity, we may be sure that his own native activities, and the elasticity of his mind, would speedily recoil into a just equilibrium of study, under wider and happier opportunities. Reading, indeed, for a person like Pope, is rather valuable as a means of exciting his own energies and of feeding his own sensibilities, than for any direct acquisitions of knowledge, or for any trains of systematic research. All men are destined to devour much rubbish between the cradle and the grave; and doubtless the man who is wisest in the choice of his books, will have read many a page before he dies, that a thoughtful review would pronounce worthless. This is the fate of all men. But the reading of Pope, as a general result or measure of his judicious choice, is best justified in his writings. They show him well furnished with whatsoever he wanted for matter or for embellishment, for

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argument or illustration, for example and model, or for direct and explicit imitation.

Possibly, as we have already suggested, within the range of English literature Pope might have found all that he wanted. But variety the widest has its uses; and, for the extension of his influence with the polished classes amongst whom he lived, he did wisely to add other languages; and a question has thus arisen with regard to the extent of Pope's attainments as a self-taught linguist. A man, or even a boy, of great originality, may happen to succeed best, in working his own native mines of thought, by his unassisted energies. Here it is granted that a tutor, a guide, or even a companion, may be dispensed with, and even beneficially. But in the case of foreign languages, in attaining this machinery of literature, though anomalies even here do arise, and men there are, like Joseph Scaliger, who form ther own dictionaries and grammars in the mere process of reading an unknown language, by far the major part of students will lose their time by rejecting the aid of tutors. As there has been much difference of opinion with regard to Pope's skill in languages, we shall briefly collate and bring into one focus the stray notices.

As to the French, Voltaire, who knew Pope personally, declared that he 'could hardly *read* it, and spoke not one syllable of the language.' But perhaps Voltaire might dislike Pope? On the contrary, he was acquainted with his works, and admired them to the very level of their merits. Speaking of him *after death* to Frederick of Prussia, he prefers him to Horace and Boileau, asserting that, by comparison with *them*,

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'Pope *approfondit* ce qu'ils ont *effleuré*.
D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abîme de l'être;
Et l'homme *avec lui seul* apprit à se connitre.
L'art quelquefois frivole, et quelquefois divine,
L'art des vers est dans Pope utile au genre humain.'

This is not a wise account of Pope, for it does not abstract the characteristic feature of his power; but it is a very kind one. And of course Voltaire could not have meant any unkindness in denying his knowledge of French. But he was certainly wrong. Pope, in *his* presence, would decline to speak or to read a language of which the pronunciation was confessedly beyond him. Or, if he did, the impression left would be still worse. In fact, no man ever will pronounce or talk a language which he does not use, for some part of every day, in the real intercourse of life. But that Pope read French of an ordinary cast with fluency enough, is evident from the extensive use which he made of Madame Dacier's labors on the Iliad, and still more of La Valterie's prose translation of the Iliad. Already in the year 1718, and long before his personal knowledge of Voltaire, Pope had shown his accurate acquaintance with some voluminous French authors, in a way which, we suspect, was equally surprising and offensive to his noble correspondent. The Duke of Buckingham[155] had addressed to Pope a letter, containing some account of the controversy about Homer, which had then been recently carried on in France between La Motte and Madame Dacier. This account was delivered with an air of teaching, which was very little in harmony with its excessive shallowness. Pope, who sustained the part of pupil in this interlude, re-

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plied in a manner that exhibited a knowledge of the parties concerned in the controversy much superior to that of the duke. In particular, he characterized the excellent notes upon Horace of M. Dacier, the husband, in very just terms, as distinguished from those of his conceited and half-learned wife; and the whole reply of Pope seems very much as though he had been playing off a mystification on his grace. Undoubtedly the pompous duke felt that he had caught a Tartar. Now, M. Dacier's Horace, which, with the text, fills nine volumes, Pope could not have read *except* in French; for they are not even yet translated into English. Besides, Pope read critically the French translations of his own Essay on Man, Essay on Criticism, Rape of the Lock, &c. He spoke of them as a critic; and it was at no time a fault of Pope's to make false pretensions. All readers of Pope's Satires must also recollect numerous proofs, that he had read Boileau with so much feeling of his peculiar merit, that he has appropriated and naturalized in English some of his best passages. Voltaire was, therefore, certainly wrong.

Of Italian literature, meantime, Pope knew little or nothing; and simply because he knew nothing of the language. Tasso, indeed, he admired; and, which is singular, more than Ariosto. But we believe that he had read him only in English; and it is certain that he could not take up an Italian author, either in prose or verse, for the unaffected amusement of his leisure.

Greek, we all know, has been denied to Pope, ever since he translated Homer, and chiefly in consequence of that translation. This seems at first sight unfair,

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because criticism has not succeeded in fixing upon Pope any errors of ignorance. His deviations from Homer were uniformly the result of imperfect sympathy with the naked simplicity of the antique, and therefore wilful deviations, not (like those of his more pretending competitors, Addison and Tickell) pure blunders of misapprehension. But yet it is not inconsistent with this concession to Pope's merits, that we must avow our belief in his thorough ignorance of Greek when he first commenced his task. And to us it seems astonishing that nobody should have adverted to that fact as a sufficient solution, and in fact the only plausible solution, of Pope's excessive depression of spirits in the earliest stage of his labors. This depression, after he had once pledged himself to his subscribers for the fulfilment of his task, arose from, and could have arisen from nothing else than, his conscious ignorance of Greek in connection with the solemn responsibilities he had assumed in the face of a great nation. Nay, even countries as presumptuously disdainful of tramontane literature as Italy took an interest in this memorable undertaking. Bishop Berkeley found Salvini reading it at Florence; and Madame Dacier even, who read little but Greek, and certainly no English until then, condescended to study it. Pope's dejection therefore, or rather agitation (for it impressed by sympathy a tumultuous character upon his dreams, which lasted for years after the cause had ceased to operate) was perfectly natural under the explanation we have given, but not otherwise. And how did he surmount this unhappy self-distrust? Paradoxical as it may sound, we will venture to say, that, with the innumerable aids for interpreting Homer

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which even then existed, a man sufficiently acquainted with Latin might make a translation even critically exact. This Pope was not long in discovering. Other alleviations of his labor concurred, and in a ratio daily increasing.

The same formulæ were continually recurring, such as,

'*But him answering, thus addressed the swift-footed Achilles;*'

Or,

'*But him sternly beholding, thus spoke Agamemnon the king of men.*'

Then, again, universally the Homeric Greek, from many causes, is easy; and especially from these two: 1*st*, The simplicity of the thought, which never gathers into those perplexed knots of rhetorical condensation, which we find in the dramatic poets of a higher civilization. 2*dly*, From the constant bounds set to the expansion of the thought by the form of the metre; an advantage of verse which makes the poets so much easier to a beginner in the German language than the illimitable weavers of prose. The line or the stanza reins up the poet tightly to his theme, and will not suffer him to expatiate. Gradually, therefore, Pope came to read the Homeric Greek, but never accurately; nor did he ever read Eustathius without aid from Latin. As to any knowledge of the Attic Greek, of the Greek of the dramatists, the Greek of Plato, the Greek of Demosthenes, Pope neither had it nor affected to have it. Indeed it was no foible of Pope's, as we will repeat, to make claims which he had not, or even to dwell ostentatiously upon those which he had. And with respect to Greek in particular, there is a manuscript letter in existence from Pope to a Mr.

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Bridges at Falham, which, speaking of the original Homer, distinctly records the knowledge which he had of his own imperfectness in the language.' Chapman, a most spirited translator of Homer, probably had no very critical skill in Greek; and Hobbes was, beyond all question, as poor a Grecian as he was a doggerel translator; yet in this letter Pope professes his willing submission to the 'authority' of Chapman and Hobbes, as superior to his own.

Finally, in *Latin*, Pope was a 'considerable proficient,' even by the cautious testimony of Dr. Johnson; and in this language only the doctor was an accomplished critic. If Pope had really the proficiency here ascribed to him, he must have had it already in his boyish years; for the translation from Statius, which is the principal monument of his skill, was executed *before* he was fourteen. We have taken the trouble to throw a hasty glance over it; and whilst we readily admit the extraordinary talent which it shows, as do all the juvenile essays of Pope, we cannot allow that it argues any accurate skill in Latin. The word Maleă; as we have seen noticed by some editor, he makes Malēa; which in itself, as the name was not of common occurrence, would not have been an error worth noticing; but taken in connection with the certainty that Pope had the original line before him —

'Arripit ex templo Maleæ de valle resurgens,'

when not merely the scanning theoretically, but the whole rhythmus practically, to the most obtuse ear, would be annihilated by Pope's false quantity, is a blunder which serves to show his utter ignorance of prosody. But, even as a version of the sense, with

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every allowance for a poet's license of compression and expansion, Pope's translation is defective, and argues an occasional inability to construe the text. For instance, at the council summoned by Jupiter, it is said that he at his first entrance seats himself upon his starry throne, but not so the inferior gods;

> 'Nec protinus ausi
> Cœlicolæ, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
> Tranquilla jubet esse manu.'

In which passage there is a slight obscurity, from the ellipsis of the word *sedere*, or *sese locare;* but the meaning is evidently that the other gods did not presume to sit down *protinus*, that is, in immediate succession to Jupiter, and interpreting his example as a tacit license to do so, until, by a gentle wave of his hand, the supreme father signifies his express permission to take their seats. But Pope, manifestly unable to extract any sense from the passage, translates thus:

> 'At Jove's assent the deities around
> In solemn state the consistory *crown'd;*'

where at once the whole picturesque solemnity of the celestial ritual melts into the vaguest generalities. Again, at v. 178, *ruptæque vices* is translated, '*and all the ties of nature broke;*' but by *vices* is indicated the alternate reign of the two brothers, as ratified by mutual oaths, and subsequently violated by Eteocles. Other mistakes might be cited, which seem to prove that Pope, like most self-taught linguists, was a very imperfect one.[150] Pope, in short, never rose to such a point in classical literature as to read either Greek or Latin authors without effort, and for his private amusement.

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The result, therefore, of Pope's self-tuition appears to us, considered in the light of an attempt to acquire certain accomplishments of knowledge, a most complete failure. As a linguist, he read no language with ease; none with pleasure to himself; and none with so much accuracy as could have carried him through the most popular author with a general independence of interpreters. But, considered with a view to his particular faculties and slumbering originality of power which required perhaps the stimlation of accident to arouse them effectually, we are very much disposed to think that the very failure of his education as an artificial training was a great advantage finally for inclining his mind to throw itself, by way of indemnification, upon its native powers. Had he attained, as with better tuition he would have attained, distinguished excellence as a scholar, or as a student of science, the chances are many that he would have settled down into such studies as thousands could pursue not less successfully than he; whilst as it was, the very dissatisfaction which he could not but feel with his slender attainments, must have given him a strong motive for cultivating those impulses of original power which he felt continually stirring within him, and which were vivified into trials of competition as often as any distinguished excellence was introduced to his knowledge.

Pope's father, at the time of his birth, lived in Lombard Street;[157] a street still familiar to the public eye, from its adjacency to some of the chief metropolitan establishments, and to the English ear possessing a degree of historical importance; first, as the residence of those Lombards, or Milanese, who affiliated our

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infant commerce to the matron splendors of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean; next, as the central resort of those jewellers, or 'goldsmiths,' as they were styled, who performed all the functions of modern bankers from the period of the parliamentary war to the rise of the Bank of England, that is, for six years after the birth of Pope; and, lastly, as the seat, until lately, of that vast Post-Office, through which, for so long a period, has passed the correspondence of all nations and languages, upon a scale unknown to any other country. In this street Alexander Pope the elder had a house, and a warehouse, we presume annexed, in which he conducted the wholesale business of a linen merchant. As soon as he had made a moderate fortune he retired from business, first to Kensington, and afterwards to Binfield, in Windsor Forest. The period of this migration is not assigned by any writer. It is probable that a prudent man would not adopt it with any prospect of having more children. But this chance might be considered as already extinguished at the birth of Pope; for though his father had then only attained his forty-fourth year, Mrs. Pope had completed her forty-eighth. It is probable, from the interval of seven days which is said to have elapsed between Pope's punishment and his removal from the school, that his parents were then living at such a distance from him as to prevent his ready communication with them, else we may be sure that Mrs. Pope would have flown on the wings of love and wrath to the rescue of her darling. Supposing, therefore, as we *do* suppose, that Mr. Bromley's school in London was the scene of his disgrace, it would appear on this argument that his parents were then living in Windsor Forest.

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And this hypothesis falls in with another anecdote in Pope's life, which we know partly upon his own authority. He tells Wycherley that he had seen Dryden, and barely seen him. *Virgilium vidi tantum.* This is presumed to have been in Will's Coffee-house, whither any person in search of Dryden would of course resort; and it must have been before Pope was twelve years old, for Dryden died in 1700. Now there is a letter of Sir Charles Wogen's, stating that he first took Pope to Will's; and his words are, 'from our forest.' Consequently, at that period, when he had not completed his twelfth year, Pope was already living in the forest.

From this period, and so long as the genial spirits of youth lasted, Pope's life must have been one dream of pleasure. He tells Lord Harvey that his mother did not spoil him; but that was no doubt because there was no room for wilfulness or waywardness on either side, when all was one placid scene of parental obedience and gentle filial authority. We feel persuaded that, if not in words, in spirit and inclination, they would, in any notes they might have occasion to write, subscribe themselves 'Your dutiful parents.' And of what consequence in whose hands were the reins which were never needed? Every reader must be pleased to know that these idolizing parents lived to see their son at the very summit of his public elevation; even his father lived two years and a half after the publication of his Homer had commenced, and when his fortune was made; and his mother lived for nearly eighteen years more. What a felicity for her, how rare and how perfect to find that he, who to her maternal eyes was naturally the most perfect of human

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beings, and the idol of her heart, had already been the idol of the nation before he had completed his youth. She had also another blessing not always commanded by the most devoted love; many sons there are who think it essential to manliness that they should treat their mother's doating anxiety with levity or even ridicule. But Pope, who was the model of a good son, never swerved in words, manners, or conduct, from the most respectful tenderness, or intermitted the piety of his attentions. And so far did he carry this regard for his mother's comfort, that, well knowing how she lived upon his presence or by his image, he denied himself for many years all excursions which could not be fully accomplished within the revolution of a week. And to this cause, combined with the excessive length of his mother's life, must be ascribed the fact that Pope never went abroad; not to Italy with Thomson or with Berkeley, or any of his diplomatic friends; not to Ireland, where his presence would have been hailed as a national honor; not even to France, on a visit to his admiring and admired friend Lord Bolingbroke. For as to the fear of sea-sickness, *that* did not arise until a late period of his life; and at any period would not have operated to prevent his crossing from Dover to Calais. It is possible that, in his earlier and more sanguine years, all the perfection of his filial love may not have availed to prevent him from now and then breathing a secret murmur at confinement so constant. But it is certain that, long before he passed the meridian of his life, Pope had come to view this confinement with far other thoughts. Experience had then taught him that to no man is the privilege granted of possessing more than one or two friends who are such in extrem-

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ity. By that time he had come to view his mother's death with fear and anguish. She, he knew by many a sign, would have been happy to lay down her life for his sake; but for others, even those who were the most friendly and the most constant in their attentions, he felt but too certainly that his death, or his heavy affliction, might cost them a few sighs, but would not materially disturb their peace of mind. 'It is but in a very narrow circle,' says he, in a confidential letter, 'that friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must; knowing well it is but to two or three, (if quite so many,) that any man's welfare or memory can be of consequence.' After such acknowledgments, we are not surprised to find him writing thus of his mother, and his fearful struggles to fight off the shock of his mother's death, at a time when it was rapidly approaching. After having said of a friend's death, 'The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God,' he goes on thus, 'So will the death of my mother be, which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off; every day alters, turns me about, confuses my whole frame of mind.' There is no pleasure, he adds, which the world can give, 'equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long lived with, or of one I have so long lived for.' How will he comfort himself after her death? 'I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort, the last we usually think of, though the only one we should in wisdom depend upon. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well. I have shed many tears; but now I weep at nothing.'

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A man, therefore, happier than Pope in his domestic relations cannot easily have lived. It is true these relations were circumscribed; had they been wider, they could not have been so happy. But Pope was equally fortunate in his social relations. What, indeed, most of all surprises us, is the courteous, flattering, and even brilliant reception which Pope found from his earliest boyhood amongst the most accomplished men of the world. Wits, courtiers, statesmen, grandees the most dignified, and men of fashion the most brilliant, all alike treated him not only with pointed kindness, but with a respect that seemed to acknowledge him as their intellectual superior. Without rank, high birth, fortune, without even a literary name, and in defiance of a deformed person, Pope, whilst yet only sixteen years of age, was caressed, and even honored; and all this with no one recommendation but simply the knowledge of his dedication to letters, and the premature expectations which he raised of future excellence. Sir William Trumbull, a veteran statesman, who had held the highest stations, both diplomatic and ministerial, made him his daily companion. Wycherley, the old *roué* of the town, a second-rate wit, but not the less jealous on that account, showed the utmost deference to one whom, as a man of fashion, he must have regarded with contempt, and between whom and himself there were nearly 'fifty good years of fair and foul weather.' Cromwell,[158] a fox-hunting country gentleman, but uniting with that character the pretensions of a wit, and affecting also the reputation of a rake, cultivated his regard with zeal and conscious inferiority. Nay, which never in any other instance happened to the most fortunate poet, his very inaugural

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essays in verse were treated, not as prelusive efforts of auspicious promise, but as finished works of art, entitled to take their station amongst the literature of the land; and in the most worthless of all his poems, Walsh, an established authority, and whom Dryden pronounced the ablest critic of the age, found proofs of equality with Virgil.

The literary correspondence with these gentlemen is interesting, as a model of what once passed for fine letter-writing. Every nerve was strained to outdo each other in carving all thoughts into a filagree work of rhetoric; and the amœbæan contest was like that between two village cocks from neighboring farms endeavoring to overthrow each other. To us, in this age of purer and more masculine taste, the whole scene takes the ludicrous air of old and young fops dancing a minuet with each other, practising the most elaborate grimaces, sinkings and risings the most awful, bows the most overshadowing, until plain walking, running, or the motions of natural dancing, are thought too insipid for endurance. In this instance the taste had perhaps really been borrowed from France, though often enough we impute to France what is the native growth of all minds placed in similar circumstances. Madame de Sevigné's Letters were really models of grace. But Balzac, whose letters, however, are not without interest, had in some measure formed himself upon the truly magnificent rhetoric of Pliny and Seneca. Pope and his correspondents, meantime, degraded the dignity of rhetoric by applying it to trivial commonplaces of compliment; whereas Seneca applied it to the grandest themes which life or contemplation can supply. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,

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on first coming amongst the wits of the day, naturally adopted their style. She found this sort of *euphuism* established; and it was not for a very young woman to oppose it. But her masculine understanding and powerful good sense, shaken free, besides, from all local follies by travels and extensive commerce with the world, first threw off these glittering chains of affectation. Dean Swift, by the very constitution of his mind, plain, sinewy, nervous, and courting only the strength that allies itself with homeliness, was always indisposed to this mode of correspondence. And, finally, Pope himself, as his earlier friends died off, and his own understanding acquired strength, laid it aside altogether. One reason doubtless was, that he found it too fatiguing; since in this way of letter-writing he was put to as much expense of wit in amusing an individual correspondent, as would for an equal extent have sufficed to delight the whole world. A funambulist may harass his muscles and risk his neck on the tight-rope, but hardly to entertain his own family. Pope, however, had another reason for declining this showy system of fencing; and strange it is that he had not discovered this reason from the very first. As life advanced, it happened unavoidably that real business advanced; the careless condition of youth prompted no topics, or at least prescribed none, but such as were agreeable to the taste, and allowed of an ornamental coloring. But when downright business occurred, exchequer bills to be sold, meetings to be arranged, negotiations confided, difficulties to be explained, here and there by possibility a jest or two might be scattered, a witty illusion thrown in, or a sentiment interwoven; but for the main body of the case, it neither

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could receive any ornamental treatment, nor if by any effort of ingenuity, it *had*, could it look otherwise than silly and unreasonable:

'Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.'

Pope's idleness, therefore, on the one hand, concurring with good sense and the necessities of business on the other, drove him to quit his gay rhetoric in letter-writing. But there are passages surviving in his correspondence which indicate, that, after all, had leisure and the coarse perplexities of life permitted it, he still looked with partiality upon his youthful style, and cherished it as a first love. But in this harsh world, as the course of true love, so that of rhetoric, never did run smooth; and thus it happened that, with a lingering farewell, he felt himself forced to bid it adieu. Strange that any man should think his own sincere and confidential overflowings of thought and feeling upon books, men, and public affairs, less valuable in a literary view than the legerdemain of throwing up bubbles into the air for the sake of watching their prismatic hues, like an Indian juggler with his cups and balls. We of this age, who have formed our notions of epistolary excellence from the chastity of Gray's, the brilliancy of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's during her later life, and the mingled good sense and fine feelings of Cowper's, value only those letters of Pope which he himself thought of inferior value. And even with regard to these, we may say that there is a great mistake made; the best of those later letters between Pope and Swift, &c., are not in themselves at all superior to the letters of sensible and accomplished women, such as leave every town in the island by

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every post. Their chief interest is a derivative one; we are pleased with any letter, good or bad, which relates to men of such eminent talent; and sometimes the subjects discussed have a separate interest for themselves. But as to the quality of the discussion, apart from the person discussing and the thing discussed, so trivial is the value of these letters in a large proportion, that we cannot but wonder at the preposterous value which was set upon them by the writers.[189] Pope especially ought not to have his ethereal works loaded by the mass of trivial prose which is usually attached to them.

This correspondence, meantime, with the wits of the time, though one mode by which, in the absence of reviews, the reputation of an author was spread, did not perhaps serve the interests of Pope so effectually as the poems which in this way he circulated in those classes of English society whose favor he chiefly courted. One of his friends, the truly kind and accomplished Sir William Trumbull, served him in that way, and perhaps in another eventually even more important. The library of Pope's father was composed exclusively of polemical divinity, a proof, by the way, that he was not a blind convert to the Roman Catholic faith; or, if he was so originally, had reviewed the grounds of it, and adhered to it after strenuous study. In this dearth of books at his own home, and until he was able to influence his father in buying more extensively, Pope had benefited by the loans of his friends; amongst whom it is probable that Sir William, as one of the best scholars of the whole, might assist him most. He certainly offered him the most touching compliment, as it was also the wisest and most paternal

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counsel, when he besought him as one *goddess-born*, to quit the convivial society of deep drinkers:

'Heu, fuge nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe malis.'

With these aids from friends of rank, and his way thus laid open to public favor, in the year 1709 Pope first came forward upon the stage of literature. The same year which terminated his legal minority introduced him to the public. *Miscellanies* in those days were almost periodical repositories of fugitive verse. Tonson happened at this time to be publishing one of some extent, the sixth volume of which offered a sort of ambush to the young aspirant of Windsor Forest, from which he might watch the public feeling. The volume was opened by Mr. Ambrose Philips, in the character of pastoral poet; and in the same character, but stationed at the end of the volume, and thus covered by his bucolic leader, as a soldier to the rear by the file in advance, appeared Pope; so that he might win a little public notice, without too much seeming to challenge it. This half-clandestine emersion upon the stage of authorship, and his furtive position, are both mentioned by Pope as accidents, but as accidents in which he rejoiced, and not improbably accidents which Tonson had arranged with a view to his satisfaction.

It must appear strange that Pope at twenty-one should choose to come forward for the first time with a work composed at sixteen. A difference of five years at that stage of life is of more effect than of twenty at a later; and his own expanding judgment could hardly fail to inform him, that his Pastorals were by far the worst of his works. In reality, let us not deny, that had Pope never written any thing else, his name would

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not have been known as a name even of promise, but would probably have been redeemed from oblivion by some satirist or writer of a Dunciad. Were a man to meet with such a nondescript monster as the following, viz., '*Love out of Mount Ætna by Whirlwind*,' he would suppose himself reading the Racing Calendar. Yet this hybrid creature is one of the many zoölogical monsters to whom the Pastorals introduce us:

> 'I know thee, love! on foreign mountains bred,
> Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
> Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
> Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.'

But the very names 'Damon' and 'Strephon,' 'Phillis' and 'Delia,' are rank with childishness. Arcadian life is, at the best, a feeble conception, and rests upon the false principle of crowding together all the luscious sweets of rural life, undignified by the danger which attends pastoral life in our climate, and unrelieved by shades, either moral or physical. And the Arcadia of Pope's age was the spurious Arcadia of the opera theatre, and, what is worse, of the French opera.

The hostilities which followed between these rival wooers of the pastoral muse are well known. Pope, irritated at what he conceived the partiality shown to Philips in the Guardian, pursued the review ironically; and, whilst affecting to load his antagonist with praises, draws into pointed relief some of his most flagrant faults. The result, however, we cannot believe. That all the wits, except Addison, were duped by the irony, is quite impossible. Could any man of sense mistake for praise the remark, that Philips had imitated '*every* line of Strada;' that he had introduced wolves into England, and proved himself the first of gardeners by

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making his flowers 'blow all in the same season.' Or, suppose those passages unnoticed, could the broda sneer escape him, where Pope taxes the other writer (viz., himself) with having deviated 'into downright poetry;' or the outrageous ridicule of Philips's style, as setting up for the ideal type of the pastoral style, the quotation from Gay, beginning,

> 'Rager, go vetch the kee, or else the zun
> Will quite bego before ch' 'avs half a don!'

Philips is said to have resented this treatment by threats of personal chastisement to Pope, and even hanging up a rod at Button's coffee-house. We may be certain that Philips never disgraced himself by such ignoble conduct. If the public indeed were universally duped by the paper, what motive had Philips for resentment? Or, in any case, what plea had he for attacking Pope, who had not come forward as the author of the essay? But, from Pope's confidential account of the matter, we know that Philips saw him daily, and never offered him 'any indecorum;' though, for some cause or other, Pope pursued Philips with virulence through life.

In the year 1711, Pope published his Essay on Criticism, which some people have very unreasonably fancied his best performance; and in the same year his Rape of the Lock, the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature offers. It wanted, however, as yet, the principle of its vitality, in wanting the machinery of sylphs and gnomes, with which addition it was first published in 1714.

In the year 1712, Pope appeared again before the public as the author of the Temple of Fame, and the Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Much

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speculation has arisen on the question concerning the name of this lady, and the more interesting question concerning the nature of the persecutions and misfortunes which she suffered. Pope appears purposely to decline answering the questions of his friends upon that point; at least the questions have reached us, and the answers have not. Joseph Warton supposed himself to have ascertained four facts about her: that her name was Wainsbury; that she was deformed in person; that she retired into a convent from some circumstances connected with an attachment to a young man of inferior rank; and that she killed herself, not by a sword, as the poet insinuates, but by a halter. As to the latter statement, it may very possibly be true; such a change would be a very slight exercise of the poet's privileges. As to the rest, there are scarcely grounds enough for an opinion. Pope certainly speaks of her under the name of Mrs. (*i. e* Miss) W——, which at least argues a poetical exaggeration in describing her as a being 'that once had *titles*, honor, wealth, and fame;' and he may as much have exaggerated her pretensions to beauty. It is indeed noticeable, that he speaks simply of her *decent* limbs, which, in any English use of the word, does not imply much enthusiasm of praise. She appears to have been the niece of a Lady A——; and Mr. Craggs, afterwards secretary of state, wrote to Lady A—— on her behalf, and otherwise took an interest in her fate. As to her being a relative of the Duke of Buckingham's, that rests upon a mere conjectural interpretation applied to a letter of that nobleman's. But all things about this unhappy lady are as yet enveloped in mystery. And not the least part of the

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mystery is a letter of Pope's to a Mr. C——, bearing date 1732, that is, just twenty years after the publication of the poem, in which Pope, in a manly tone, justifies himself for his estrangement, and presses against his unknown correspondent the very blame which he had applied generally to the kinsman of the poor victim in 1712. Now, unless, there is some mistake in the date, how are we to explain this gentleman's long lethargy, and his sudden sensibility to Pope's anathema, with which the world has resounded for twenty years?

Pope had now established his reputation with the public as the legitimate successor and heir to the poetical supremacy of Dryden. His Rape of the Lock was unrivalled in ancient or modern literature, and the time had now arrived when, instead of seeking to extend his fame, he might count upon a pretty general support in applying what he had already established to the promotion of his own interest. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1713, he formed a final resolution of undertaking a new translation of the Iliad. It must be observed, that already in 1709, concurrently with his Pastorals, he had published specimens of such a translation; and these had been communicated to his friends some time before. In particular, Sir William Trumbull, on the 9th of April, 1708, urged upon Pope a complete translation of both Iliad and Odyssey. Defective skill in the Greek language, exaggeration of the difficulties, and the timidity of a writer as yet unknown, and not quite twenty years old, restrained Pope for five years and more. What he had practised as a sort of *bravura*, for a single effort of display, he recoiled from as a

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daily task to be pursued through much toil, and a considerable section of his life. However, he dallied with the purpose, starting difficulties in the temper of one who wishes to hear them undervalued; until at length Sir Richard Steele determined him to the undertaking, a fact overlooked by the biographer, but which is ascertained by Ayre's account of that interview between Pope and Addison, probably in 1716, which sealed the rupture between them. In the autumn of 1713, he made his design known amongst his friends. Accordingly, on the 21st of October, we have Lord Lansdown's letter, expressing his great pleasure at the communication; on the 26th we have Addison's letter encouraging him to the task; and in November of the same year occurs the amusing scene so graphically described by Bishop Kennet, when Dean Swift presided in the conversation, and, amongst other indications of his conscious authority, 'instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope, who had *begun* a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; for,' says he, '*the author shall not begin to print until I have a thousand guineas for him.*'

If this were the extent of what Swift anticipated from the work, he fell miserably below the result. But, perhaps, he spoke only of a cautionary *arrha* or earnest. As this was unquestionably the greatest literary labor, as to profit, ever executed, not excepting the most lucrative of Sir Walter Scott's, if due allowance be made for the altered value of money, and if we consider the Odyssey as forming part of the labor, it may be right to state the particulars of Pope's contract with Lintot.

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The number of subscribers to the Iliad was 574, and the number of copies subscribed for was 654. The work was to be printed in six quarto volumes; and the subscription was a guinea a volume. Consequently by the subscription Pope obtained six times 654 guineas, or £4218 6*s*., (for the guinea then passed for 21*s*. 6*d*.); and for the copyright of each volume Lintot offered £200, consequently £1200 for the whole six; so that from the Iliad the profit exactly amounted to £5310 16*s*. Of the Odyssey, 574 copies were subscribed for. It was to be printed in five quarto volumes, and the subscription was a guinea a volume. Consequently by the subscription Pope obtained five times 574 guineas, or £3085 5*s*.; and for the copyright Lintot offered £600. The total sum received, therefore, by Pope, on account of the Odyssey, was £3685 5*s*. But in this instance he had two coadjutors, Broome and Fenton; between them they translated twelve books, leaving twelve to Pope. The notes also were compiled by Broome; but the postscript to the notes was written by Pope. Fenton received £300, Broome £500. Such at least is Warton's account, and more probable than that of Ruffhead, who not only varies the proportions, but increases the whole sum given to the assistants by £100. Thus far we had followed the guidance of mere probabilities, as they lie upon the face of the transaction. But we have since detected a written statement of Pope's, unaccountably overlooked by the biographers, and serving of itself to show how negligently they have read the works of their illustrious subject. The statement is entitled to the fullest attention and confidence, not being a hasty or casual notice of the transaction, but pointedly shaped

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to meet a calumnious rumor against Pope in his character of paymaster; as if he who had found so much liberality from publishers in his own person, were niggardly or unjust as soon as he assumed those relations to others. Broome, it was alleged, had expressed himself dissatisfied with Pope's remuneration. Perhaps he had. For he would be likely to frame his estimate for his own services from the scale of Pope's reputed gains; and those gains would, at any rate, be enormously exaggerated, as uniformly happens where there is a basis of the marvellous to begin with. And, secondly, it would be natural enough to assume the previous result from the Iliad as a fair standard for computation; but in this, as we know, all parties found themselves disappointed, and Broome had the less right to murmur at this, since the agreement with himself as chief journeyman in the job was one main cause of the disappointment. There was also another reason why Broome should be less satisfied than Fenton. Verse for verse, any one thousand lines of a translation so purely mechanical might stand against any other thousand; and so far the equation of claims was easy. A book-keeper, with a pen behind his ear, and Cocker's Golden Rule open before him, could do full justice to Mr. Broome *as a poet* every Saturday night. But Broome had a separate account current for pure prose against Pope. One he had in conjunction with Fenton for verses delivered on the premises at so much per hundred, on which there could be no demur, except as to the allowance for tare and tret as a discount in favor of Pope. But the prose account, the account for notes, requiring very various degrees of reading and research, allowed of no such easy

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equation. *There* it was, we conceive, that Broome's discontent arose. Pope, however, declares that he had given him £500, thus confirming the proportions of Warton against Ruffhead, (that is, in effect, Warburton,) and some other advantages which were not in money, nor deductions at all from his own money profits, but which may have been worth so much money to Broome, as to give some colorable truth to Ruffhead's allegation of an additional £100. In direct money, it remains certain that Fenton had three, and Broome five hundred pounds. It follows, therefore, that for the Iliad and Odyssey jointly he received a sum of £8996 1*s.*, and paid for assistance £800, which leaves to himself a clear sum of £8196 1*s.* And, in fact, his profits ought to be calculated without deduction, since it was his own choice, from indolence, to purchase assistance.

The Iliad was commenced about October, 1713. In the summer of the following year he was so far advanced as to begin making arrangements with Lintot for the printing; and the first two books, in manuscript, were put into the hands of Lord Halifax. In June, 1715, between the 10th and 28th, the subscribers received their copies of the first volume; and in July Lintot began to publish that volume generally. Some readers will inquire, who paid for the printing and paper, &c.? All this expense fell upon Lintot, for whom Pope was superfluously anxious. The sagacious bookseller understood what he was about; and, when a pirated edition was published in Holland, he counteracted the injury by printing a cheap edition, of which 7500 copies were sold in a few weeks; an extraordinary proof of the extended interest in literature. The

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second, third, and fourth volumes of the Iliad, each containing, like the first, four books, were published successively in 1716, 1717, 1718; and in 1720, Pope completed the work by publishing the fifth volume, containing five books, and the sixth, containing the last three, with the requisite supplementary apparatus.

The Odyssey was commenced in 1723, (not 1722, as Mr. Roscoe virtually asserts at p. 259,) and the publication of it was finished in 1725. The sale, however, was much inferior to that of the Iliad; for which more reasons than one might be assigned. But there can be no doubt that Pope himself depreciated the work, by his undignified arrangements for working by subordinate hands. Such a process may answer in sculpture, because there a quantity of rough-hewing occurs, which can no more be improved by committing it to a Phidias, than a common shop-bill could be improved in its arithmetic by Sir Isaac Newton. But in literature such arrangements are degrading; and above all, in a work which was but too much exposed already to the presumption of being a mere effort of mechanic skill, or (as Curll said to the House of Lords) '*a knack;*' it was deliberately helping forward that idea to let off parts of the labor. Only think of Milton letting off by contract to the lowest offer, and to be delivered by such a day, (for which good security to be found,) six books of Paradise Lost. It is true, the great dramatic authors were often *collaborateurs*, but their case was essentially different. The loss, however, fell not upon Pope, but upon Lintot, who, on this occasion, was out of temper, and talked rather broadly of prosecution. But that was out of the question. Pope had acted indiscreetly, but nothing could

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be alleged against his honor; for he had expressly warned the public, that he did not, as in the other case, profess *to translate*, but to *undertake*[109] *a translation* of the Odyssey. Lintot, however, was no loser, absolutely, though he might be so in relation to his expectations; on the contrary, he grew rich, bought land, and became sheriff of the county in which his estates lay.

We have pursued the Homeric labors uninterruptedly from their commencement in 1713, till their final termination in 1725, a period of twelve years or nearly; because this was the task to which Pope owed the dignity, if not the comforts of his life, since it was this which enabled him to decline a pension from all administrations, and even from his friend Craggs, the secretary, to decline the express offer of £300 per annum. Indeed Pope is always proud to own his obligations to Homer. In the interval, however, between the Iliad and the Odyssey, Pope listened to proposals made by Jacob Tonson, that he should revise an edition of Shakspeare. For this, which was in fact the first attempt at establishing the text of the mighty poet, Pope obtained but little money, and still less reputation. He received, according to tradition, only £217 12*s*. for his trouble of collation, which must have been considerable, and some other trifling editorial labor. And the opinion of all judges, from the first so unfavorable as to have depreciated the money-value of the book enormously perhaps from a prepossession of the public mind against the fitness of Pope for executing the dull labors of revision, has ever since pronounced this work the very worst edition in existence. For the edition we have little to plead; but for

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the editor it is but just to make three apologies. In the *first* place, he wrote a brilliant preface, which, although (like other works of the same class) too much occupied in displaying his own ability, and too often, for the sake of an effective antithesis, doing deep injustice to Shakspeare, yet undoubtedly, as a whole, extended his fame, by giving the sanction and countersign of a great wit to the national admiration. *Secondly*, as Dr. Johnson admits, Pope's failure pointed out the right road to his successors. *Thirdly*, even in this failure it is but fair to say, that in a graduated scale of merit, as distributed amongst the long succession of editors through that century, Pope holds a rank proportionable to his age. For the year 1720, he is no otherwise below Theobald, Hanmer, Capell, Warburton, or even Johnson, than as they are successively below each other, and all of them as to accuracy below Steevens, as he again was below Malone and Reed.

The gains from Shakspeare would hardly counterbalance the loss which Pope sustained this year from the South Sea Bubble. One thing, by the way, is still unaccountably neglected by writers on this question. How it was that the great Mississippi Bubble, during the Orleans regency in Paris, should have happened to coincide with that of London. If this were accident, how marvellous that the same insanity should possess the two great capitals of Christendom in the same year! If, again, it were not accident, but due to some common cause, why is not that cause explained? Pope to his nearest friends never stated the amount of his loss The biographers report that at one time his stock was worth from twenty to thirty thousand pounds.

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But that was quite impossible. It is true, that as the stock rose at one time a thousand per cent., this would not imply on Pope's part an original purchase beyond twenty-five hundred pounds or thereabouts. But Pope has furnished an argument against *that*, which we shall improve. He quotes more than once, as applicable to his own case, the old proverbial riddle of Hesiod, πλεον ἡμισυ παντος, *the half is more than the whole.* What did he mean by that? We understand it thus: That between the selling and buying, the variations had been such as to sink his shares to one half of the price they had once reached, but, even at that depreciation, to leave him richer on selling out than he had been at first. But the half of £25,000 would be a far larger sum than Pope could have ventured to risk upon a fund confessedly liable to daily fluctuation. £3000 would be the utmost he could risk; in which case the half of £25,000 would have left him so very much richer, that he would have proclaimed his good fortune as an evidence of his skill and prudence. Yet, on the contrary, he wished his friends to understand at times that he had lost. But his friends forgot to ask one important question: Was the word *loss* to be understood in relation to the imaginary and nominal wealth which he once possessed, or in relation to the absolute sum invested in the South Sea fund? The truth is, Pope practised on this, as on other occasions, a little finessing, which is the chief foible in his character. His object was, that, according to circumstances, he might vindicate his own freedom from the common mania, in case his enemies should take that handle for attacking him; or might have it in his power to plead poverty, and to account for it, in case he should ever

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accept that pension which had been so often tendered but never sternly rejected.

In 1723 Pope lost one of his dearest friends, Bishop Atterbury, by banishment; a sentence most justly incurred, and mercifully mitigated by the hostile Whig government. On the bishop's trial a circumstance occurred to Pope which flagrantly corroborated his own belief in his natural disqualification for public life. He was summoned as an evidence on his friend's behalf. He had but a dozen words to say, simply explaining the general tenor of his lordship's behavior at Bromley, and yet, under this trivial task, though supported by the enthusiasm of his friendship, he broke down. Lord Bolingbroke, returning from exile, met the bishop at the sea-side; upon which it was wittily remarked that they were 'exchanged.' Lord Bolingbroke supplied to Pope the place, or perhaps more than supplied the place, of the friend he had lost; for Bolingbroke was a free-thinker, and so far more entertaining to Pope, even whilst partially dissenting, than Atterbury, whose clerical profession laid him under restraints of decorum, and latterly, there is reason to think, of conscience.

In 1725, on closing the Odyssey, Pope announces his intention to Swift of quitting the labors of a translator, and thenceforwards applying himself to original composition. This resolution led to the Essay on Man, which appeared soon afterwards; and, with the exception of two labors, which occupied Pope in the interval between 1726 and 1729, the rest of his life may properly be described as dedicated to the further extension of that Essay. The two works which he interposed were a collection of the fugitive papers, whether

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prose or verse, which he and Dean Swift had scattered amongst their friends at different periods of life. The avowed motive for this publication, and, in fact, the secret motive, as disclosed in Pope's confidential letters, was to make it impossible thenceforwards for piratical publishers like Curll. Both Pope and Swift dreaded the malice of Curll in case they should die before him. It was one of Curll's regular artifices to publish a heap of trash on the death of any eminent man, under the title of his Remains; and in allusion to that practice, it was that Arbuthnot most wittily called Curll 'one of the new terrors of death.' By publishing *all*, Pope would have disarmed Curll beforehand; and *that* was in fact the purpose; and that plea only could be offered by two grave authors, one forty, the other sixty years old, for reprinting *jeux d'esprit*, that never had any other apology than the youth of their authors. Yet, strange to say, after all, some were omitted; and the omission of one opened the door to Curll as well as that of a score. Let Curll have once inserted the narrow end of the wedge, he would soon have driven it home.

This Miscellany, however, in three volumes, (published in 1727, but afterwards increased by a fourth in 1732,) though in itself a trifling work, had one vast consequence. It drew after it swarms of libels and lampoons, levelled almost exclusively at Pope, although the cipher of the joint authors stood entwined upon the title-page. These libels in *their* turn produced a second reaction; and, by stimulating Pope to effectual anger, eventually drew forth, for the everlasting admiration of posterity, the very greatest of Pope's works; a monument of satirical power the greatest which man

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has produced, not excepting the MacFleckno of Dryden, namely, the immortal Dunciad.

In October of the year 1727, this poem, in its original form, was completed. Many editions, not spurious altogether, nor surreptitious, but with some connivance, not yet explained, from Pope, were printed in Dublin and in London. But the first quarto and acknowledged edition was published in London early in '1728–9,' as the editors choose to write it, that is, (without perplexing the reader,) in 1729. On March 12th of which year it was presented by the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, to the king and queen at St. James's.

Like a hornet, who is said to leave his sting in the wound, and afterwards to languish away, Pope felt so greatly exhausted by the efforts connected with the Dunciad, (which are far greater, in fact, than all his Homeric labors put together,) that he prepared his friends to expect for the future only an indolent companion and a hermit. Events rapidly succeeded which tended to strengthen the impression he had conceived of his own decay, and certainly to increase his disgust with the world. In 1732 died his friend Atterbury; and on December the 7th of the same year Gay, the most unpretending of all the wits whom he knew, and the one with whom he had at one time been domesticated, expired, after an illness of three days, which Dr. Arbuthnot declares to have been 'the most precipitate' he ever knew. But in fact Gay had long been decaying from the ignoble vice of too much and too luxurious eating. Six months after this loss, which greatly affected Pope, came the last deadly wound which this life could inflict, in the death of his mother.

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She had for some time been in her dotage, and recognized no face but that of her son, so that her death was not unexpected; but that circumstance did not soften the blow of separation to Pope. She died on the 7th of June, 1733, being then ninety-three years old. Three days after, writing to Richardson, the painter, for the purpose of urging him to come down and take her portrait before the coffin was closed, he says, 'I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, nor even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity,' that 'it would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew. Adieu, may you die as happily.' The funeral took place on the 11th; Pope then quitted the house, unable to support the silence of her chamber, and did not return for months, nor in fact ever reconciled himself to the sight of her vacant apartment.

Swift also he had virtually lost for ever. In April, 1727, this unhappy man had visited Pope for the last time. During this visit occurred the death of George I. Great expectations arose from that event amongst the Tories, in which, of course, Swift shared. It was reckoned upon as a thing of course that Walpole would be dismissed. But this bright gleam of hope proved as treacherous as all before; and the anguish of this final disappointment perhaps it was which brought on a violent attack of Swift's constitutional malady. On the last of August he quitted Pope's house abruptly, concealed himself in London, and finally quitted it, as stealthily as he had before quitted Twickenham, for Ireland, never more to return. He left a most affectionate letter for Pope; but his afflic-

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tion and his gloomy anticipations of insanity, were too oppressive to allow of his seeking a personal interview.

Pope might now describe himself pretty nearly as *ultimus suorum;* and if he would have friends in future, he must seek them, as he complains bitterly, almost amongst strangers and another generation. This sense of desolation may account for the acrimony which too much disfigures his writings henceforward. Between 1732 and 1740, he was chiefly engaged in satires, which uniformly speak a high moral tone in the midst of personal invective; or in poems directly philosophical, which almost as uniformly speak the bitter tone of satire in the midst of dispassionate ethics. His Essay on Man was but one link in a general course which he had projected of moral philosophy, here and there pursuing his themes into the fields of metaphysics, but no farther in either field of morals or metaphysics than he could make compatible with a poetical treatment. These works, however, naturally entangled him in feuds of various complexions with people of very various pretensions; and to admirers of Pope so fervent as we profess ourselves, it is painful to acknowledge that the dignity of his latter years, and the becoming tranquillity of increasing age, are sadly disturbed by the petulance and the tone of irritation which, alike to those in the wrong and in the right, inevitably besiege all personal disputes. He was agitated, besides, by a piratical publication of his correspondence. This emanated, of course, from the den of Curll, the universal robber and '*blatant beast*' of those days; and, besides the injury offered to his feelings by exposing some youthful sallies which he wished to have suppressed, it drew upon him a far

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more disgraceful imputation, most assuredly unfounded but accredited by Dr. Johnson, and consequently in full currency to this day, of having acted collusively with Curll, or at least through Curll, for the publication of what he wished the world to see, but could not else have devised any decent pretext for exhibiting. The disturbance of his mind on this occasion led to a circular request, dispersed among his friends, that they would return his letters. All complied except Swift. He only delayed, and in fact shuffled. But it is easy to read in his evasions, and Pope, in spite of his vexation, read the same tale, viz., that, in consequence of his recurring attacks and increasing misery, he was himself the victim of artifices amongst those who surrounded him. What Pope apprehended happened. The letters were all published in Dublin and in London, the originals being then only returned when they had done their work of exposure.

Such a tenor of life, so constantly fretted by petty wrongs, or by leaden insults, to which only the celebrity of their object lent force or wings, allowed little opportunity to Pope for recalling his powers from angry themes, and converging them upon others of more catholic philosophy. To the last he continued to conceal vipers beneath his flowers; or rather, speaking proportionately to the case, he continued to sheath amongst the gleaming but innocuous lightnings of his departing splendors, the thunderbolts which blasted for ever. His last appearance was his greatest. In 1742 he published the fourth book of the Dunciad; to which it has with much reason been objected, that it stands in no obvious relation to the other three, but which, taken as a separate whole, is by far the most brilliant and the

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weightiest of his works. Pope was aware of the *hiatus* between this last book and the rest, on which account he sometimes called it the greater Dunciad; and it would have been easy for him, with a shallow Warburtonian ingenuity to invent links that might have satisfied a mere *verbal* sense of connection. But he disdained this puerile expedient. The fact was, and could not be disguised from any penetrating eye, that the poem was not a pursuit of the former subjects; it had arisen spontaneously at various times, by looking at the same general theme of dulness, (which, in Pope's sense, includes all aberrations of the intellect, nay, even any defective equilibrium amongst the faculties,) under a different angle of observation, and from a different centre. In this closing book, not only bad authors, as in the other three, but all abuses of science or antiquarian knowledge, or connoisseurship in the arts, are attacked. Virtuosi, medalists, butterfly-hunters, florists, erring metaphysicians, &c., are all pierced through and through as with the shafts of Apollo. But the imperfect plan of the work as to its internal economy, no less than its exterior relations, is evident in many places; and in particular the whole catastrophe of the poem, if it can be so called, is linked to the rest by a most insufficient incident. To give a closing grandeur to his work, Pope had conceived the idea of representing the earth as lying universally under the incubation of one mighty spirit of dulness; a sort of millennium, as we may call it, for ignorance, error, and stupidity. This would take leave of the reader with effect; but how was it to be introduced? at what era? under what exciting cause? As to the eras, Pope could not settle that; unless it

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were a *future* era, the description of it could not be delivered as a prophecy; and, not being prophetic, it would want much of its grandeur. Yet *as* a part of futurity, how is it connected with our present times? Do they and their pursuits lead to it as a possibility, or as a contingency upon certain habits which we have it in our power to eradicate, (in which case this vision of dulness has a *practical* warning,) or is it a mere necessity, one amongst the many changes attached to the cycles of human destiny, or which chance brings round with the revolutions of its wheel? All this Pope could not determine; but the exciting cause he *has* determined, and it is preposterously below the effect. The goddess of dulness yawns; and her yawn, which, after all, should rather express the fact and state of universal dulness than its cause, produces a change over all nations tantamount to a long eclipse. Meantime, with all its defects of plan, the poem, as to execution, is superior to all which Pope has done; the composition is much superior to that of the Essay on Man, and more profoundly poetic. The parodies drawn from Milton, as also in the former books, have a beauty and effect which cannot be expressed; and if a young lady wished to cull for her album a passage from all Pope's writings, which, without a trace of irritation or acrimony, should yet present an exquisite gem of independent beauty, she could not find another passage equal to the little story of the florist and the butterfly-hunter. They plead their cause separately before the throne of dulness; the florist telling how he had reared a superb carnation, which, in honor of the queen, he called Caroline, when his enemy, pursuing a butterfly which settled on the carnation, in securing his

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own object, had destroyed that of the plaintiff. The defendant replies with equal beauty; and it may certainly be affirmed, that, for brilliancy of coloring and the art of poetical narration, the tale is not surpassed by any in the language.

This was the last effort of Pope worthy of separate notice. He was now decaying rapidly, and sensible of his own decay. His complaint was a dropsy of the chest, and he knew it to be incurable. Under these circumstances, his behavior was admirably philosophical. He employed himself in revising and burnishing all his later works, as those upon which he wisely relied for his reputation with future generations. In this task he was assisted by Dr. Warburton, a new literary friend, who had introduced himself to the favorable notice of Pope about four years before, by a defence of the Essay on Man, which Crousaz had attacked, but in general indirectly and ineffectually, by attacking it through the blunders of a very faulty translation. This poem, however, still labors, to religious readers, under two capital defects. If man, according to Pope, is now so admirably placed in the universal system of things, that evil only could result from any change, then it seems to follow, either that a fall of man is inadmissible; or at least, that, by placing him in his true centre, it had been a blessing universally. The other objection lies in this, that if all is right already, and in this earthly station, then one argument for a future state, as the scene in which evil is to be redressed, seems weakened or undermined.

As the weakness of Pope increased, his nearest friends, Lord Bolingbroke, and a few others, gathered

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around him. The last scenes were passed almost with ease and tranquillity. He dined in company two days before he died; and on the very day preceding his death he took an airing on Blackheath. A few mornings before he died, he was found very early in his library writing on the immortality of the soul. This was an effort of delirium; and he suffered otherwise from this affection of the brain, and from inability to think in his closing hours. But his humanity and goodness, it was remarked, had survived his intellectual faculties. He died on the 30th of May, 1744; and so quietly, that the attendants could not distinguish the exact moment of his dissolution.

We had prepared an account of Pope's quarrels, in which we had shown that, generally, he was not the aggressor; and often was atrociously ill used before he retorted. This service to Pope's memory we had judged important, because it is upon these quarrels chiefly that the erroneous opinion has built itself of Pope's fretfulness and irritability. And this unamiable feature of his nature, together with a proneness to petty manœuvring, are the main foibles that malice has been able to charge upon Pope's moral character. Yet, with no better foundation for their malignity than these doubtful propensities, of which the first perhaps was a constitutional defect, a defect of his temperament rather than his will, and the second has been much exaggerated, many writers have taken upon themselves to treat Pope as a man, if not absolutely unprincipled and without moral sensibility, yet as mean, little-minded, indirect, splenetic, vindictive, and morose. Now the difference between ourselves and these writers is fundamental. They fancy that in

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Pope's character a basis of ignoble qualities was here and there slightly relieved by a few shining spots; we, on the contrary, believe that in Pope lay a disposition radically noble and generous, clouded and overshadowed by superficial foibles, or, to adopt the distinction of Shakspeare, they see nothing but 'dust a little gilt,' and we 'gold a little dusted.' A very rapid glance we will throw over the general outline of his character.

As a friend, it is noticed emphatically by Martha Blount and other contemporaries, who must have had the best means of judging, that no man was so warm-hearted, or so much sacrificed himself for others, as Pope; and in fact many of his quarrels grew out of this trait in his character. For once that he levelled his spear in his own quarrel, at least twice he did so on behalf of his insulted parents or his friends. Pope was also noticeable for the duration of his friendships;[161] some dropped him, but he never any throughout his life. And let it be remembered, that amongst Pope's friends were the men of most eminent talents in those days; so that envy at least, or jealousy of rival power, was assuredly no foible of his. In that respect how different from Addison, whose petty manœuvring against Pope proceeded entirely from malignant jealousy. That Addison was more in the wrong even than has generally been supposed, and Pope more thoroughly innocent as well as more generous, we have the means at a proper opportunity of showing decisively. As a son, we need not insist on Pope's preëminent goodness. Dean Swift, who had lived for months together at Twickenham, declares that he had not only never witnessed, but had never heard

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of anything like it. As a Christian, Pope appears in a truly estimable light. He found himself a Roman Catholic by accident of birth; so was his mother; but his father was so upon personal conviction and conversion, yet not without extensive study of the questions at issue. It would have laid open the road to preferment, and preferment was otherwise abundantly before him, if Pope would have gone over to the Protestant faith. And in his conscience he found no obstacle to that change; he was a philosophical Christian, intolerant of nothing but intolerance, a bigot only against bigots. But he remained true to his baptismal profession, partly on a general principle of honor in adhering to a distressed and dishonored party, but chiefly out of reverence and affection to his mother. In his relation to women, Pope was amiable and gentlemanly; and accordingly was the object of affectionate regard and admiration to many of the most accomplished in that sex. This we mention especially, because we would wish to express our full assent to the manly scorn with which Mr. Roscoe repels the libellous insinuations against Pope and Miss Martha Blount. A more innocent connection we do not believe ever existed. As an author, Warburton has recorded that no man ever displayed more candor or more docility to criticisms offered in a friendly spirit. Finally, we sum up all in saying, that Pope retained to the last a true and diffusive benignity; that this was the quality which survived all others, notwithstanding the bitter trial which his benignity must have stood through life, and the excitement to a spiteful reaction of feeling which was continually pressed upon him by the scorn and

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insult which his deformity drew upon him from the unworthy.

But the moral character of Pope is of secondary interest. We are concerned with it only as connected with his great intellectual power. There are three errors which seem current upon this subject. *First*, that Pope drew his impulses from French literature; *secondly*, that he was a poet of inferior rank; *thirdly*, that his merit lies in superior 'correctness.' With respect to the first notion, it has prevailed by turns in every literature. One stage of society, in every nation, brings men of impassioned minds to the contemplation of manners, and of the social affections of man as exhibited in manners. With this propensity coöperates, no doubt, some degree of despondency when looking at the great models of the literature who have usually preoccupied the grander passions, and displayed their movements in the earlier periods of literature. Now it happens that the French, from an extraordinary defect in the higher qualities of passion, have attracted the notice of foreign nations chiefly to that field of their literature, in which the taste and the unimpassioned understanding preside. But in all nations such literature is a natural growth of the mind, and would arise equally if the French literature had never existed. The wits of Queen Anne's reign, or even of Charles II.'s, were not French by their taste or their imitation. Butler and Dryden were surely not French; and of Milton we need not speak; as little was Pope French, either by his institution or by his models. Boileau he certainly admired too much; and, for the sake of a poor parallelism with a passage about Greece in Horace, he has falsified history in the most

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ludicrous manner, without a shadow of countenance from facts, in order to make our that we, like the Romans, received laws of taste from those whom we had conquered. But these are insulated cases and accidents, not to insist on his known and most profound admiration, often expressed, for both Chaucer, and Shakspeare, and Milton. Secondly, that Pope is to be classed as an inferior poet, has arisen purely from a confusion between the departments of poetry which he cultivated and the merit of his culture. The first place must undoubtedly be given for ever, — it cannot be refused, — to the impassioned movements of the tragic, and to the majestic movements of the epic muse. We cannot alter the relations of things out of favor to an individual. But in his own department, whether higher or lower, that man is supreme who has not yet been surpassed; and such a man is Pope. As to the final notion, first started by Walsh, and propagated by Warton, it is the most absurd of all the three; it is not from superior correctness that Pope is esteemed more correct, but because the compass and sweep of his performances lies more within the range of ordinary judgments. Many questions that have been raised upon Milton or Shakspeare, questions relating to so subtile a subject as the flux and reflux of human passion, lie far above the region of ordinary capacities; and the indeterminateness or even carelessness of the judgment is transferred by a common confusion to its objects. But waiving this, let us ask, what is meant by 'correctness?' Correctness in what? In developing the thought? In connecting it, or effecting the transitions? In the use of words? In the grammar? In the metre? Under every one of these limitations

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of the idea, we maintain that Pope is *not* distinguished by correctness; nay, that, as compared with Shakspeare, he is eminently incorrect. Produce us from any drama of Shakspeare one of those leading passages that all men have by heart, and show us any eminent defect in the very sinews of the thought. It is impossible; defects there may be, but they will always be found irrelevant to the main central thought, or to its expression. Now turn to Pope; the first striking passage which offers itself to our memory, is the famous character of Addison, ending thus:

> 'Who would not laugh, if such a man there be,
> Who but must weep, if Atticus were he?'

Why must we laugh? Because we find a grotesque assembly of noble and ignoble qualities. Very well; but why then must we weep? Because this assemblage is found actually existing in an eminent man of genius. Well, that is a good reason for weeping; we weep for the degradation of human nature. But then revolves the question, why must we laugh? Because, if the belonging to a man of genius were a sufficient reason for weeping, so much we know from the very first. The very first line says, 'Peace to all such. But were there one whose fires *true genius kindles* and fair fame inspires?' Thus falls to the ground the whole antithesis of this famous character. We are to change our mood from laughter to tears upon a sudden discovery that the character belonged to a man of genius; and this we had already known from the beginning. Match us this prodigious oversight in Shakspeare. Again, take the Essay on Criticism. It is a collection of independent maxims, tied together

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into a fasciculus by the printer, but having no natural order or logical dependency; generally so vague as to mean nothing. Like the general rules of justice, &c. in ethics, to which every man assents; but when the question comes about any practical case, *is* it just? the opinions fly asunder far as the poles. And, what is remarkable, many of the rules are violated by no man so often as by Pope, and by Pope nowhere so often as in this very poem. As a single instance, he proscribes monosyllabic lines; and in no English poem of any pretensions are there so many lines of that class as in this. We have counted above a score, and the last line of all is monosyllabic.

Not, therefore, for superior correctness, but for qualities the very same as belong to his most distinguished brethren, is Pope to be considered a great poet; for impassioned thinking, powerful description, pathetic reflection, brilliant narration. His characteristic difference is simply that he carried these powers into a different field, and moved chiefly amongst the social paths of men, and viewed their characters as operating through their manners. And our obligations to him arise chiefly on this ground, that having already, in the persons of earlier poets, carried off the palm in all the grander trials of intellectual strength, for the majesty of the epopee and the impassioned vehemence of the tragic drama, to Pope we owe it that we can now claim an equal preëminence in the sportive and aerial graces of the mock heroic and satiric muse; that in the Dunciad we possess a peculiar form of satire, in which (according to a plan unattempted by any other nation) we see alternately her festive smile and her gloomiest scowl; that the grave good sense of

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the nation has here found its brightest mirror; and, finally, that through Pope the cycle of our poetry is perfected and made orbicular, that from that day we might claim the laurel equally, whether for dignity or grace.

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POPE'S RETORT UPON ADDISON.

THERE is nothing extraordinary, or that could merit a special notice, in a simple case of oversight, or in a blunder, though emanating from the greatest of poets. But such a case challenges and forces our attention, when we know that the particular passage in which it occurs was wrought and burnished with excessive pains; or (which in this case is also known) when that particular passage is pushed into singular prominence as having obtained a singular success. In no part of his poetic mission did Pope so fascinate the gaze of his contemporaries as in his functions of satirist; which functions, in his latter years, absorbed all other functions. And one reason, I believe, why it was that the interest about Pope decayed so rapidly after his death (an accident somewhere noticed by Wordsworth), must be sought in the fact, that the most stinging of his personal allusions, by which he had given salt to his later writings, were continually losing their edge, and sometimes their intelligibility, as Pope's own contemporary generation was dying off. Pope alleges it as a palliation of his satiric malice, that it had been forced from him in the way of retaliation; forgetting that such a plea wilfully abjures the grandest justification of a satirist, viz., the deliberate assump-

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tion of the character as something corresponding to the prophet's mission amongst the Hebrews. It is no longer the *facit indignatio versum.* Pope's satire, where even it was most effective, was personal and vindictive, and upon that argument alone could not be philosophic. Foremost in the order of his fulminations stood, and yet stands, the bloody castigation by which, according to his own pretence, he warned and menaced (but by which, in simple truth, he executed judgment upon) his false friend, Addison.

To say that this drew vast rounds of applause upon its author, and frightened its object into deep silence for the rest of his life, like the *Quos ego* of angry Neptune, sufficiently argues that the verses must have ploughed as deeply as the Russian knout. Vitriol could not scorch more fiercely. And yet the whole passage rests upon a blunder; and the blunder is so broad and palpable, that it implies instant forgetfulness both in the writer and the reader. The idea which furnishes the basis of the passage is this: that the conduct ascribed to Addison is in its own nature so despicable, as to extort laughter by its primary impulse; but that this laughter changes into weeping, when we come to understand that the person concerned in this delinquency is Addison. The change, the transfiguration, in our mood of contemplating the offence, is charged upon the discovery which we are supposed to make as to the person of the offender; that which by its baseness had been simply comic when imputed to some corresponding author, passes into a tragic *coup-de-théatre*, when it is suddenly traced back to a man of original genius. The whole, therefore, of this effect is made to depend upon the sudden

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scenical transition from a supposed petty criminal to one of high distinction. And, meantime, no such stage effect had been possible, since the knowledge that a man of genius was the offender had been what we started with from the beginning. 'Our laughter is changed to tears,' says Pope, 'as soon as we discover that the base act had a noble author.' And, behold! the initial feature in the whole description of the case is, that the libeller was one whom 'true genius fired:'

> 'Peace to all such! But were there one whose mind
> True genius fires,' &c.

Before the offence is described, the perpetrator is already characterized as a man of genius: and, *in spite of that knowledge*, we laugh. But suddenly our mood changes, and we weep, but why? I beseech you. Simply because we have ascertained the author to be a man of genius.

> 'Who would not laugh, if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?'

The sole reason for weeping is something that we knew already before we began to laugh.

It would not be right in logic, in fact, it would be a mis-classification, if I should cite as at all belonging to the same group several passages in Milton that come very near to Irish bulls, by virtue of distorted language One reason against such a classification would lie precisely in that fact — viz., that the assimilation to the category of bulls lurks in the verbal expression, and not (as in Pope's case) amongst the conditions of the thought. And a second reason would lie in the strange circumstance, that Milton had not fallen into this snare of diction through any carelessness or oversight, but

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with his eyes wide open, deliberately avowing his error as a special elegance; repeating it; and well aware of splendid Grecian authority for his error, if anybody should be bold enough to call it an error. Every reader must be aware of the case—

> 'Adam the goodliest man of men since born
> His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve'—

which makes Adam one of his own sons, Eve one of her own daughters. This, however, is authorized by Grecian usage in the severest writers. Neither can it be alleged that these might be bold poetic expressions, harmonizing with the Grecian idiom; for Poppo has illustrated this singular form of expression in a prose-writer, as philosophic and austere as Thucydides; a form which (as it offends against logic) must offend equally in all languages. Some beauty must have been described in the idiom, such as atoned for its solecism: for Milton recurs to the same idiom, and under the same entire freedom of choice, elsewhere; particularly in this instance, which has not been pointed out: 'And never,' says Satan to the abhorred phantoms of Sin and Death, when crossing his path,

> 'And never saw till now
> Sight more detestable than him and thee.'

Now, therefore, it seems, he *had* seen a sight more detestable than this very sight. He now looked upon something more hateful than X Y Z. What was it? It was X Y Z.

But the authority of Milton, backed by that of insolent Greece, would prove an overmatch for the logic of centuries. And I withdraw, therefore, from the rash attempt to quarrel with this sort of bull, in-

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volving itself in the verbal expression. But the following, which lies rooted in the mere facts and incidents, is certainly the most extraordinary *practical* bull[162] that all literature can furnish. And a stranger thing, perhaps, than the oversight itself lies in this — that not any critic throughout Europe, two only excepted, but has failed to detect a blunder so memorable. All the rampant audacity of Bentley — 'slashing Bentley' — all the jealous malignity of Dr. Johnson — who hated Milton without disguise as a republican, but secretly and under a mask *would* at any rate have hated him from jealousy of his scholarship — had not availed to sharpen these practised and these interested eyes into the detection of an oversight which argues a sudden Lethean forgetfulness on the part of Milton; and in many generations of readers, however alive and awake with malice, a corresponding forgetfulness not less astonishing. Two readers only I have ever heard of that escaped this lethargic inattention; one of which two is myself; and I ascribe my success partly to good luck, but partly to some merit on my own part in having cultivated a habit of systematically accurate reading. If I read at all, I make it a duty to read truly and faithfully. I profess allegiance for the time to the man whom I undertake to study; and I am as loyal to all the engagements involved in such a contract, as if I had come under a *sacramentum militare*. So it was that, whilst yet a boy, I came to perceive, with a wonder not yet exhausted, that unaccountable blunder which Milton has committed in the main narrative on which the epic fable of the 'Paradise Lost' turns as its hinges. And many a year afterwards I found that Paul Richter, whose vigilance nothing es-

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caped, who carried with him through life 'the eye of the hawk, and the fire therein,' had not failed to make the same discovery. It is this: The archangel Satan has designs upon man; he meditates his ruin; and it is known that he does. Specially to counteract these designs, and for no other purpose whatever, a choir of angelic police is stationed at the gates of Paradise, having (I repeat) one sole commission, viz., to keep watch and ward over the threatened safety of the newly created human pair. Even at the very first this duty is neglected so thoroughly, that Satan gains access without challenge or suspicion. That is awful: for, ask yourself, reader, how a constable or an inspector of police would be received who had been stationed at No. 6, on a secret information, and spent the night in making love at No. 15. Through the regular surveillance at the gates, Satan passes without objection; and he is first of all detected by a purely accidental collision during the rounds of the junior angels. The result of this collision, and of the examination which follows, is what no reader can ever forget—so unspeakable is the grandeur of that scene between the two hostile archangels, when the *Fiend* (so named at the moment under the fine machinery used by Milton for exalting or depressing the ideas of his nature) finally takes his flight as an incarnation of darkness.

'And fled
Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of night.

The darkness flying with him, naturally we have the feeling that he *is* the darkness, and that all darkness has some essential relation to Satan.

But now, having thus witnessed his terrific expulsion,

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naturally we ask what was the sequel. Four books, however, are interposed before we reach the answer to that question. This is the reason that we fail to remark the extraordinary oversight of Milton. Dislocated from its immediate plan in the succession of incidents, that sequel eludes our notice, which else and in its natural place would have shocked us beyond measure. The simple abstract of the whole story is, that Satan, being ejected, and sternly charged under Almighty menaces not to intrude upon the young Paradise of God, 'rides with darkness' for exactly one week, and, having digested his wrath rather than his fears on the octave of his solemn banishment, without demur, or doubt, or tremor, back he plunges into the very centre of Eden. On a Friday, suppose, he is expelled through the main entrance: on the Friday following he re-enters upon the forbidden premises through a clandestine entrance. The upshot is, that the heavenly police suffer, in the first place, the one sole enemy, who was or could be the object of their vigilance, to pass without inquest or suspicion; thus they *inaugurate* their task; secondly, by the merest accident (no thanks to their fidelity) they detect him, and with awful adjurations sentence him to perpetual banishment; but, thirdly, on his immediate return, in utter contempt of their sentence, they ignore him altogether, and apparently act upon Dogberry's direction, that, upon meeting a thief, the police may suspect him to be no true man; and, with such manner of men, the less they meddle or make, the more it will be for their honesty.

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LORD CARLISLE ON POPE.

LORD CARLISLE'S recent lecture upon Pope, addressed to an audience of artisans, drew the public attention first of all upon himself; *that* was inevitable. No man can depart conspicuously from the usages or the apparent sympathies of his own class, under whatsoever motive, but that of necessity he will awaken for the *immediate* and the first result of his act an emotion of curiosity. But all curiosity is allied to the comic, and is not an ennobling emotion, either for him who feels it, or for him who is its object. A second, however, and more thoughtful consideration of such an act may redeem it from this vulgarizing taint of oddity. Reflection may satisfy us, as in the present case it *did* satisfy those persons who were best acquainted with Lord Carlisle's public character, that this eccentric step had been adopted, not in ostentation, with any view to its eccentricity, but *in spite of* its eccentricity, and from impulses of large prospective benignity that would not suffer itself to be defeated by the chances of immediate misconstruction.

Whether advantageous, therefore, to Lord Carlisle, or disadvantageous (and in that case, I believe, most unjust), the first impressions derived from this remarkable lecture pointed themselves exclusively to the person of the lecturer — to his general qualifications

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for such a task, and to his possible motives for undertaking it. Nobody inquired *what* it was that the noble Lord had been discussing, so great was every man's astonishment that before such an audience any noble Lord should have condescended to discuss anything at all. But gradually all wonder subsides, *de jure*, in nine days; and, after this collapse of the primary interest, there was leisure for a secondary interest to gather about the *subject* of the patrician lecture. Had it any cryptical meaning? Coming from a man so closely connected with the Government, could it be open to any hieroglyphic or ulterior interpretations, intelligible to Whigs and significant to ministerial partisans? Finally, this secondary interest has usurped upon what originally had been a purely personal interest. POPE! What novelty was there, still open to even literary gleaners, about *him*, a man that had been in his grave for a hundred and six years? What *could* there remain to say on such a theme? And what was it, in fact, that Lord Carlisle *had* said to his Yorkshire audience?

There was, therefore, a double aspect in the public interest; one looking to the rank of the lecturer, one to the singularity of his theme. There was the curiosity that connected itself with the assumption of a troublesome duty in the service of the lowest ranks by a volunteer from the highest; and, secondly, there was another curiosity connecting itself with the choice of a subject that had no special reference to this particular generation, and seemed to have no special adaptation to the intellectual capacities of a working audience.

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This double aspect of the public surprise suggests a double question. The volunteer assumption by a nobleman of this particular office in this particular service may, in the eyes of some people, bear a philosophic value, as though it indicated some changes going on beneath the surface of society in the relations of our English aristocracy to our English laboring body. On the other hand, it will be regarded by multitudes as the casual caprice of an individual; a caprice of vanity by those who do not know Lord Carlisle's personal qualities, a caprice of patriotic benevolence by those who do. According to the construction of the case as thus indicated, oscillating between a question of profound revolution moving subterraneously amongst us, and a purely personal question, such a discussion would ascend to the philosophic level, or sink to the level of gossip. The other direction of the public surprise points to a question that will interest a far greater body of thinkers. Whatever judgment may be formed on the general fact that a nobleman of ancient descent has thought fit to come forward as a lecturer to the humblest of his countrymen upon subjects detached from politics, there will yet remain a call for a second judgment upon the fitness of the particular subject selected for a lecture under such remarkable circumstances. The two questions are entirely disconnected. It is on the latter — viz., the character and pretensions of Pope, as selected by Lord Carlisle for such an inaugural experiment, that I myself feel much interest. Universally it must have been felt as an objection, that such a selection had no special adaptation to the age or to the audience. I say

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this with no wish to undervalue the lecture, which I understand to have been ably composed, nor the services of the lecturer, whose motives and public character, in common with most of his countrymen, I admire. I speak of it at all only as a public opportunity suddenly laid open for drawing attention to the true pretensions of Pope, as the most brilliant writer of his own class in European literature; or, at least, of drawing attention to some characteristics in the most popular section of Pope's works which hitherto have lurked unnoticed.

This is my object, and none that can be supposed personal to Lord Carlisle. Pope, as the subject of the lecture, and not the earlier question as to the propriety of any lecture at all, under the circumstances recited, furnishes my *thesis* — that thesis on which the reader will understand me to speak with decision, not with the decision of arrogance, but with that which rightfully belongs to a faithful study of the author. The editors of Pope are not all equally careless, but all are careless; and, under the shelter of this carelessness, the most deep-seated vices of Pope's moral and satirical sketches have escaped detection, or at least have escaped exposure. These, and the other errors traditionally connected with the rank and valuation of Pope as a classic, are what I profess to speak of deliberately and firmly. Meantime, to the extent of a few sentences, I will take the liberty of suggesting, rather than delivering, an opinion upon the other question, — viz., the prudence in a man holding Lord Carlisle's rank of lecturing at all to any public audience. But on this part of the subject I beg to be understood as

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speaking doubtfully, conjecturally, and without a sufficient basis of facts.

The late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, notoriously a man of great ingenuity, possessing also prodigious fertility of thought, and armed with the rare advantage of being almost demoniacally in earnest, was, however (in some sort of balance to these splendid gifts), tainted to excess with the scrofula of impracticable crotchets. That was the opinion secretly held about him by most of his nearest friends; and it is notorious that he scarcely ever published a pamphlet or contribution to a journal in which he did not contrive to offend all parties, both friendly and hostile, by some ebullition of this capricious character. He hated, for instance, the High Church with a hatred more than theological; and *that* would have recommended him to the favorable consideration of many thousands of persons in this realm, the same who have been secretly foremost in the recent outbreak of fanaticism against the Roman Catholics; but unfortunately it happened that, although not hating the Low Church (the self-styled evangelicals), he despised them so profoundly as to make all alliance between them impossible. He hated also many individuals; but, not to do him any injustice, most (or perhaps all) of these were people that had been long dead; and amongst them, by the way, was Livy the historian; whom I distinguish by name, as furnishing, perhaps, the liveliest illustration of the whimsical and all but lunatic excess to which these personal hatreds were sometimes pushed; for it is a fact that, when the course of an Italian tour had brought him unavoidably to the birth-place of Livy, Dr. Arnold felicitated him-

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self upon having borne the air of that city; in fact, upon having survived such a collision with the local remembrances of the poor historian, very much in those terms which Mr. Governor Holwell might have used on finding himself "pretty bobbish" on the morning after the memorable night in the Black Hole of Calcutta: he could hardly believe that he still lived.* And yet, how had the eloquent historian trespassed on his patience and his weak powers of toleration? Livy was certainly not very learned in the archæologies of his own country; where all men had gone astray, *he* went astray. And in geography, as regarded the Italian movements of Hannibal, he erred with his eyes open. But these were no objects of Livy's ambition: what he aspired to do was, to tell the story, "the tale divine," of Roman energy and perseverance; and *he so* told it that no man, as regards the mere artifices of narration, would ever have presumed to tell it after him. I cite this particular case as illustrating the furnace-heat of Dr. Arnold's antipathies, unless where some consideration of kindness and Christian charity interposed to temper his fury. This check naturally offered itself only with regard to individuals: and therefore, in dealing with institutions, he acknowledged no check at all, but gave full swing to the license of his wrath. Amongst our own institutions, that one which he seems most profoundly to have hated was our nobility; or, speaking more generally,

* A similar instance of a craze beyond the bounds of perfect physical sanity may be found in Dr. Arnold's nervous paroxysm of horror on hearing St. Paul placed on a level with St. John the Evangelist.

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our aristocracy. Some deadly aboriginal schism he seems to have imagined between this order and the democratic orders; some pre-destined feud as between the head of the serpent and the heel of man. Accordingly, as one of the means most clamorously invoked by our social position for averting some dreadful convulsion constantly brooding over England, he insists upon a closer approximation between our highest classes and our lowest. Especially, he seems to think that the peasantry needed to be conciliated by more familiar intercourse, or more open expressions of interest in their concerns, and by domiciliary visits not offered in too oppressive a spirit of condescension. But the close observer of our social condition will differ with Dr. Arnold at starting, as to the facts. The ancient territorial nobility are not those who offend by *hauteur*. On the contrary, a spirit of parental kindness marks the intercourse of the old authentic aristocracy with their dependants, and especially with the two classes of peasants on their own estates, and their domestic servants.* Those who *really* offend on this

* And, by the way, as to servants, a great man may offend in two ways: either by treating his servants himself superciliously; or, secondly, which is quite reconcilable with the most paternal behavior on his own part, by suffering them to treat the public superciliously. Accordingly. all novelists who happen to have no acquaintance with the realities of life as it now exists, especially, therefore, rustic novelists, describe the servants of noblemen as "insolent and pampered menials." But, on the contrary, at no houses whatever are persons of doubtful appearance and anomalous costume sure of more respectful attention than at those of the great feudal aristocracy. At a merchant's or a banker's house, it is odds but the porter or the footman will

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point, are the *nouveaux riches* — the *parvenus*. And yet it would be great injustice to say that even these offend habitually. No laws of classification are so false as those which originate in human scurrility. Aldermen, until very lately, were by an old traditional scurrility so proverbially classed as gluttons and cormorants, hovering over dinner-tables, with no other characteristics whatever, or openings to any redeeming qualities, that men became as seriously perplexed in our days at meeting an eloquent, enlightened, and accomplished alderman, as they would have been by an introduction to a benevolent cut-throat, or a patriotic incendiary. The same thing happened in ancient days. Quite as obstinate as any modern prejudice against a London alderman was the old Attic prejudice against the natives of Bœotia. Originally it had grown up under two causes — 1st, The animosities incident to neighborhood too close; 2dly, The difference of bodily constitution consequent upon a radically different descent. The blood was different; and by a wider and elder difference than that between Celtic and Teutonic. The garrulous Athenian despised the hesitating (but for that reason more reflecting) Bœotian; and this feeling was carried so far, that at last it provoked satire itself to turn round with scorn upon the very prejudice which the spirit of satire had originally kin-

govern himself in his behavior by his own private construction of the case, which (as to foreigners) is pretty sure to be wrong But in London, at a nobleman's door, the servants show, by the readiness of their civilities to all such questionable comers, that they have taken their lesson from a higher source than their own inexperience or unlearned fancies.

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dled. Disgusted with this arrogant assumption of disgust, the Roman satirist reminded the scorners that men not inferior to the greatest of their own had been bred, or might be bred, amongst those whom they scorned: —

> "Summos posse viros, et magna exempla daturos,
> Vervecum in patriâ, crassoque sub aëre nasci."

Now, if there is any similar alienation between our lowest classes and our highest, such as Dr. Arnold imagined to exist in England, at least it does not assume any such character of disgust, nor clothe itself in similar expressions of scorn. Practical jealousy, so far as it exists at all, lies between classes much less widely separated. The master manufacturer is sometimes jealous of those amongst his ministerial agents who tread too nearly upon his own traces; he is jealous sometimes of their advances in domestic refinement, he is jealous of their aspirations after a higher education. And on *their* part, the workmen are apt to regard their masters as having an ultimate interest violently conflicting with their own. In these *strata* of society there really *are* symptoms of mutual distrust and hostility. Capital and the aristocracy of wealth is a standing object of suspicion, of fear, and therefore of angry irritation to the working-classes. But as to the aristocracy of rank and high birth, either it is little known to those classes, as happens in the most populous hives of our manufacturing industry, and is regarded, therefore, with no positive feeling of any kind, or else, as in the more exclusively agricultural and pastoral districts, is looked up to by the peasantry

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with blind feelings of reverence as amongst the immemorial monuments of the past — involved in one common mist of antiquity with the rivers and the hills of the district, with the cathedrals and their own ancestors. A half-religious sentiment of reverence for an old time-out-of-mind family associated with some antique residence, hall, or abbey, or castle, is a well-known affection of the rural mind in England; and if in one half it points to an infirmity not far off from legendary superstition, in the other half it wears the grace of chivalry and legendary romance. Any malignant scoff, therefore, against the peerage of England, such as calling the House of Lords a Hospital of Incurables, has always been a town-bred scurrility, not only never adopted by the simple rural laborer, but not even known to him, or distinctly intelligible supposing it were.

If, therefore, there are great convulsions lying in wait for the framework of our English society; if, and more in sorrow than in hope, some vast attempt may be anticipated for re-casting the whole of our social organization; and if it is probable that this attempt will commence in the blind wrath of maddened or despairing labor — still there is no ground for thinking, with Dr. Arnold, that this wrath, however blind (unless treacherously misled), would apply itself primarily to the destruction of our old landed aristocracy. It would often find itself grievously in error and self-baffled, even when following its first headlong impulses of revenge; but these are the impulses that it *would* follow, and none of these would primarily point in an aristocratic direction. Suppose,

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however, that the probabilities were different, and that a policy of conciliation were become peculiarly needful to the aristocracy — which is what Dr. Arnold supposes — in that case might not the course indicated by Lord Carlisle — viz., advancing upon a new line of *intellectual* communication with the laboring classes, be the surest mode of retrieving their affections, as most likely to flatter their self-esteem in its noblest aspirations?

One swallow, it is true, cannot make a summer; and others of the aristocracy must repeat the experiment of Lord Carlisle before any ground can be won for the interests of the order. Even in Lord Carlisle, it might be added, the experiment, if it were not followed up, would not count for more than a caprice. But, on the other hand, think as we may of the probable results, in reference to the *purposes* of its author, we ought to regard it as a sufficient justification that *thus* the ice has been broken, that *thus* a beginning has been made, and *thus* a sanction established under which no man, if otherwise free to enter upon such a path, needs ever again to find an obstacle in rank the highest or in blood the most ancient. He is authorized by a Howard; and though doubts must still linger about the propriety of such a course, when estimated as a means to a specific end, yet for itself, in reference to the prudery of social decorum, we may now pronounce that to lecture without fee or reward before any audience whatever is henceforth privileged by authentic precedent; and, unless adulterating with political partisanship, is consecrated by its own noble purposes.

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Still, if it be urged that these noble purposes are not ratified and sealed by a solitary experiment, I should answer that undoubtedly Lord Carlisle has placed himself under a silent obligation to renew his generous effort; or, in the event of his failing to do so, will have made himself a debtor to public censure, as one who has planned what he has not been strong enough to accomplish, and has founded a stair-case or a portico to a temple yet in the clouds. *Had* he the ulterior purposes assumed? Then, by deserting or neglecting them, he puts on record the instability of his own will. Had he not these ulterior purposes? Then, and in that confession, vanishes into vapor the whole dignity of his bold pretensions, as the navigator who first doubled the Cape of Storms* into an untried sea.

But against a man dealing presumably with a noble purpose we should reckon nobly. Mean jealousies have no place in circumstances where, as yet, no meanness has been exhibited. The exaction would be too severe upon Lord Carlisle if, by one act of kindness, he had pledged himself to a thousand; and if, because once his graciousness had been conspicuous, he were held bound over, in all time coming, to the unintermitting energies of a missionary amongst pagans. The laboring men of Yorkshire have not the clamorous necessities of pagans; and *therefore* Lord Carlisle has not

* "*Cape of Storms*," which should *primâ facie* be the Cape of Terrors. But it bears a deep allegoric sense to the bold wrestler with such terrors, that in English, and at length to all the world, this Cape of Terrors has transfigured itself into the Cape of *Good Hope*.

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assumed the duties of a working missionary. When, by personally coming forward to lecture, he inaugurated a new era of intellectual prospects for the sons of toil, implicitly he promised that he would himself, from time to time, come forward to co-operate with a movement that had owed its birth to his own summons and impulse. But if he cannot honorably release himself from engagements voluntarily assumed, on the other hand he cannot justly be loaded with the responsibility of a continued participation in the details of the work which he has set in motion. By sympathy with the liberal purposes of an intellectual movement he gives to that movement its initial impulse. Henceforward it suffices if at intervals he continues to it such expressions of the same sympathy as may sustain its original activity, or at least may sustain the credit of his own consistency. It cannot be expected that any person in the circumstances of Lord Carlisle should continue even intermittingly to lecture. It is enough if, by any other modes of encouragement, or by inciting others to follow the precedent which he has set, he continues to express an unabated interest in the great cause of intellectual progress amongst poor men.

A doubt may be raised, meantime, whether literature is the proper channel into which the intellectual energies of the poor should be directed. For the affirmative it may be urged, that the interest in literature is universal, whilst the interest in science is exceedingly limited. On the other hand, it may truly be retorted that the scientific interest may be artificially extended by culture; and that these two great advantages would in that case arise — 1. That the apparatus of means

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and instruments is much smaller in the one case than the other; 2. That science opens into a *progression* of growing interest; whereas literature, having no determined order of advance, and offering no regular succession of stages to the student, does not with the same certainty secure a self-maintaining growth of pleasurable excitement. Some remedy, however, will be applied to this last evil, if a regular plan of *study* should ever be devised for literature; and perhaps that may be found not impossible.

But now, coming to the second question, namely, this question, *If any lecture at all, why upon Pope?* We may see reason to think that Lord Carlisle was in error. To make a choice which is not altogether the best will not of necessity argue an error; because much must be allowed to constitutional differences of judgment or of sensibility, which may be all equally right as against any philosophic attempts to prove any one of them wrong. And a lecturer who is possibly aware of not having made the choice which was absolutely best, may defend himself upon the ground that accidental advantages of a personal kind, such as previous familiarity with the subject, or pre-conformity of taste to the characteristic qualities of the author selected, may have qualified him to lecture on that theme with more effect and with more benefit than upon a theme confessedly higher but less tractable for himself with his own peculiar preparations. Here, however, the case is different. What might be no error *per se*, becomes one if the special circumstances of the situation show it to have rested upon a deep misconception. Given the audience which Lord Carlisle had before

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him, the audience which he anticipated, and which he proposed to himself as the modulating law for the quality and style of his lecture, that same choice becomes a profound error which, for a different audience, more refined or more miscellaneous, would have been no error at all. I do not fear that I shall offend Lord Carlisle, so upright as he has always shown himself, so manly, and so faithful to his own views of truth, by repeating firmly that such a choice in such a situation argues a deep misconception of the true intellectual agencies by which Pope acts as a power in literature, and of the moral relations to general human sensibilities or *universal* nature which such agencies involve. My belief is, that if a prize had been offered for a bad and malappropriate subject, none worse could have been suggested; unless, perhaps, it had been the letters of Madame de Sevigne, or the fables of La Fontaine; in both of which cases the delicacies and subtle felicities of treatment are even more microscopic, more shy, and more inapprehensible without a special training and culture, than in Pope. And in this point they all agree, with no great difference amongst the three, that the sort of culture which forms the previous condition for enjoying them (a *conditio sine qua non*) is not of a kind to be won from study. Even of *that* a mechanic artisan, whose daily bread depends upon his labor, cannot have had much. But the dedication of a life to books would here avail but little. What is needed must be the sort of culture won from complex social intercourse; and of this the laboring artisan can have had none at all. Even the higher ranks, during those stages of society when social meetings

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are difficult, are rare, and consequently have their whole intellectual opportunities exhausted in forms and elaborate ceremonials, are not able to develop what may be called the social sense, that living, trembling sensibility to the expressions and the electric changes of human thought and feeling, so infinite as they are potentially, and as they will show themselves to be when the intercourse is free, is sudden, is spontaneous, and therefore has not leisure to be false, amongst all varieties of combination as to sex, age, rank, position, and personal accomplishments. Up to the time of James I., society amongst ourselves wore a picturesque and even a scenical exterior: but the inner life and its pulsations had not then been revealed. Great passions were required to stir the freezing waters; so that certain kinds of comedy, in which such passions are inappropriate, could not then exist. And partly to this cause it was amongst the early Romans, united with the almost Asiatic seclusion from social meetings of female influence, or in any virtual sense even of female presence, that we must ascribe the meagreness of the true social interest, and of the dialogue exhibited by Plautus. Two separate frosts, during a century otherwise so full of movement as the sixteenth in England, repressed and killed all germinations of free intellectual or social intercourse amongst ourselves. One was the national reserve; and this was strengthened by concurring with a national temperament which is not phlegmatic (as is so falsely alleged), but melancholic, and for that reason, if there had been no other, anti-mercurial. But the main cause of this reserve lay in the infrequency of visits consequent upon the difficulties of local movement.

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The other frost lay at *that* time in the Spanish stateliness and the rigor of our social ceremonies. Our social meetings of this period, even for purposes of pleasure, were true *solemnities*. With usages of politeness that laid a weight of silence and delay upon every movement of a convivial company, rapid motion of thought or fancy became *physically* impossible. Not until, first, our *capital* city had prodigiously expanded; not until, secondly, our representative system had so unfolded its tendencies as to bring *politics* within the lawful privilege of ordinary conversation; not until, thirdly, the expansions of *commerce* had forced us into the continual necessity of talking with strangers; fourthly, not until all these changes, gradually breaking up the repulsion which separated our ungarrulous nation, had been ratified by continual improvements applied to the construction of *roads* and the arts of *locomotion*, could it be said that such a state of social intercourse existed as would naturally prompt the mind to seek food for its own intellectual activity in contemplating the phenomena of that intercourse. The primary aspects and the rapid changes of such an object could not arise until the object itself arose. Satire, which follows social intercourse as a shadow follows a body, was chained up till then. In Marston and in Donne (a man yet unappreciated) satire first began to respire freely, but applying itself too much, as in the great dramatists contemporary with Shakspeare, to the exterior play of society. Under Charles II. in the hands of Dryden, and under Anne in those of Pope, the larger and more intellectual sweep of satire showed that social activities were now approaching to their culmination. Now

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at length, it became evident that a new mode of pleasure had been ripened, and that a great instinct of the intellect had opened for itself an appropriate channel. No longer were social parties the old heraldic solemnities enjoined by red letters in the almanac, in which the chief objects were to discharge some arrear of ceremonious debt, or to ventilate old velvets, or to *apricate* and refresh old gouty systems and old traditions of feudal ostentation, which both alike suffered and grew smoke-dried under too rigorous a seclusion. By a great transmigration, festal assemblages had assumed their proper station, and had unfolded their capacities, as true auxiliaries to the same general functions of intellect — otherwise expressing themselves and feeding themselves through literature, through the fine arts, and through scenic representations. A new world of pleasures had opened itself, offering new subjects of activity to the intellect, but also presupposing a new discipline and experience for enjoying them.

Precisely at this point starts off what I presume to think the great error of Lord Carlisle. He postulates as if it were a mere gift of inevitable instinct, what too certainly is the gift, and the tardy gift, of training; which training, again, is not to be won from efforts of study, but is in the nature of a slow deposition — or sediment as it were — from a constant, perhaps at the moment an unconscious experience. Apparently the error is twofold: first, an oversight, in which it is probable that, without altogether overlooking the truth, Lord Carlisle allowed to it a very insufficient emphasis; but, secondly, a positive misconception of a

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broad character. The oversight is probably his own, and originating in a general habit of too large and liberal concession; but the misconception, I suspect, that he owes to another.

First, concerning the first. It is evidently assumed, in the adoption of Pope for his subject, that mechanic artists, as a body, are capable of appreciating Pope. I deny it; and in this I offer them no affront. If they cannot enjoy, or if often they cannot so much as understand Pope, on the other hand they can both enjoy and understand a far greater poet. It is no insult; but, on the contrary, it is often a secret compliment to the simplicity and the *breadth* of a man's intellectual nature that he cannot enter into the artificial, the tortuous, the conventional. Many a rude mind has comprehended to the full both Milton in his elementary grandeur and Shakspeare in his impassioned depths, that could not have even dimly guessed at the meaning of a situation in comedy where the comic rested upon arbitrary rules and conventional proprieties. In all satiric sketches of society, even where the direct object may happen to have a catholic intelligibility, there is much amongst the allusions that surround and invest it which no man will ever understand that has not personally mixed in society, or understand without very disproportional commentaries; and even in that case he will not enjoy it. This is true of such compositions as a class; but Pope, in reference to this difficulty, is disadvantageously distinguished even amongst his order. Dryden, for instance, is far larger and more capacious in his satire, and in all the genial parts would approach the level of universal sympathies; whereas

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Pope, besides that the basis of his ridicule is continually too narrow, local, and casual, is rank to utter corruption with a disease far deeper than false refinement or conventionalism. Pardon me, reader, if I use a coarse word and a malignant word, which I should abhor to use unless where, as in this case, I seek to rouse the vigilance of the inattentive by the apparent intemperance of the language. Pope, in too many instances, for the sake of some momentary and farcical effect, deliberately assumes the license of a *liar*. Not only he adopts the language of moral indignation where we know that it could not possibly have existed, seeing that the story to which this pretended indignation is attached was to Pope's knowledge a pure fabrication, but he also cites, as weighty evidences in the *forum* of morality, anecdotes which he had gravely transplanted from a jest-book.* Upon this, however,

* "I give and I bequeath, old Euclio said" — and the ridiculous story of the dying epicure insisting upon having his luxurious dish brought back to his death-bed (for why not? since at any rate, eating or not eating, he was doomed to die) are amongst the lowest rubbish of jest-books, having done duty for the Christian and the Pagan worlds through a course of eighteen centuries. Not to linger upon the nursery silliness that could swallow the legend of epicureanism surviving up to the very brink of the grave, and when even the hypocrisy of *medical* hope had ceased to flatter, what a cruel memento of the infirmity charged upon himself was Pope preparing whilst he intended nothing worse than a falsehood! He meant only to tell a lie; naturally, perhaps, saying to himself — What's one lie more or less? And behold, if his friends are to be believed, he was unconsciously writing a sort of hieroglyphic epitaph for his own tombstone. Dr. Johnson's taste for petty gossip was so keen, that I distrust all his anecdotes. That Pope killed himself by potted lampreys

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the most painful feature amongst Pope's literary habits, I will not dwell, as I shall immediately have occasion to notice it again. I notice it at all only for its too certain effect in limiting the sympathy with Pope's satiric and moral writings. Absolute truth and simplicity are demanded by all of us as preconditions to any sympathy with moral expressions of anger or intolerance. In all conventionalism there is a philosophic falsehood; and *that* would be more than sufficient to repel all general sympathy with Pope from the mind of the laboring man, apart from the effect of direct falsification applied to facts, or of fantastic extravagance applied to opinions. Of this bar to the popularity of Pope it cannot be supposed that Lord Carlisle was unaware. Doubtless he knew it, but did not allow it the weight which in practice it would be found to deserve. Yet why? Suppose that the unpopular tendency in Pope's writings were of a nature to be surmounted — upon a sufficient motive arising, suppose it not absolutely impossible to bring Pope within the toleration of working men, upon whom, however, all that is bad would tell fearfully, and most of Pope's peculiar brilliancy would absolutely go for nothing — this notwithstanding, suppose the point established that by huge efforts, by coaxing and flattering, and *invitâ Minervâ*, the working man might at length be *converted* to Pope; yet, finally, when all

which he had dressed with his own hands, I greatly doubt; but if anything inclines me to believe it, chiefly it is the fury of his invectives against epicures and gluttons. What most of all he attacked as a moralist was the particular vice which most of all besieged him.

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was over, what object, what commensurate end, could be alleged in justification of so much preternatural effort? You have got your man into harness, that is true, and in a sullen fashion he pulls at his burden. But, after all, why not have yoked him according to his own original inclinations, and suffered him to pull where he would pull cheerfully? You have quelled a natural resistance, but clearly with so much loss of power to all parties as was spent upon the resistance; and with what final gain to any party?

The answer to this lies in the second of the errors which I have imputed to Lord Carlisle. The first error was, perhaps, no more than an undervaluation of the truth. The second, if I divine it rightly, rests upon a total misconception — viz., the attribution to Pope of some special authority as a moral teacher. And this, if it were really true, would go far to justify Lord Carlisle in his attempt to fix the attention of literary students amongst the working-classes upon the writings of Pope. Rightly he would judge, that some leading classic must furnish the central object for the general studies. Each man would have his own separate favorites; but it would be well that the whole community of students should also have some *common* point of interest and discussion. Pope, for such a purpose, has some real advantages. He is far enough from our own times to stand aloof from the corroding controversies of the age; he is near enough to speak in a diction but slightly differing from our own. He is sparkling with wit and brilliant good sense, and his poems are all separately short. But if Lord Carlisle count it for his main advantage that he is by distinc-

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tion a *moral* poet, and this I must suppose in order to find any solution whatever for the eagerness to press him upon the attention of our most numerous classes, where is it that this idea has originated? I suspect that it is derived originally from a distinguished man of genius in the last generation — viz., Lord Byron. Amongst the guardians of Lord Byron one was the late Lord Carlisle; and Lord Byron was, besides, connected by blood with the House of Howard; so that there were natural reasons why a man of such extraordinary intellectual splendor should easily obtain a profound influence over the present Earl of Carlisle. And the prejudice, which I suppose to have been first planted by Lord Byron, would readily strengthen itself by the general cast of Pope's topics and pretensions. He writes with a showy air of disparaging riches, of doing homage to private worth, of honoring patriotism, and so on, through all the commonplaces of creditable morality. But in the midst of this surface display, and in defiance of his ostentatious pretensions, Pope is *not* in any deep or sincere sense a moral thinker; and in his own heart there was a misgiving, not to be silenced, that he was not.

Yet this is strange. Surely Lord Carlisle, a man of ability and experience, might have credit given him for power to form a right judgment on such a question as that; *power* undoubtedly, if he had ever been led to use his power, that is, to make up his opinion in *resistance* to the popular impression. But to this very probably he never had any motive; and the reason why I presume to set up my individual opinion in this case against that of the multitude is, because I know

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experimentally that, until a man has a sincere interest in such a question, and sets himself diligently to examine and collate the facts, he will pretty certainly have no right to give any verdict on the case.

What made Lord Byron undertake the patronage of Pope? It was, as usually happened with *him*, a motive of hostility to some contemporaries. He wished to write up Pope by way of writing down others. But, whatever were the motive, we may judge of the style in which he carried out his intentions by the following well-known *mot*. Having mentioned the poets, he compares them with the moralists; "the moralists," these are his words, "the moralists, their betters." How, or in what sense that would satisfy even a lampooner, are moralists as a class the "betters" in a collation with poets as a class? It is pretty clear at starting, that *in order* to be a moralist of the first rank, that is, to carry a great moral truth with heart-shaking force into the mind, a moralist must begin by becoming a poet. For instance, "to justify the ways of God to man." *That* is a grand moral doctrine; but to utter the doctrine authentically, and with power, a man must write a "Paradise Lost." The order of precedency, therefore, between poets and moralists, as laid down by Lord Byron, is very soon inverted by a slight effort of reflection.

But without exacting from a man so self-willed as Lord Byron (and at that moment in a great passion) any philosophic rigor, it may be worth while, so far as the case concerns Pope, to ponder for one moment upon this invidious comparison, and to expose the fallacy which it conceals. By the term *moralist* we

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indicate two kinds of thinkers, differing as much in quality as a chestnut horse from a horse chestnut, and in rank as a Roman proconsul from the nautical consul's first clerk at a sea-port. A clerical moralist in a pulpit, reading a sermon, is a moralist in the sense of one who applies the rules of a known ethical system — viz., that system which is contained in the New Testament, to the ordinary cases of human action. Such a man pretends to no originality; it would be criminal in him to do so; or, if he seeks for novelty in any shape and degree, it is exclusively in the quality of his illustrations. But there is another use of the word *moralist*, which indicates an intellectual architect of the first class. A Grecian moralist was one who published a new *theory* of morals; that is, he assumed some new central principle, from which he endeavored with more or less success, to derive all the virtues and vices, and thus introduced new relations amongst the keys or elementary gamut of our moral nature.* For

* Upon this principle I doubt not that we should interpret the sayings attributed to the seven wise men of Greece. If we regard them as insulated aphorisms, they strike us all as mere impertinences; for by what right is some one prudential admonition separately illuminated and left as a solemn legacy to all posterity in slight of others equally cogent? For instance, *Meden agan* — nothing in excess — is a maxim not to be neglected, but still not entitled to the exclusive homage which is implied in its present acceptation. The mistake, meantime, I believe to be, not in the Grecian pleiad of sages, but in ourselves, who have falsely apprehended them. The man, for instance (Bias was it, or who?), that left me this old saw about excess, did not mean to bias me in favor of that one moral caution; this would have argued a craze in favor of one element amongst

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example, the Peripatetic system of morality, that of Aristotle, had for its fundamental principle, that all vices formed one or other of two polar extremes, one pole being in excess, the other in defect; and that the corresponding virtue lay on an equatorial line between these two poles. Here, because the new principle became a law of coercion for the entire system, since it must be carried out harmoniously with regard to every element that could move a question, the difficulties were great, and hardly to be met by mere artifices of ingenuity. The legislative principle needed to be profound and comprehensive; and a moralist in this sense, the founder of an ethical system, really looked something like a creative philosopher.

But, valued upon that scale, Pope is nobody; or in Newmarket language, if ranked against Chrysippus, or Plato, or Aristotle, or Epicurus, he would be found "nowhere." He is reduced, therefore, at one blow to the level of a pulpit moralist, or mere applier of moral laws to human actions. And in a function so exceedingly humble, philosophically considered, how could he pretend to precedency in respect of anybody, unless it were the amen clerk, or the sexton?

many What he meant was to indicate the *radix* out of which his particular system was expanded. It was the key-note out of which, under the laws of thorough-bass, were generated the whole chord and its affinities. Whilst the whole evolution of the system was in lively remembrance, there needed no more than this short-hand memento for recalling it. But now, when the lapse of time has left the little maxim stranded on a shore of wrecks, naturally it happens that what was in old days the key-stone of an arch has come to be compounded with its superfluous rubbish.

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In reality, however, the case is worse. If a man did really bring all human actions under the light of any moral system whatever, provided that he *could* do so sternly, justly, and without favor this way or that, he would perform an exemplary service such as no man ever *has* performed. And this is what we mean by casuistry, which is the application of a moral principle to the *cases* arising in human life. A *case* means a generic class of human acts, but differentiated in the way that law cases are. For we see that every case in the law courts conforms in the major part to the generic class; but always, or nearly always, it presents some one differential feature peculiar to itself; and the question about it always is, Whether the differential feature is sufficient to take it out of the universal rule, or whether, in fact, it ought not to disturb the incidence of the legal rule? This is what we mean by casuistry. All law in its practical processes is a mode of casuistry. And it is clear that any practical ethics, ethics applied to the realities of life, ought to take the professed shape of casuistry. We do not evade the thing by evading the name. But because casuistry, under that name, has been chiefly cultivated by the Roman Catholic Church, we Protestants, with our ridiculous prudery, find a stumbling-block in the very name. This, however, is the only service that *can* be rendered to morality among us. And nothing approaching to this has been attempted by Pope.

What is it, then, that he *has* attempted? Certainly he imagines himself to have done something or other in behalf of moral philosophy. For in a well-known couplet he informs us —

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> "That not in Fancy's maze he linger'd long,
> But stooped to Truth, and *moralized* his song."

Upon these lines a lady once made to me this very acute and significant remark. The particular direction, she said, in which Pope fancied that he came upon Truth, showed pretty clearly what sort of truth it was that he searched after. Had he represented Fancy, as often is done, soaring aloft amongst the clouds, then, because Truth must be held to lie in the opposite direction, there might have been pleaded a necessity for *descending* upon Truth, like one who is looking for mushrooms. But as fancy, by good luck, is simply described as roaming about amongst labyrinths, which are always constructed upon dead levels, he had left it free for himself to soar after Truth into the clouds. But *that* was a mode of truth which Pope cared little for; if *she* chose to go galavanting amongst the clouds, Pope, for *his* part, was the last person to follow her. Neither was he the man to go down into a well in search of her. Truth was not liable to wet feet, but Pope *was*. And he had no such ardor for Truth as would ever lead him to forget that wells were damp, and bronchitis alarming to a man of his constitution.

Whatever service Pope may have meditated to the philosophy of morals, he has certainly performed none. The direct contributions which he offered to this philosophy in his "Essay on Man," are not of a nature to satisfy any party; because at present the whole system may be read into different, and sometimes into opposite meanings, according to the quality of the integrations supplied for filling up the chasms in the chain of the development. The sort of service, how-

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ever, expected from Pope in such a field, falls in better with the style of his satires and moral epistles than of a work professedly metaphysical. Here, however, most eminently it is that the falseness and hypocrisy which besieged his satirical career have made themselves manifest; and the dilemma for any working man who should apply himself to these sections of Pope's writings is precisely this: Reading them with the slight and languid attention which belongs to ordinary reading, he will make no particular discoveries of Pope's hollowness and infidelities to the truth, whether as to things or persons; but in such a case neither will he reap any benefit. On the other hand, if he so far carry out Lord Carlisle's advice as to enter upon the study of Pope in the spirit of an earnest student, and so as really to possess himself of the key to Pope's inner mind, he will rise from his labors not so much in any spirit of gratitude for enlarged and humanizing views of man, as in a spirit of cynical disgust at finding that such views can be so easily counterfeited, and so often virtually betrayed.

Whom shall we pronounce a fit writer to be laid before an auditory of working men, as a model of what is just in composition — fit either for conciliating their regard to literature at first or afterwards for sustaining it? The qualifications for such a writer are apparently these two: first, that he should deal chiefly with the elder and elementary affections of man, and under those relations which concern man's grandest capacities; secondly, that he should treat his subject with solemnity, and not with sneer — with earnestness, as one under a prophet's burden of impassioned truth

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and not with the levity of a girl hunting a chance-started caprice. I admire Pope in the very highest degree; but I admire him as a pyrotechnic artist for producing brilliant and evanescent effects out of elements that have hardly a moment's life within them. There is a flash and a startling explosion, then there is a dazzling coruscation, all purple and gold; the eye aches under the suddenness of a display that, springing like a burning arrow out of darkness, rushes back into darkness with arrowy speed, and in a moment all is over. Like festal shows, or the hurrying music of such shows —

"It *was*, and it is not."

Untruly, therefore, was it ever fancied of Pope, that he belonged by his classification to the family of the Drydens. Dryden had within him a principle of continuity which was not satisfied without lingering upon his own thoughts, brooding over them and oftentimes pursuing them through their unlinkings with the *sequaciousness* (pardon a Coleridgian word) that belongs to some process of creative nature, such as the unfolding of a flower. But Pope was all jets and tongues of flame; all showers of scintillation and sparkle. Dryden followed, genially, an impulse of his healthy nature. Pope obeyed, spasmodically, an overmastering febrile paroxysm. Even in these constitutional differences between the two are written and are legible the corresponding necessities of "utter falsehood in Pope, and of loyalty to truth in Dryden." Strange it is to recall this one striking fact, that if once in his life Dryden might reasonably have

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been suspected of falsehood, it was in the capital matter of religion. He *ratted* from his Protestant faith; and according to the literal origin of that figure he *ratted;* for he abjured it as rats abjure a ship in which their instinct of divination has deciphered a destiny of ruin, and at the very moment when Popery wore the promise of a triumph that might, at any rate, have lasted his time. Dryden was a Papist by apostasy; and perhaps, not to speak uncharitably, upon some bias from self-interest. Pope, on the other hand, was a Papist by birth, and by a tie of honor; and he resisted all temptations to desert his afflicted faith, which temptations lay in bribes of great magnitude prospectively, and in persecutions for the present that were painfully humiliating. How base a time-server does Dryden appear on the one side? — on the other, how much of a martyr should we be disposed to pronounce Pope! And yet, for all that, such is the overruling force of a nature originally sincere, the apostate Dryden wore upon his brow the grace of sincerity, whilst the pseudo-martyr Pope, in the midst of actual fidelity to his church, was at his heart a traitor — in the very oath of his allegiance to his spiritual mistress had a lie upon his lips, scoffed at her whilst kneeling in homage to her pretensions, and secretly forswore her doctrines whilst suffering insults in her service.

The differences as to truth and falsehood lay exactly where, by all the external symptoms, they ought *not* to have lain. But the reason for this anomaly was, that to Dryden sincerity had been a perpetual necessity of his intellectual nature, whilst Pope, distracted by

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his own activities of mind, living in an irreligious generation, and beset by infidel friends, had early lost his anchorage of traditional belief; and yet upon an honorable scruple of fidelity to the suffering church of his fathers, he sought often to dissemble the fact of his own scepticism, which yet often he thirsted ostentatiously to parade. Through a motive of truthfulness he became false. And in this particular instance he would, at any rate, have become false, whatever had been the native constitution of his mind. It was a mere impossibility to reconcile any real allegiance to his church with his known irreverence to religion. But upon far more subjects than this Pope was habitually false in the quality of his thoughts, always insincere, never by any accident in earnest, and consequently many times caught in ruinous self-contradiction. Is that the sort of writer to furnish an advantageous study for the precious leisure, precious as rubies, of the toil-worn artisan?

The root and the pledge of this falseness in Pope lay in a disease of his mind, which he (like the Roman poet Horace) mistook for a feature of preternatural strength; and this disease was the incapacity of self-determination towards any paramount or abiding *principles*. Horace, in a well-known passage, had congratulated himself upon this disease as upon a trophy of philosophic emancipation:—

> "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
> Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes:".

which words Pope thus translates, and applies to himself in his English adaptation of this epistle:—

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"But ask not to what doctors I apply —
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I.
As drives the storm, at any door I knock;
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke."

That is, neither one poet nor the other having, as regarded philosophy any internal principle of gravitation or determining impulse to draw him in one direction rather than another, was left to the random control of momentary taste, accident, or caprice; and this indetermination of pure, unballasted levity both Pope and Horace mistook for a special privilege of philosophic strength. Others, it seems, were chained and coerced by certain fixed aspects of truth, and their efforts were overruled accordingly in one uniform line of direction. But *they*, the two brilliant poets,* flut-

* "*The two brilliant poets:*"— As regards Horace, it is scarcely worth while to direct the reader's attention upon inconsistency of this imaginary defiance to philosophic authority with his profession elsewhere of allegiance to Epicurus; for had it even been possible to direct the poet's own attention upon it, the same spirit of frank simplicity which has converted his very cowardice, his unmitigated cowardice (*relictâ non bene parmulâ*), into one of those amiable and winning frailties which, once having come to know it, on no account could we consent to forego — would have reconciled us all by some inimitable picturesqueness of candor to inconsistency the most shocking as to the fulfilment of some great moral obligation; just as from the brute restiveness of a word (Equotuticum), that positively would not come into the harness of hexameter verse, he has extracted a gay laughing *alias* (viz., "*versu quod dicere non est*"); a pleasantry which is nowhere so well paralleled as by Southey's on the name of Admiral Tchitchagoff:—

"A name which you all must know very well,
Which nobody can speak, and nobody can spell."

Vain would it be to fasten any blame upon a poet armed with

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tered on butterfly-wings to the right and to the left, obeying no guidance but that of some instant and fugitive sensibility to some momentary phasis of beauty.

such heaven-born playfulness that upon a verbal defect he raises a triumph of art, and upon a personal defect raises a perpetual memento of smiling and affectionate forgiveness. We "condone" his cowardice, to use language of Doctors' Commons, many times over, before we know whether he would have cared for our condonation; and protest our unanimous belief, that, if he did run away from battle, he ran no faster than a gentleman ought to run. In fact, his character would have wanted its amiable unity had he *not* been a coward, or had he *not* been a rake. Vain were it to level reproaches at *him*, for whom all reproaches become only occasions of further and surplus honor. But, in fact, for any serious purposes of Horace, philosophy was not wanted. Some slight pretence of that kind served to throw a shade of pensiveness over his convivial revels, and thus to rescue them from the taint of plebeian grossness. So far, and no farther, a slight coloring of philosophy was needed for his moral musings. But Pope's case is different. The moral breathings of Horace are natural exhalations rising spontaneously from the heart under the ordinary gleams of chance and change in the human things that lay around him. But Pope is more ambitious. He is not content with *borrowing* from philosophy the grace of a passing sanction or countersign, but undertakes to *lend* her a systematic coherency of development, and sometimes even a fundamental basis. In his "Essay on Man," his morals connect themselves with metaphysics. The metaphysics had been gathered together in his chance eclectic rambles amongst books of philosophy, such as Montaigne, Charron, and latterly amongst the fossil rubbish and *débris* of Bayle's Dictionary. Much also had been suggested to his piercing intellect in conversation, especially with Lord Bolingbroke; but not so exclusively by any means with *him* as the calumniators of Pope would have us suppose. Adopt he did from all quarters, but Pope was not the man servilely to beg or to steal. It was indispensable to his own comfort that he should at least

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In this dream of drunken eclecticism, and in the original possibility of such an eclecticism, lay the ground of that enormous falsehood which Pope practised from

understand the meaning of what he took from others, though seldom indeed he understood its wider relations, or pursued its ultimate consequences. Hence came anguish and horror upon Pope in his latter days, such as rarely can have visited any but the death-bed of some memorable criminal. To have rejected the *verba magistri* might seem well, it might look promising, as all *real* freedom is promising, for the interests of truth; but he forgot that, in rejecting the master, he had also rejected the doctrine — the guiding principle — the unity of direction secured for the inquirer by the master's particular system with its deep internal cohesion. Coming upon his own distracted choice of principles from opposite angles and lines of direction, he found that what once and under one aspect had seemed to him a guiding light, and one of the buoys for narrowing the uncertainties of a difficult navigation, absolutely under another aspect, differently approached and differently associated, did the treacherous office of a *spanselled* horse, as in past days upon the Cornish and the south Irish coast it was employed — expressly for showing false signals, and leading right amongst breakers. That *hortus siccus* of pet notions, which had won Pope's fancy in their insulated and separate existence, when brought together as parts and elements of the same system in the elaborate and haughty "Essay on Man," absolutely refused to cohere. No doctoring, no darning, could disguise their essential inter-repulsion. Dismal rents, chasms, hiatuses, gaped and grinned in a theory whose very office and arrogant pretension had been to harmonize the dislocated face of nature, and to do *that* in the way of justification for God which God had forgotten to do for himself. How if an enemy should come, and fill up these ugly chasms with some poisonous fungus of a nature to spread the dry rot through the main timbers of the vessel? And, in fact, such an enemy *did* come. This enemy spread dismay through Pope's heart. Pope found himself suddenly shown up as an anti-social monster, as an incendiary, as a disorganizer of man's most

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youth to age. An eclectic philosopher already, in the very title which he assumes, proclaims his self-complacency in the large liberty of error purchased by the renunciation of all controlling principles. Having severed the towing-line which connected him with any external force of guiding and compulsory truth, he is free to go astray in any one of ten thousand false radiations from the true centre of rest. By his own choice he is wandering in a forest all but pathless,

"Ubi passim
Palantes error recto de tramite pellit;"

and a forest not of sixty days' journey, like that old Hercynian forest of Cæsar's time, but a forest which sixty generations have not availed to traverse or familiarize in any one direction.

aspiring hopes. "O Heavens! what is to be done? what can be done?" he cried out. "When I wrote that passage, which now seems so wicked, certainly I meant something very good; or, if I didn't, at any rate I meant to mean it." The case was singular; if no friend of the author could offer a decent account of its meaning, to a certainty the author could *not*. Luckily, however, there are two ways of filling up chasms; and Warburton, who had reasons best known to himself for cultivating Pope's favor, besides considerable practice during his youth in a special pleader's office, took the desperate case in hand. He caulked the chasms with philosophic oakum, he "payed" them with dialectic pitch, he sheathed them with copper and brass by means of audacious dogmatism and insolent quibbles, until the enemy seemed to have been silenced, and the vessel righted so far as to float. The result, however, as a permanent result, was this — that the demurs which had once been raised (however feebly pressed) against the poem, considered in the light of a system compatible with religion, settled upon it permanently as a sullen cloud of suspicion that a century has not availed to dissipate.

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For Horace, as I have endeavored to explain in the note, the apology is so much the readier as his intrusions into this province of philosophy are slighter, more careless, and more indirect. But Pope's are wilful, premeditated, with malice aforethought; and his falsehoods wear a more malignant air, because they frequently concern truth speculative, and are therefore presumably more deliberate in their origin, and more influential in the result. It is precisely this part of Pope's errors that would prove most perplexing to the unlearned student. Beyond a doubt the "Essay on Man" would, in virtue of its subject, prove the most attractive to a laboring man of all Pope's writings, as most of all promising a glimpse into a world of permanence and of mysterious grandeur, and having an interest, therefore, transcendent to any that could be derived from the fleeting aspects of manners or social conventionalisms, though illuminated and vivified by satire. *Here* would be the most advantageous and *remunerative* station to take for one who should undertake a formal exposure of Pope's hollow-heartedness; that is, it would most commensurately reward the pains and difficulties of such an investigation. But it would be too long a task for this situation, and it would be too polemic. It would move through a jungle of controversies. For, to quote a remark which I once made myself in print, the "Essay on Man" in one point resembles some doubtful inscriptions in ancient forms of Oriental languages, which, being made up elliptically of mere consonants, can be read into very different senses according to the different sets of vowels which the particular reader may choose to interpolate.

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According to the choice of the interpreter, it may be read into a loyal or a treasonable meaning. Instead of this I prefer, as more amusing, as less elaborate, and as briefer, to expose a few of Pope's *personal* falsehoods, and falsehoods as to the notorieties of *fact*. Truth speculative drives its roots oftentimes into depths so dark that the falsifications to which it is liable, though detected, cannot always be exposed to the light of day; the result is known, but not therefore seen. Truth personal, on the other hand, may be easily made to confront its falsifier, not with refutation only, but with the visible *shame* of refutation. Such shame would settle upon *every* page of Pope's satires and moral epistles, oftentimes upon every couplet, if any censor, armed with an adequate knowledge of the facts, were to prosecute the inquest. And the general impression from such an inquest would be, that Pope never delineated a character, nor uttered a sentiment, nor breathed an aspiration, which he would not willingly have recast, have retracted, have abjured or trampled under foot with the curses assigned to heresy, if by such an act he could have added a hue of brilliancy to his coloring or a new depth to his shadows. There is nothing he would not have sacrificed, not the most solemn of his opinions, nor the most pathetic memorial from his personal experiences, in return for a sufficient consideration, which consideration meant always with *him* poetic effect. It is not, as too commonly is believed, that he was reckless of other people's feelings; so far from *that*, he had a morbid *facility* in his kindness; and in cases where he had no reason to suspect any lurking hostility, he showed even a para-

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lytic benignity. But, simply and constitutionally, he was incapable of a sincere thought or a sincere emotion. Nothing that ever he uttered, were it even a prayer to God, but he had a fancy for reading it backwards. And he was evermore false, not as loving or preferring falsehood, but as one who could not in his heart perceive much real difference between what people affected to call falsehood and what they affected to call truth. Volumes might be filled with illustrations: I content myself with three or four.

I. Pope felt *intellectually* that it was philosophic, and also that it wore an air of nobility, *not* to despise poverty. *Morally*, however, he felt inversely: nature and the accidents of his life had made it his necessity to despise nothing so heartily. If in any one sentiment he ever was absolutely sincere, if there can be cited one insulated case upon which he found it difficult to play the hypocrite, it was in the case of that intense scorn with which he regarded poverty, and all the painful circumstances that form the equipage of poverty. To look at a pale, dejected fellow creature creeping along the highway, and to have reason for thinking that he has not tasted food since yesterday — what a pang would such a sight, accompanied by such a thought, inflict upon many a million of benign human hearts! But in Pope, left to his spontaneous nature, such a sight and such a thought would have moved only fits of laughter. Not that he would have refused the poor creature a shilling, but still he would have laughed. For hunger, and cold, and poverty, appeared to *him* only in the light of drolleries, and too generally of scoundrelisms. Still he was aware that

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some caution was requisite in giving public expression to such feelings. Accordingly, when he came forward in gala-dress as a philosopher, he assumed the serene air of one upon whom all such idle distinctions as rich and poor were literally thrown away. But watch him; follow his steps for a few minutes, and the deep realities of his nature will unmask themselves. For example, in the first book of the "Dunciad," he has occasion to mention Dennis, —

"And all the mighty mad in Dennis raged."

Upon this line (the 106th) of the text he hangs a note, in the course of which he quotes a few sentences about Dennis from Theobald. One of these begins thus: "Did we really know how much this poor man suffers by being contradicted," &c.; upon which Pope thinks proper to intercalate the following pathetic parenthesis in italics: "*I wish that reflection on* POVERTY *had been spared.*" How amiable! how pretty! Could Joseph Surface have more dexterously *improved* the occasion: "The man that disparages poverty is a man that —" &c. It is manifest, however, at a glance, that this virtuous indignation is altogether misplaced; for "*poor*" in the quotation from Theobald has no reference whatever to *poverty* as the antithesis to *wealth.* What a pity that a whole phial of such excellent scenical morality should thus have been uncorked and poured out upon the wrong man and the wrong occasion! Really this unhappy blunder extorts from me as many tears of laughter as ever poverty extorted from Pope. Meantime, reader, watch what follows. Wounded so deeply in his feelings by this constrained

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homage to poverty, Pope finds himself unable to resettle the equilibrium in his nervous system until he has taken out his revenge by an extra kicking administered to some old mendicant or vagrant lying in a ditch.

At line 106 comes the flourish about Dennis's poverty. Just nine lines a-head, keeping close as a policeman upon the heels of a thief, you come up with Pope in the very act of maltreating Cibber, upon no motive or pretence whatever, small or great, but that he (the said Cibber) was guilty of poverty. Pope had detected him — and this is Pope's own account of the assault — in an overt act of poverty. He deposes, as if it were an ample justification of his own violence, that Cibber had been caught in the very act — not of supping meanly, coarsely, vulgarly, as upon tripe, for instance, or other offal — but absolutely in the act of not supping at all!

"Swearing and *supperless* the hero sate."

Here one is irresistibly reminded of the old story about the cat who was transformed into a princess; she played the *rôle* with admirable decorum, until one day a mouse ran across the floor of the royal saloon, when immediately the old instinct and the hereditary hatred proved too much for the artificial nature, and her highness vanished over a six-barred gate in a furious mouse-chase. Pope, treading in the steps of this model, fancies himself reconciled to poverty. Poverty, however, suddenly presents herself, not as a high poetic abstraction, but in that one of her many shapes which to Pope had always seemed the most comic as well as the most hateful. Instantly Pope's ancient

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malice is rekindled; and in line 115 we find him assaulting that very calamity under one name, which under another, at line 106, he had treated with an ostentatious superfluity of indulgence.

II. I have already noticed that some of Pope's most pointed examples which he presents to you as drawn from his own experience of life, are in fact due to jest-books; and some (offered as facts) are pure coinages of his own brain. When he makes his miser at the last gasp so tenacious of the worldly rights then slipping from his grasp as that he refuses to resign a particular manor, Pope forgot that even a jest-book must govern its jokes by some regard to the realities of life, and that amongst these realities is the very nature and operation of a will. A miser is not, therefore, a fool; and he knows that no possible testamentary abdication of an estate disturbs his own absolute command over it so long as he lives, or bars his power of revoking the bequest. The moral instruction is in this case so poor, that no reader cares much upon what sort of foundation the story itself rests. For such a story a lie may be a decent basis. True; but not so senseless a lie. If the old miser was delirious, there is an end of his responsibilities; and nobody has a right to draw upon *him* for moral lessons or warnings. If he was *not* delirious, the case could not have happened. Modelled in the same spirit are all Pope's pretended portraitures of women; and the more they ought to have been true, as professing to be studies from life, the more atrociously they are false, and false in the transcendent sense of being impossible. Heaps of contradiction, or of revolting extravagance, do not

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verify themselves to our loathing incredulity because the artist chooses to come forward with his arms a-kimbo, saying angrily, "But I tell you, sir, these are *not* fancy-pieces! These ladies whom I have here lampooned are familiarly known to me; they are my particular friends. I see them every day in the undress of confiding friendship. They betray all their foibles to me in the certainty that I shall take no advantage of their candor; and will you, coming a century later, presume to dispute the fidelity or the value of my contemporary portraits?" Yes, and upon these two grounds: first (as to the fidelity), that the pretended portraits are delineations of impossible people; and, secondly (as to the value), that, if after all they could be sworn to as copies faithful to the originals, not the less are they to be repelled as abnormal, and so far beyond the intelligibilities of nature as practically to mean nothing, neither teaching nor warning. The two Duchesses of Marlborough, for instance, Sarah and Henrietta, mother and daughter, are atrocious caricatures, constructed on the principle of catching at a momentary stare or grin, by means of anarchy in the features imputed, and truculent antithesis in the expression. Who does not feel that these are the fierce pasquinades, and the coarse pasquinades, of some malignant electioneering contest? Is there a line that breathes the simplicity and single-heartedness of truth? Equal disgust settles upon every word that Pope ever wrote against Lady Mary W. Montagu. Having once come to hate her rancorously, and finding his hatred envenomed by the consciousness that Lady Mary had long ceased to care two straws for all the

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malice of all the wits in Christendom, Pope labored at his own spite, filing it and burnishing it as a hand-polisher works at the blade of a scimitar. For years he had forgotten to ask after the realities of nature as they existed in Lady Mary, and considered only what had the best chance of stinging her profoundly. He looked out for a "raw" into which he might lay the lash; not seeking it in the real woman, but generally in the nature and sensibilities of abstract woman. Whatever seemed to disfigure the idea of womanhood, *that*, by reiterated touches, he worked into his portraits of Lady Mary; and at length, no doubt, he had altogether obliterated from his own remembrance the true features of her whom he so much detested. On this class of Pope's satiric sketches I do not, however, wish to linger, having heretofore examined some of the more prominent cases with close attention.

The previous section on Pope has been taxed with exaggeration. This charge comes from a London weekly journal (*The Leader*) distinguished by its ability, by its hardihood of speculation, by its comprehensive candor, but, in *my* eyes, still more advantageously distinguished by its deep sincerity. Such qualities give a special value to the courtesies of that journal; and I in particular, as a literary man, have to thank it for repeated instances of kindness the most indulgent on any occasion which has brought up the mention of my name. Such qualities of necessity give a corresponding value to its censures. And accordingly, as a point of duty, I directed my attention immediately to *this* censure. Whatever was still unprinted I reviewed; and whatever struck me as open

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to objection I removed. And if the result after all has been, that I do not altogether concur in the criticisms of *The Leader*, the reason is because, as upon re-examination it strikes me, in the worst cases Pope has not left room for exaggeration. I do not see any actual exaggeration, simply because I do not see that any exaggeration is possible. But though I thus found myself unable sincerely to make the sacrifice of my own opinion, another sacrifice of a different kind I *have* made — viz., that of half my paper. I cancelled one half — viz., that half which was occupied with cases in Pope of disingenuousness, and perhaps of moral falsehood or collusion with other people's falsehood, but not of falsehood atrociously literal and conscious; meaning thus to diminish by one half the penance of those who do not like to see Pope assaulted, although forced by uneasiness to watch the assault — a feeling with which I heartily sympathize; and meaning, on the other hand, in justification of myself, to throw the reader's attention more effectively, because more exclusively, upon such cases of frantic and moon-struck falsehood as could allow no room for suspense or mitigation of judgment. Of these I have selected two, one relating to the Duke of Buckingham, and the other to the history and derivation of English literature. Generally, I believe, that to a just appreciation of Pope's falseness, levity, and self-contradiction, it is almost essential that a reader should have studied him with the purpose of becoming his editor. This at one time was my own purpose; and thus it was that I became acquainted with qualities prevailing in Pope which, in the midst of my great admiration for him.

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would have made such a purpose difficult of execution. For in the relation between author and editor, any harshness of reproach on the part of the latter, or any expression of alienation and imperfect sympathy, seems unbecoming in one who has spontaneously assumed the office of a *patronus* to a *client*, and is uniformly painful to the reader. On this account it is that the late Mr. Roscoe figures amongst all editors of Pope as by far the most agreeable. He has a just tenderness for the memory and merits of the great writer whom he undertakes to edit; this feeling keeps his annotations clear from the petulance of Joseph Warton and the malice of Bowles; whilst, not having happened to see Pope's errors in the same light as myself, he suffers from no conflict between his natural indulgence to intellectual splendor and his conscientious reverence for truth.

But if the reader is shocked with Pope's false reading of phenomena where not the circumstances so much as the construction of the circumstances may be challenged, what must he think of those cases in which downright facts, and incidents the most notorious, have been outrageously falsified only in obedience to a vulgar craving for effect in the dramatic situations, or by way of pointing a moral for the stimulation of torpid sensibilities? Take, for instance, the death of the second Villiers, Duke of Buckingham — a story which, in Pope's version of it, has travelled into a popularity that may be called national; and yet the whole is one tissue of falsehoods, and of falsehoods that must have been known for such by Pope not less than to most of his contemporary readers. Suppose

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them *not* known, and the whole must have wanted all natural interest. For this interest lay in the Duke's character, in his superb accomplishments and natural advantages, in his fine person, in his vast wealth, and in the admirable versatility of his intellectual powers, which made him alternately the idol and the terror of all circles that he approached, which caused Lord Clarendon to tremble with impotent malice in his chancellor's robes, and Dryden to shiver with panic under his laureate crowns. Now, wherever these features of the case were *not* known, the story was no more than any ordinary death arising out of a fox-chase. But those to whom they *were* known must, at the same time, have known the audacious falsehood which disfigures the story in Pope's way of telling it. *Without* the personal interest the incidents were nothing; and *with* that interest at starting, Pope's romance must have defeated itself by its fabulous coloring. Let me recall to the reader the principal lines in this famous description: —

> "In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
> The floors of plaster and the walls of dung,
> On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
> With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
> The George and Garter dangling from that bed
> Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
> Great Villiers lies! Alas! how changed from him,
> That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim,
> Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
> *There*, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
> And fame, the lord of useless thousands ends."

Without stopping to examine these famous lines as

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to thought and expression (both of which are scandalously vicious), what I wish the reader to remark is, the one pervading falsehood which connects them. Wherefore this minute and purely fanciful description of the roadside *cabaret*, with its bedroom and bed? Wherefore this impertinent and also fraudulent circumstantiality? It is, as Pope would tell you, for the sake of impressing with more vivacity the abject poverty to which the Duke's follies had brought him. The wretched bed, for instance, is meant to be the exponent of the empty purse which could purchase no better. And, for fear that you might miss this construction of the passage, Pope himself tells you, in a prose note, that the Duke "died in a remote inn in Yorkshire, *reduced to the utmost misery*." Being engaged in the business of dying, it could hardly be expected that the Duke should be particularly happy. But what Pope means you to understand by "misery" is *poverty;* the prose note simply reiterates the words, "victor of *fortune*," in the text. Now, had the truth been really so, what moral would such a story exemplify beyond the vulgar one of pecuniary improvidence? And yet surely this was not the cause of the Duke's being thrown from his horse. Meantime, Pope well knew that the whole was a ridiculous fable. The Duke had the misfortune to be fatally injured in a fox-chase. In such an extremity, naturally, his servants carry him into the house nearest at hand, which happens to be an alehouse — not "the worst," since there was no other; nor was it possible that, to a man of his distinction, once the lord-lieutenant of that very East Riding, any room would be offered worse than the

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very best that contained a bed. In these dreadful circumstances, it is not easy to measure the levity which can linger upon the description of such exquisite impertinences as the housewifely defects of the walls, the curtains, the flock-bed, &c. But Pope was at his wit's end for a striking falsehood. He needed for a momentary effect some tale of a great lord, once fabulously rich, who had not left himself the price of a halter or of a pauper's bed. And thus, for the sake of extorting a stare of wonderment from a mob of gaping readers, he did not scruple to give birth and currency to the grossest of legendary fables. The Duke's death happened a few months before Pope's birth. But the last of the Villiers family that wore a ducal coronet was far too memorable a person to have died under the cloud of obscurity which Pope's representation presumes. He was the most interesting person of the Alcibiades class* that perhaps ever existed; and Pope's

* "*The most interesting person of the Alcibiades class:*" — But it is thoroughly characteristic of Pope, that the one solitary trait in the Duke's career which interested *him*, was the fact that a man so familiar with voluptuous splendor should have died on a flock-bed patched with straw. How advantageously does Dryden come forward on this occasion! *He*, as Mr. Bayes, had some bitter wrongs to avenge; and he was left at liberty to execute this revenge after his own heart, for he survived the Duke by a dozen years. Yet he took no revenge at all. *He*, with natural goodness and magnanimity, declined to kick the dead lion. And in the memorable lines, all alive and trembling with impassioned insight into the demoniac versatility of the Duke's character, how generously does he forbear every expression of scorn, and cover the man's frailties with a mantle of comprehensive apology, and, in fact, the true apology, by gathering

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mendacious story found acceptance only amongst an after-generation unacquainted with the realities of the case. There was not so much as a popular rumor to countenance Pope. The story was a pure, gratuitous invention of his own. Even at the time of his death,

them together, one and all, as the united results of some secret nympholensy, or some sacred Pythian inspiration: —

> "Blest madman! that could every hour employ
> In something new to wish or to enjoy:
> . . .
> Now all for rhyming, wenching, fiddling, drinking,
> Beside ten thousand freaks that died in thinking!"

Strangely enough, the only Duke of Buckingham that interested Pope was not the Villiers that so profoundly interested Dryden and his own generation, but in every sense a mock Duke of Buckingham, a pantomimic duke, that is known only for having built a palace as fine as gilt gingerbread, and for having built a pauper poem. Some time after the death of the Villiers duke, and the consequent extinction of the title, Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave, obtained a patent creating him, not Duke of Buckingham, but by a pawnbroker's dodge, devised between himself and his attorney, Duke of Buckingham*shire;* the ostensible reason for which, as alleged by himself, was, that he apprehended some lurking claim to the old title that might come forward to his own confusion at a future time, and in that case he was ready with this demur: "You mistake, I am not *ham*, but ham*shire*." Such was *his* account of the matter. Mine is different: I tell the reason thus. He had known the Villiers of old, he knew well how that lubricated gladiator had defied all the powers of Chancery and the Privy Council, for months after months, once to get a "grip" of him, or a hank over him. It was the old familiar case of trying to catch a pig (but in this instance a wild boar of the forest) whose tail has been soaped. (See *Lord Clarendon*, not his History but his Life.) What the Birmingham duke therefore really feared was, that the worst room, the tawdry curtains, the flock-bed, &c., were all a pyramid of lies; that the

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the Duke of Buckingham was generally reputed to have sixty thousand per annum, and chiefly from land; an income at that period absolutely without precedent or parallel in Europe. In this there might be some exaggeration, as usually there *is* in such cases. But

Villiers had *not* been thrown; had probably *not* died at all; but was only "trying it on," in readiness for a great demonstration against himself; and that, in case the title of Buckingham were ever finally given away, the Villiers would be heard clattering on horseback up the grand staircase of the new-built Buckingham House, like the marble statue in "Don Juan," with a double commission against the false duke and the government as joint-traders in stolen goods. But if Pope were callous to the splendor of the true Buckingham, what was it that drew him to the false one? Pope must have been well aware that, amongst all the poetic triflers of the day, there was not one more ripe for the "Dunciad." Like the jaws of the hungry grave (*Acherontis avari*), the "Dunciad" yawned for him, whilst yet only in dim conception as a remote possibility. He was, besides, the most vain-glorious of men; and, being anxious above all things to connect himself with the blood-royal, he had conceived the presumptuous thought of wooing Queen Anne (then the unmarried Princess Anne). Being rejected, of course, rather than have no connection at all with royalty, he transferred his courtship to a young lady born on the wrong side of the blanket, namely, the daughter of James II. by Miss Sedley. Her he married, and they reigned together in great pomp over Buckingham House. But how should this have attracted Pope? The fact, I fear, is, that Pope admired him, in spite of his verses, as a man rich and prosperous. One morning, in some of his own verses he lodged a compliment to the Duke as a poet and critic: immediately the Duke was down upon him with an answering salute of twenty-one guns, and ever afterwards they were friends. But I repeat that, in Pope's own judgment, nine out of ten who found their way into that great *menagerie* of the "Dunciad" had not by half so well established their right of entrance as the Duke.

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the "Fairfax Papers" have recently made it manifest that Pope's tale was the wildest of fictions. The Duke of Buckingham had, to some extent, suffered from his loyalty to the Crown, though apparently sheltered from the main fury of the storm by the interest of his Presbyterian father-in-law, Lord Fairfax; and in his own person he had at one time been carelessly profuse. But all this was nothing. The sting of Pope's story requires him to have been a pauper; and yet — O heaven and incredulous earth! — a pauper hunting upon blood-horses, in a star and garter. The plain, historical truth, meanwhile, survives, that this pauper was simply the richest man in Christendom, and that, except Aladdin of the Arabian Nights! there never had been a richer. And thus collapses the whole fable like a soap-bubble.

2. Yet even this specimen of Pope's propensity to falsehood is far from being the worst. Here were facts scandalously distorted. Falsehoods they were; but if it had pleased God, they might have been truths. Next, however, comes a fiction so maniacally gross, so incoherent, and so rife with internal contradictions, as to involve its own exposure, literally shrinking from its own intelligible enunciation, burrowing in sentences kept aloof from the text, and calling upon footnotes to cover it. The case will speak for itself. Pope had undertaken to translate the well-known epistle of Horace to Augustus Cæsar; not literally, but upon the principle of adapting it to a modern and English treatment of its topics. Cæsar, upon this system, becomes George the Second — a very strange sort of Cæsar; and Pope is supposed to have been

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laughing at him, which may be the color that Pope gave to the travesty amongst his private circle; otherwise there is nothing in the expressions to sustain such a construction. Rome, with a little more propriety, masquerades as England, and France as Greece, or, more strictly, as Athens. Now, by such a transformation, already from the very beginning Pope was preparing for himself a dire necessity of falsehood. And he must have known it. Once launched upon such a course, he became pledged and committed to all the difficulties which it might impose. Desperate necessities would arise, from which nothing but desperate lying and hard swearing could extricate him. The impossibility of carrying through the parallel by means of *genuine* correspondences threw him for his sole resource upon such as were extravagantly spurious; and apparently he had made up his mind to cut his way through the ice, though all the truths that ever were embattled against Baron Munchausen should oppose his advance. Accordingly, about the middle of the epistle, a dilemma occurs from which no escape or deliverance is possible, except by an almighty falsehood. Take the leap Pope must, or else he must turn back when half way through. Horace had occasion to observe that, after Rome had made a conquest of Greece by force of arms, captive Greece retaliated upon her conqueror by another kind of victory, namely, by that of arts;* —

> "Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
> Intulit agresti Latio."

* Even this is open to demur. The Roman literature during the main Punic war with Hannibal, though unavoidably reached

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Now, in the corresponding case (as Pope had arranged it) between England and France, the parallel certainly held good as far as the military conquest. England, it was undeniable, had conquered France in that sense, as completely as ever Rome had conquered Greece or Macedon. Two English kings had seated themselves in succession upon the throne of France; one virtually, one formally. So far all was tight, and held water. Nothing could disturb *that* part of the case. But next came the retaliatory conquest, by means of arts and letters. How was this to be dealt with? What shadow or dream of a correspondency could be made out *there*? What impudence could face *that*? Already in Pope's ears, sounded the trumpet of recall; and Pope mused a little: but "No," he said in effect; "I will *not* turn back. Why should I? It is but one astounding falsehood that is wanted to set me free." I will venture to say that Mendez Pinto, the Portuguese liar, that Sir John Mandeville, the traveller, that Baron Munchausen, the most philosophic of bold adventurers into the back settlements of lying, never soared into such an aërial bounce, never cleared such a rasper of a fence, as did Pope on this occasion. He boldly took it upon his honor and credit that our English armies, in the times of Agincourt and the Regent Bedford, found in France a real, full-grown French literature, packed it up in their baggage-

by some slight influence from the literature of Greece, was rich in native power and raciness. Left to itself, and less disturbed by direct imitation applied to foreign models, the Roman literature would probably have taken a wider compass, and fulfilled a nobler destiny.

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wagons, and brought it home to England. The passage from Horace, part of which has been cited above, stands thus in the translation of Pope: —

> "We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms —
> Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
> Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
> Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow."

Ten years, then, before Joan of Arc's execution,* — viz., about 1420 (if we are to believe Pope), or even fifteen years, France had a great domestic literature; and this unknown literature has actually furnished a basis to our own. Let us understand clearly what it is that Pope means to assert. For it is no easy matter to do *that* where a man dodges behind text and notes, and shuffles between verse and prose, mystifying the reader, and designing to do so. Under the torture of cross-examination let us force Pope to explain what literature *that* is which, having glorified France, became the venerable mother of a fine English literature in an early stage of the fifteenth century. The reader, perhaps, fancies that possibly Pope may have expressed himself erroneously only from being a little hurried or a little confused. Not at all. I know my man better, perhaps, than the reader does; and I know that he is trying to hoax us. He is not confused himself, but is bent upon confusing *us;* and I am bent upon preventing him. And, therefore, again I ask sternly, what literature is this which very early in the

* "*Joan of Arc's execution:*" — viz., not by any English, but virtually by a French tribunal, as *now*, at last, is satisfactorily established by the recent publication, at Paris, of the judicial process itself in its full official records.

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fifteenth century, as early as Agincourt, we English found prospering in France, and which, for the benefit of the English intellect, such men as Ancient Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Fluellen, Captain Macmorris, Jamy, and other well-known *literati* in the army of Henry V., transplanted (or, "as the wise it call," *conveyed*) to England? Agincourt was fought in 1415; exactly four centuries before Waterloo. That was the beginning of our domination in France; and soon after the middle of that same fifteenth century — viz., about 1452, our domination was at an end. During that interval, therefore, it must have been, then or not at all, that this great intellectual revolution worked by France upon England was begun and completed. Naturally, at this point, the most submissive and sycophantish of Pope's friends would feel moved by the devil of curiosity, if not absolutely by the devil of suspicion, humbly to ask for a name or two, just as a specimen, from this great host of Anglo-Gallic wits. Pope felt (and groaned as he felt) that so reasonable a demand could not be evaded. "This comes of telling lies," must have been his bitter reflection: "one lie makes a necessity for another." However, he reflected that this second lie need not be introduced into the text, where it would have the fatal effect of blowing up the whole bubble: it might be hidden away in a footnote. Not one person in twenty would read it, and he that *did* might easily suppose the note to be some unauthorized impertinence of a foolish commentator.*

* The notes are *now* (*i. e.*, in all modern editions) assigned to their separate authors; though not always in a way to prevent doubts. For instance, Roscoe's notes, except that they are al-

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Secretly, therefore, silently, stealthily, so as to draw as little attention as possible, Pope introduced into a note his wicked little brazen solution of his own wicked and brazen conundrum. France, such was the proposition, had worked a miracle upon English ground; as if with some magician's rod, she had called up spawn innumerable of authors, lyric, epic, dramatic, pastoral, each after *his* kind. But by *whom* had France moved in this creation as the chief demiurgus? By whom, Mr. Pope? Name, name, Mr. Pope! "Ay," we must suppose the unhappy man to reply, "that's the very question which I was going to answer, if you wouldn't be so violent." "Well, answer it, then. Take your own time, but answer; for we don't mean to be put off without some kind of answer." "Listen, then," said Pope, "and I'll whisper it into your ear; for it's a sort of secret." Now, think, reader, of a *secret* upon a matter like this, which (if true at all) must be known to the antipodes. However, let us have the secret. "The secret," replied Pope, "is, that some time in the reign of Charles the Second — *when* I won't be positive, but I'm sure it was after the Restoration — three gentlemen wrote an eighteenpenny pamphlet." "Good! And what were the gentlemen's names?" "One was Edmund Waller, the poet; one was Mr. Godolphin; and the other was Lord Dorset." "This trinity of wits, then, you say, Mr. Pope, produced a mountain,

ways distinguished by kindness and good sense, are indicated only by the *absence* of any distinguishing signature But in the early editions great carelessness prevailed as to this point, and, sometimes, intentional dissimulation.

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price eighteenpence, and this mountain produced a mouse." "Oh, no! it was just the other way. They produced a mouse, price eighteenpence, and this mouse produced a mountain — viz., the total English literature." O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! The total English literature — not the tottle only, but the tottle of the whole, like an oak and the masts of some great admiral, that once slept in an acorn — absolutely lying hid in an eighteenpenny pamphlet! And what, now, might this pamphlet be about? Was it about the curing of bacon, or the sublimer art of sowing moonshine broadcast? It was, says Pope, if you *must* know everything, a translation from the French. And judiciously chosen; for it was the *worst* (and surely everybody must think it proper to keep back the best, until the English had earned a right to such luxuries by showing a proper sense of their value); the *worst* it was, and by very much the worst, of all Corneille's dramas; and its name was "Pompey." Pompey, was it? And so, then, from Pompey's loins we, the whole armies of English *littérateurs*, grubs and eagles, are lineally descended. So says Pope. So he *must* say, in obedience to his own line of argument. And, this being the case, one would be glad to have a look at Pompey. It is hard upon us *literati*, that are the children of Pompey, not to have a look at the author of our existence. But our chance of such a look is small indeed. For Pompey, you are to understand reader, never advanced so far as to a second edition. That was a poor return on the part of England for Pompey's services. And my too sceptical mind at one time inclined to doubt even Pompey's *first*

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edition; which was wrong, and could have occurred only to a lover of paradoxes. For Warton (not Tom, but Joe) had actually seen Pompey, and records his opinion of him, which happened to be this: that Pompey was "pitiful enough." These are Joe's own words. Still, I do not see that one witness establishes a fact of this magnitude. A shade of doubt, therefore, continues to linger over Pompey's very existence; and the upshot is, that Pompey (not the great, but confessedly) the doubtful, eighteenpenny Pompey, but in any case, Pompey "the Pitiful," is the great and overriding and tutelary power, under whose inspiration and inaugurating impulse our English literature has blossomed and ripened, root, stem, and branch, through the life-struggles of five centuries, into its present colossal proportions.

Here, pause, reader, and look back upon the separate reticulations, so as if possible to connect them in this huge network of hideous extravagance; where, as elsewhere it happens, that one villany hides another, and that the mere depth of the umbrage spread by fraudulent mystifications is the very cause which conceals the extent of those mystifications. Contemplated in a languid mood, or without original interest in the subject, that enormity of falsehood fails to strike which, under circumstances personally interesting, would seem absolutely incredible. The outrage upon the intellect actually obscures and withdraws from notice the outrage upon the facts. And, inversely, the affronts to historical accuracy obscure the affronts to good sense. Look steadily for a moment at the three points in the array of impeachments: —

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1. In the Red-rose invasion of France, Pope assumes, as a matter of notoriety, that the English invading force went from a land of semi-barbarism to a land of literature and refinement: the simple fact being so conspicuously the other way, that whilst France had then no literature at all, consequently *could* have nothing to give (there being no book extensively diffused in the France of that period, except the *De Imitatione Christi**), England, on the other hand, had so bright a jewel to offer that to this hour the whole of Christendom has not matched it or approached it. Even at present, in the case so often supposed, that a man were *marooned*, that is, confined (as regarded his residence) to one desert island, and marooned also as to books, confined I mean (as regarded his reading) to one sole book, his choice (if he read English) would probably oscillate between Shakspeare and Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Now the Canterbury Tales had been finished about thirty-five years before Agincourt; so exquisitely false even in this point is Pope's account. Against the *nothing* of beggarly France was even then to be

* Which was probably not of French origin. Thomas-à-Kempis, Gerson, and others, have had the credit of it; but the point is still doubtful. When I say that it was *extensively* diffused, naturally I mean so far as was possible before the invention of printing. One generation after Agincourt this invention was beginning to move, after which — that is, in two generations — the multiplication of the *De Imitatione* as regards copies, and even as regards separate editions and separate translations, ran beyond all power of registration. It is one amongst the wonders of the world; and the reason I have formerly explained. Froissart belongs to the courts of England and of Burgundy much more than to that of France

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set a work which in its class *has* not been rivalled, and probably *will* not be rivalled, on our planet.

2. In this comparison of the France and England then existing, historically Pope betrays an ignorance which is humiliating. He speaks of France as if that name of course covered the same states and provinces that it now covers. But take away from the France of this day the parts then possessed by Burgundy; take away Alsace, and Lorraine, and Franche Compté; take away the alien territories adjacent to Spain and Navarre; take away Avignon, &c.; take away the extensive duchy of Britanny, &c.; and what remains of that which constituted the France of Pope's day? But even that which *did* remain had no cohesion or unity as regarded any expanded sentiment of nationality, or the possibilities of a common literature. The moral anachronisms of Pope in this case are absolutely frightful, and the physical anachronisms of Pope also; for the simple want of roads, by intercepting all peaceful and pleasurable intercourse, must have intercepted all growth of nationality, unless when a rare community of selfish interest happened to arise, as when the whole was threatened with conquest or with famine through foreign aggression upon a part.

3. That particular section of the French literature through which Pope pretends to think (for think he does *not*) that France absolutely created our own, was the drama. Eighteenpenny Pompey belongs to this section. Now, most unhappily, these two broad facts are emblazoned beyond all power of impudence to darken them. The first is, that our English drama was closing, or actually *had* closed, just about the time

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when the French was opening. Shakspeare notoriously died in 1616, when Corneille* was yet a child of ten, and the last of Shakspeare's great contemporary dramatists died, according to my remembrance, in 1636; and, in 1635, one year earlier, was first performed the first successful French tragedy (the "Medea" of Corneille). About seven or eight years after *that*, the Puritans officially suppressed the English drama by suppressing the theatres. At the opening of the Parliamentary war, the elder (that is the immortal) English drama had finished its career. But Racine, the chief pillar of the French, did not begin until Cromwell was dead and gone, and Charles II. was restored. So here we have the Æsopian fable of the lamb troubling the waters for the wolf, who stood nearer *confessedly* to the fountain of the stream; or, in the Greek proverb, *ano potamon.* The other fact is, that as no section whatever of the French literature has ever availed to influence, or in the slightest degree to modify our own, it happens that the dramatic section in particular, which Pope insists on as the galvanizing force operating upon our fathers, has been in the most signal repulsion to our own. All the other sections have been simply inert and neutral; but the drama has ever been in murderous antagonism to every principle and agency by which our own lives and moves.† And

* Hardi, it is scarcely necessary to mention; as he never became a *power* even in France, and *out* of France was quite unknown. He coincided in point of time, I believe, most nearly with Francis Beaumont.

† Italian, Spanish, and finally German poetry have in succession exercised some slight influence, more or less, over our Eng-

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to make this outrage upon truth and sense even more outrageous, Pope had not the excuse of those effeminate critics, sometimes found amongst ourselves, who recognize no special divinity in our own drama; *that* would have been one great crime the more, but it would have been one inconsistency the less. For Pope had been amongst the earliest editors of Shakspeare; he had written a memorable preface to this edition. The edition it is true was shocking; and if the preface even was disfigured by concessions to a feeble system of dramatic criticism, rhetorically it was brilliant with the expression of a genuine enthusiasm as to Shakspeare, and a true sympathy with his colossal power.

4. Yet even this may not be the worst. Even below this deep perhaps there opens a lower deep. I submit that, when a man is asked for a specimen of the Agincourt French literature, he cannot safely produce a specimen from a literature two hundred and fifty years younger without some risk of facing a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*. Pompey the Pitiful (or if the reader is vexed at hearing him so called, let us call him, with Lord Biron in "Love's Labor's Lost," "more than great, great Pompey, Pompey the Huge") was not published, even in France, until about two

lish poetry. But I have formerly endeavored to show that it is something worse than a mere historical blunder, that, in fact, it involves a gross misconception and a confusion in the understanding, to suppose that there ever has been what has been called a *French school* in our literature, unless it is supposed that the unimpassioned understanding, or the understanding speaking in a minor key of passion, is a French invention

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centuries and a quarter had elapsed from Agincourt. But, as respects England, eighteenpenny Pompey was not yet revealed; the fulness of time for his *avatar* amongst us did not arrive until something like two hundred and sixty years had winged their flight from Agincourt. And yet Pope's doctrine had been that, in the conquest of France, we English first met with the Prometheus that introduced us to the knowledge of fire and intellectual arts. Is not this ghastly? Elsewhere, indeed, Pope skulks away from his own doctrine, and talks of "*correctness*" as the particular grace for which we were indebted to France. But this will not do. In his own "Art of Criticism," about verse 715, he describes "us brave Britons" as incorrigibly rebellious in that particular. We *have* no correctness, it seems, nor ever had; and therefore, except upon Sir Richard Blackmore's principle of stealing a suit of clothes "from a naked Pict," it is hard to see how we need to thank France for that which, as to us, has no existence. Then, again, Pope acquiesced at other times in an opinion of his early friends, that not Pompey, but himself, was the predestined patriarch of "correctness." Walsh, who was a sublime old blockhead, suggested to Pope that "correctness" was the only tight-rope upon which a fresh literary performer in England could henceforth dance with any advantage of novelty; all other tight-ropes and slack-ropes of every description having been preoccupied by elder funambulists. Both Walsh and Pope forgot ever once to ask themselves what it was that they meant by "correctness;" an idea that, in its application to France, Akenside afterwards sternly

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ridiculed. Neither of the two *literati* stopped to consider whether it was correctness in thought, or metrical correctness, or correctness in syntax and idiom; as to all of which, by comparison with other poets, Pope is conspicuously deficient. But no matter what they meant, or if they meant nothing at all. Unmeaning, or in any case inconsistent, as this talk about "correctness" may be, we cannot allow Pope *so* to escape from his own hyperbolical absurdities. It was not by a little pruning or weeding, that France, according to his original proposition, had bettered our native literature; it was by genial incubation, by acts of vital creation. She, upon our crab-tree cudgel of Agincourt, had engrafted her own peaches and apricots; our sterile thorn France had inoculated with roses. English literature was the Eve that, in the shape of a rib, had been abstracted from the side of the slumbering Pompey — of unconscious Pompey the Huge. And all at the small charge of eighteenpence! O heavens, to think of *that!* By any possibility that the cost, the total "damage" of our English literature, should have been eighteenpence! that a shilling should be actually coming to us out of half-a-crown!

"Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem."

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NOTES.

Note 1. Page 1.

"*Eminent author:*" — Viz., who? On second thoughts, there is no call for secresy; and therefore, in this third edition, I abjure it. The eminent author was Robert Southey; the beautiful but litigious solitude (a valley, to which the only road, far from descending, as in making for a valley it should have done, slowly ascended for miles) was *Watenlath*, six miles from Keswick, and three from the foot of Lodore Waterfall.

Note 2. Page 1.

"*Tarn:*" — Any small lake among mountains much above the level of the larger lakes, and fed, not (as *they* are) by one main stream, but by a number of petty rills trickling down the side of the surrounding hills: from the Danish *taarcn*, a *trickling*. The original word is *taar*, Danish for *a tear*. Consequently the notion under which a tarn has been regarded, is that of a *weeping* from the surrounding cliffs; and this is faithful to that differential feature which I have indicated as distinguishing the tarn from the lake — viz, that the latter is the discharge from a permanent river (or possibly brook), whilst the tarn is simply a rocky basin, into which from its cincture of rocky walls are continually weeping down the rains that wash them forever. Lakers! be thankful to me for solving a question which has hitherto eluded all conjectures. The Danes had a settlement, and have left deep impressions of their language in its old Icelandic form, amongst the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The names of the mountains are generally Danish.

Note 3. Page 3.

On the expulsion of Œdipus from the throne of the Grecian Thebes, his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, succeeded him, under an agreement to reign alternately. Once, however, in possession, the scoundrel Eteocles ignored the compact. His defrauded brother

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sought military aid, and, by the potent favor of his father-in-law, Adrastus, assembled seven armies — one against each of the seven Theban gates. But finally the quarrel was settled by a duel between the two brothers. Both perished. And such was their reciprocal hatred, that, on the common funeral-pyre where the two corpses were placed, even the flames parted asunder to the right and the left, refusing to ascend together.

Note 4. Page 6.

Take, for instance, his conduct to Barnes, the Cambridge Professor of Greek. Bentley well knew that Barnes was an indifferent scholar, whose ponderous erudition was illuminated by neither accuracy of distinction, nor elegance of choice. Yet Barnes spoke of himself in the most inflated terms, as though he had been the very Laureate of the Greek muses ; and, not content with these harmless vaunts, scattered in conversation the most pointed affronts to Bentley, as the man under whose superiority he secretly groaned. All this Bentley refused to hear ; praised him whenever he had an opportunity, even when Barnes intruded himself into the Phalaris dispute, and did him effectual services. At length Barnes published his Homer, and there shot his final arrow against Bentley, not indeed by name, but taking care to guide it to his mark, by words scattered in all companies. Bentley was now roused to put an end to this persecution. But how? He wrote a most masterly examination of a few passages in the new edition, addressed it as a confidential letter to Dr. Davies, a common friend, desiring him to show it to the Professor, by way of convincing him how easy a task such a critic would find it to ruin the character of the book, and thus appealling to his prudence for a cessation of insults; but at the same time assuring Dr. Davies that he would on no account offer any public disparagement to a book, upon which Barnes had risked a little fortune. Could a more generous way have been devised for repelling public insults?

Note 5. Page 7.

With respect to this elegant and acute scholar, the most formidable of Bentley's literary opponents, the following remarkable statement is made by Dr. Monk, (p. 461) : — 'Between Alexander Cunningham, the historian, and Alexander Cunningham, the editor of Horace, there are so many particulars of resemblance, that Thompson, the translator of the history, was forced, after a

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minute inquiry, to remain in suspense whether or not they were the same individual. It appears that they were both Scotchmen, had both been travelling tutors, both resided at the Hague at the same period, both were intimate with certain distinguished public characters, both were eminent chess-players, both accomplished scholars, and both lived to an advanced age. These and *many other* coincidences long baffled all inquiry respecting the identity or diversity of the two namesakes: and it has, I believe, but recently been ascertained beyond a doubt, that the critic died at the Hague in 1730, and the historian died in London in 1737.' How truly disgusting that they would not die at the same time and place! This perverseness counteracts what Mr. Wordsworth calls 'The mighty stream of tendency:' undoubtedly they ought to have died on the same day of the same year, in which case the confusion would have been complete and inextricable.

As it is, we understand from a learned Scotch friend, that in certain papers which he communicated some years ago to Dr. Irving for his Life of Buchanan, and which doubtless will there be found, this curious case of Doppelgänger is fully cleared up.

Note 6. Page 7.

This celebrated man was the most malignant of a malignant crew. In his Review of Bentley's Proposals for Editing the Greek Text of the New Testament, he stings like a serpent — more rancorous party pamphlets never were written. He hated Waterland with the same perfect malignity; and his letters to Warburton, published in a 4to. collection of his Miscellaneous Tracts, show that he could combine the part of sycophant upon occasion, with that of assassin-like lampooner. It is, therefore, no unacceptable retribution in the eyes of those who honor the memory of Dan. Waterland and Bentley, men worth a hecatomb of Middletons, that the reputation of this venomous writer is now decaying — upon a belief *at last* thoroughly established, that in two at least, and those two the most learned of his works, he was an extensive plagiarist. This detection first threw light upon a little anecdote often related by Mr. Prebendary Lowth, brother to Bishop Lowth. Just before the publication of the *Life of Cicero*, Lowth happened to be with Middleton. A gentleman came in,

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and abruptly asked him if he had read the works of Bellenden? Middleton *turned pale, faltered*, and acknowledged that he had. The whole scene was a mystery to Lowth. Parr's Preface to Bellendenus made all clear. So much for Conyers Middleton!

NOTE 7. Page 11.

His Royal Highness was the last child of Queen Anne, who "*touched*," of course, for scrofula, and suffered herself to heal myriads of her subjects, but could not heal her own children. All died; and finally in his eleventh year died the duke. Else we might perhaps have needed no Hanoverians.

NOTE 8. Page 13.

By the way, it should be borne in mind, that, over and above the translations which yet survive into the Arabic, (a resource obviously of little hope, except in the case of scientific books,) there are in all four avenues by which we may have a chance for recovering any of the lost classics: 1st, The Palimpsests, as in repeated instances of late in the Ambrosian Library; 2d, The Pompeii MSS. (for the sensible way of dealing with which, see a letter of Lord Holland to Dr. Parr); and 3d, *The great chests of Greek MSS. in the Sultan's Library at Constantinople*, packed up ever since the triumph of the Crescent in 1453; and finally, the MSS. lurking in the Christian monasteries of Mount Athos.

NOTE 9. Page 14.

Amongst these is the name *Malelas*, which Hody disputed, contending for *Malela*. Bentley replies by arguing the case on two assumptions: 1st, *That the names were Greek*. Here the sum of his pleading is this — that naturally the Latin language had no such termination as that of *as* with a parisyllabic genitive; that, in compliance with this original structure, all Greek names in *as*, were in early Latin rendered *a*; and that this conformity to the popular idiom might be looked for the more certainly, as the situation of the usage was one which appealed to the populace: whence it is that, in the *comic* drama of Rome, we meet with Phædria, Chæria, Sosia, &c. to so great an extent. But in proportion as literature prevailed, a practice arose of giving to Greek names in *as* their real Greek termination, with-

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out any Roman deflexion. Hence even Varro, though somewhat of an antiquarian bigot in old Romanisms, has Archytas, Athenagoras, &c.; and Cicero is overrun with such names. One exception, however, in even Cicero's usage, is alleged upon the authority of Quintilian, viz. *Hermagora*. 'Ego vero,' says Bentley, 'Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne ipsi quidem Ciceroni affirmanti crediderim.' And certainly the dismal hiatus of *Hermagora inventor*, makes it probable that Cicero wrote *Hermagoras*. Bentley grants, however, that Cicero wrote *Phania Appii libertus*; but why? Because names of slaves, being household words, naturally followed the mother idiom, and not the learned idiom of books. 2dly, However, let it be assumed, *that the name is not Greek, but Barbarous*, like that of ὁ Σισίρα in the Old Test., ὁ Ζαρὰ in the New. Bentley argues the case on this footing. But this, says he, I marvel at, 'quod, ut de Græco nomine cognitio habeatur, ad barbaras nationes provocant — (*that, although the judicial investigation we are holding concerns a Greek name, yet the appeal is made to barbarians.*) 'However, no matter,' says he, 'as they choose to take the Huns for umpires, to the Huns we will go.' And he then shows that the name of *Attila* became in Greek always ὁ Ἀττιγᾶς. Yet here again he makes a subtle distinction. The ancient patriarchal names of the Old Test., as Ἰακὼβ, Ἰωσὴφ, Σαοὺλ, &c., are retained in Greek unmodified. But the very same names, borne by modern persons, become Ἰάκωβος, Ἰώσηφος, Σαοῦλος, &c. Upon that analogy, also, semi-barbarous names in *a*, as Abdalla, Mustapha, Juba, &c., which, had they been ancient, would have retained their final *a*, being modern, all become *as* in Greek. Such is the outline of the refinements in this piece of learned special pleading, which is universally allowed to have settled the question.

NOTE 10. Page 15.

An emendation of Bentley's for Πλάτη φυγόντες.

NOTE 11. Page 15.

This blunder of Jack's grew out of the confusion between the two Iphigenias of Euripides — that in Aulis, and in Tauris Jack was thinking of Tauris, no doubt.

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NOTE 12. Page 17.

'Here upon a trivial matter our author, one raised by many degrees beyond any competition of mine, whilst too earnestly fixing his attention, I imagine, upon weightier subjects of research, has made an oversight."

NOTE 13. Page 18.

"*B. D. S. Opera Posthuma*" is the masquerade title-page to the main body of Spinosa's works. The meaning is, Benedicti de Spinosa (not Benedicti Spinosæ, as I have heard that some bibliographers imagine) Opera Posthuma. The volume, a quarto, was published in 1677, being the year after Spinosa's sudden death. The object in thus disguising the authorship of the book was, to evade the scoundrel bigots who would else have smoked the purport of the book, and would then assuredly have hounded on the intolerant magistrates still scattered through Holland to smoke it in another sense — viz., in the centre of a tar-barrel, which was a thing standing idle by crowds on the quay of Amsterdam, &c., and which, if no longer good for the philosopher, as one already past burning, was excellent when applied as a Burkian mouth-plaster to his philosophy.

NOTE 14. Page 19.

How rare is evident from this, that at a great book sale in London, which had congregated all the *Fancy*, on a copy occurring, not one of the company but ourself knew what the mystical title-page meant.

NOTE 15. Page 22.

Bentley ascertained, by an experiment upon one-third of the MS., that, without any extraordinary diligence, it could be collated throughout in a space of four hours. Now, his first summons was at noon, but he indulgently extended the term to 'candle-light.' How soon was that? The day has since been ascertained to be Saturday, May 23. But as the year was upwards of half a century before the English reformation of the calendar, that day would correspond to the 2d of June at present. Being, therefore, within three weeks of the longest day, we may assume, that, in the latitude of London, 'candle-light' could

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not be understood as earlier than 9 o'clock, P. M. Allowing the collator, therefore, one hour for any other sort of collation, he had just double the time requisite for the collation of the MS.

Note 16. Page 23.

No two classes have, within the last century, so much advanced in social consideration as Bankers and Booksellers, (meaning *Publishers.*) The bankers of that day were merely goldsmiths; whence the phrase, hardly yet obsolete among elderly people, of '*bankers' shops.*' Booksellers, again, having rarely stood forward, until Pope's time in the character of enlightened co-operators with literary men, naturally took their place amongst the mechanical agents of the press. At present, an influential publisher belongs to a *profession*, which it belongs to himself to render dignified. In Bennet's time, he had not ceased to be (what a mere seller of books still is) a *tradesman*. After all, Gibson, the collator, has confessed in Bentley's favor.

Note 17. Page 25.

Hardly less amusing is the *first* Dissertation of Bentley, as published in the second edition of Wotton, (but in the third edition, 1705, and all subsequent ones, omitted.) This, where the heads only of the arguments are touched, without that elaborate array of learning which was afterwards found necessary, and where the whole is treated with irresistible fun and merriment, is a most captivating piece of criticism. A general reader, therefore, who is careless of the minute learning of the case, should read merely this first Dissertation, and Boyle's answer.

Note 18. Page 26.

"*Trinity College, Cambridge:*" — The Bishop of Gloucester must have had some under purpose of sneering to serve in this passage. And yet no: there is malice latent in a sneer; and that is what one ought not to suspect in the episcopal heart: "Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?" Juno might be vindictive: but I will never believe that a bishop can be elaborately and circuitously malicious. And yet, beyond all question, a master of Trinity, who is confessedly the greatest man in Cambridge (*absente illustrissimo Cancellario*), is at least ten times as great a man as any possible Dean of Durham. The

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reader, who is acquainted with our two magnificent English universities bequeathed to us from ancient days, must understand that in Oxford the college of Christ Church takes undisputed precedency of all the rest. But in Cambridge this precedency is not so determinately settled, St. John's contesting the place of honor with Trinity. This last, however, having greatly the advantage architecturally, and in the resort of noblemen, it is acknowledged by all strangers as virtually the paramount college.

Note 19. Page 26.

The story is this: — Bishop Stillingfleet is reported to have said, 'We must send Bentley to rule the turbulent Fellows of Trinity College. If anybody can do it, he is the person; for I am sure that he has ruled my family ever since he entered it.' Upon this Dr. Monk argues, that the anecdote is doubly refuted; first, by the fact that Stillingfleet had been some time dead when the vacancy occurred; secondly, because the Fellows had not been turbulent before Bentley's accession to the headship. Now, a little consideration will show, that the anecdote may be substantially true for all *that*, and probably was so (since it rests on too pointed and circumstantial an allusion to have been invented). Full too years before Bentley's instalment, it appears that a vacancy had been anticipated, and a canvass made, upon the rumored appointment of Dr. Montague to the see of Worcester. That was the occasion, no doubt, of Stillingfleet's remark. Then, as to the word *turbulent*, besides that allowance must be made for the laxity of an oral story, the Fellows might be riotous in another sense than that of resisting the master's authority; and throughout Dr. Montague's time, who perhaps was as riotous as they, it is pretty certain that they were so.

Note 20. Page 26.

Dr. Monk's undervaluation of college headships is so pointedly affected, and really so extravagant, that we cannot but suspect some personal pique or jealousy, how caused we pretend not to guess, as the foundation of it. Everywhere he speaks of deaneries as *of course* superior in dignity to headships, forgetting that he himself has occasion to mention one dean, (a dean of York,) who looked to the mastership of Trinity as an object of ambition. And

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in one place he takes a flight beyond our comprehension: for, according to him, in a dispute between the head of a college and an archbishop, the parties stand 'upon such unequal ground,' that it is matter of astonishment to find it lasting beyond a moment. How! is it in England that we hear such language, and in 1830? Why, but the other day, we had the edifying spectacle of an archbishop descending to a newspaper altercation with a mob orator, on the subject of his own money concerns! There *was* unequal ground. But, with justice on his side, we really see nothing alarming in an archdeacon and a head of a college maintaining a controversial correspondence with a prince of the blood. A Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, presumptuous in disputing with an archbishop on a matter of literature and academic interest!! What false impressions would a foreigner carry away on the relations of English dignities from Dr. Monk's book! The fact is, that, in popular consideration, a head of one of the smaller colleges, in either Cambridge or Oxford, is equal at the least to a dean; and the head of Christ Church in Oxford, or Trinity in Cambridge, (perhaps some of the other colleges in both,) and the heads of the single colleges, which constitute the whole university in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, are equal to bishops. We appeal to Dr. Monk himself, to say candidly which is the greater man in Oxford — the Dean of Christ Church, or the Bishop of Oxford? But Oxford is a poor bishopric. True; and *that* introduces a fresh ground of comparison. As stations of profit, sometimes the headships have the advantage (united, as they often are, with complementary livings,) sometimes the bishoprics. As stations of comfort, however, they stand in no comparison. A college head has the most delightful sinecure in the world; whereas bishoprics, by those who are determined to do the work of them, are found to be the most laborious situations in the whole establishment. But here there are secrets. See the very opposite reports, for instance, of the see of Worcester, when held by bishops of different character.

NOTE 21. Page 28.

"*Book of Daniel:*" — Things alter strangely in the course of a century. At present the most orthodox people make no secret of viewing Daniel as far too precise and punctilious in historic circum-

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stantiality to be admissible as a prophet, who should naturally wrap himself in mighty shadows. Dr. Arnold of Rugby, notoriously a pious (and, generally speaking, an orthodox) man, was one of those who did not receive Daniel as a prophet.

NOTE 22. Page 28.

This epithet, bestowed playfully upon Whiston by Swift, in ridicule of his sanctimony, would almost seem to have been seriously justified by his general bad faith in scattering injurious anecdotes about everybody who refused to fall in with his follies. His excuse lies in the extreme weakness of his brain. Think of a man, who had brilliant preferment within his reach, dragging his poor wife and daughter for half a century through the very mire of despondency and destitution, because he disapproved of Athanasius, or because the *Shepherd of Hermas* was not sufficiently esteemed by the Church of England! Unhappy is that family over which a fool presides. The secret of all Whiston's lunacies may be found in that sentence of his Autobiography, where he betrays the fact of his liability, from youth upwards, to flatulency. What he mistook for conscience was flatulence, which others (it is well known) have mistaken for inspiration. This was his original misfortune: his second was, that he lived before the age of powerful drastic journals. Had he been contemporary with Christopher North, the knout would have brought him to his senses, and extorted the gratitude of Mrs. Whiston and her children.

NOTE 23. Page 35.

We know not how true Harley's pretensions in this particular may be; certainly Lord Bolingbroke ridicules them harshly, in his Letter to Sir William Wyndham, as mere jovial inspirations from the fumes of claret.

NOTE 24. Page 37.

"*Civilian*:" — Under the fashionable, and most childish, use of this word now current (viz., to indicate simply a non-military person) — a use which has disturbed and perplexed all our past literature for six centuries — it becomes necessary to explain that, by *civilian*

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is meant in English — 1. one who professes and practices the *civil law*, as opposed to the *common*, or municipal law of England; 2. one who teaches or expounds this civil law; 3. one who studies it. In this place, as applied to Dr. Newton, it bears the *first* sense.

Note 25. Page 53.

Much drollery is extracted by Pope in the "Dunciad" from the relations between Bentley and Walker; but these relations are misrepresented, perhaps were misunderstood, by Pope. The dependency of Walker was one of love and burning admiration, not of obsequiousness or servility.

Note 26. Page 55.

As evidence of the violent and unjust hostility to Bentley which prevailed in Cambridge, it ought to be mentioned, that, during the progress of this main feud, without a trial, and on the merest *ex parte* statement, Bentley was solemnly degraded and stripped of his degrees, to which he was restored only after a struggle of five and a half years, by a peremptory *mandamus* from the King's Bench.

Note 27. Page 55.

By the way, Colbatch must have been pretty well cleaned out by this time, which is pleasing to believe; for Dr. Monk, by examining the bursary books of Trinity College, has found, that the costs of the suit were nominally £3657, but really not less than £4000: so that, at one time, a pleasant prospect of starvation was before the College. Over and above his share of all this, Colbatch had little pet libels of his own to provide for. Well is it that malice is sometimes a costly luxury!

Note 28. Page 65.

Misled by Dr. Monk, (who, though citing the passage from Bentley's Letters about the Hobbists, yet, in the preceding page, speaks of 'the doctrines of *Spinoza*,' as having contributed to taint the principles of many in the higher classes,) we had charged Bentley with the common error of his order, in suppo-

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sing a book so rare as the *B. D. S. Opera Posthuma* to have been, by possibility, an influential one in England. But we now find, on consulting Dr. Burney's Collection of Bentley's Letters, (p. 146 of the Leipsic edition, 1825,) that Bentley expressly avowed our own view of the case. His words to Dr. Bernard are as follows: — 'But are the Atheists of your mind, that they have no books written for them? Not one of them but believes Tom Hobbes to be a rank one; and that his corporeal God is a mere sham to get his book printed. I have said something to this in my first sermon, and I know it to be true, by the conversation I have had with them. *There may be some Spinozists, or immaterial Fatalists, beyond seas; but not one English infidel in a hundred is other than a Hobbist.*'

Note 29. Page 68.

Of all biographers, Dr. Monk is the most perversely obscure in fixing dates. As one instance, at p. 21, we defy any critic to explain the reference of the words — 'This happened in the latter part of 1690.' *What* happened? The words immediately preceding are, 'that Bentley should publish his remarks on Malelas.' Naturally, therefore, every reader would understand the reference as pointing to the actual publication of those remarks; but in the middle of the next page, he finds that this did not occur until June, 1691. Here, again, with respect to Callimachus, the wit of man could not make out, from the sentence which opens chapter V., whether the publication took place in the August of 1696 or of 1697. But by a letter of Grævius, dated on the 6th of September, 1697, and stating that he had three weeks before despatched six copies of the Callimachus as presents to Bentley, we ascertain that 1697 was the true date.

Note 30. Page 68.

—— 'de libris edendis consilium capere stultum esset, ob immanem in his regionibus chartæ charitatem.' — Feb. 15, 1698.

It is to be observed that Bentley had one reason more than most authors for giving weight to this consideration, and a reason honorable to his æsthetic sensibility: he was peculiarly affected by typographic beauty. Next after the beauty of woman ranked in his es-

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timate the beauty of a finely-printed book. One literary man I have personally known and loved, as indeed he was most worthy to be loved, who rivalled Bentley in his enthusiasm for that supreme of luxuries — a finely-printed book. It was Robert Southey. And it may be seen, by looking back to such of his early works as he had an opportunity of at all controlling, through his residence on the spot and his personal intimacy with the printer, what a just conception he had of various ideals in this art, especially of a title-page, in its severe classical simplicity and beauty of proportions. Bentley, with the same sensitive eye for chaste typographic beauty (and anticipating Southey, by the way, in his love for a sparing use of the old black-letter types in suitable situations, together with many ornamental devices of the great old patriarchs of the art — the Venetian Aldi, the Parisian Stephani, the Juntæ, the Dutch Elzevirs, &c.), had, for this very reason, an instinct of horror and hatred for anything tending to enhance the cost of paper; for concurrently with *that* would rise again the old original enemy of printing. Thousands of years had that very cause fought against the birth of any diffusive literature; and if again it should prevail, farewell to books, except as costly rarities, on a level with diamonds and rubies. Strange it is, and awful to think of, upon what slender causes are suspended the mightiest of destinies. Let a particular current from the far south-west alter its direction, and the climate of our British Isles is ruined. Let the cotton-plant droop like the potatoe, and gone is the political supremacy of England. Let the constituents of paper become permanently retrograde in quantity, and simultaneously would all literature decay.

Note 31. Page 70.

This correspondence is still preserved in Trinity College; and we are sure that every reader will join us heartily in praying for its publication.

Note 32. Page 78.

Collins wanted something more than piety; he was not even an honest man; for he reprinted his work in Holland, purified from the gross cases of ignorance exposed by Bentley; and then circulating this improved edition amongst his friends in England, which he had taken care to mask by a lying title-page, he persuaded them that the passages in question were mere forgeries of Bentley's. This is almost the exact villainy of Lander in the next generation.

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Note 33. Page 78.

Bentley had paid Wetstein £50 for the collation of a single Palimpsest; which sum, in relation to the vast extent of the MS., seems to us, with Dr. Monk's leave, a trifle; though, in relation to Bentley's purse, and the many demands upon it of the same nature, and his prospects of remuneration, it might be a large one.

Note 34. Page 78.

This is the climax in relation to his tauntings of Bentley: else there was a worse climax as regarded Middleton's character. The valuable part of his Cicero was that part which he had stolen from the Scotchman, Bellenden; and this Scotchman he had the baseness never once to mention.

Note 35. Page 81.

Dr. Monk says, truly enough, that Bentley's corrections would often 'lop off the most beautiful parts of the poem.' But we are petrified on finding the first instance which he gives — Bentley's very reasonable censure of a well-known bull which all the world has laughed at:

> 'Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
> His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.'

Note 36. Page 82.

"And slashing Bentley with his desperate hook." — *Pope*

There is also another explosion of Pope's assumed wrath against Bentley (for in downright earnest he felt none at all), which ends, I think — for I have no books to consult — in this way: —

> "And shamed the ribalds,
> From slashing Bentley down to piddling Theobalds."

Pope's rival in editing Shakespeare, painstaking, but dull, was not Theobalds, but *Theobald*, and always pronounced *Tibbald*.

Note 37. Page 83.

"*Editorial man of straw:*" The reader must understand that Bentley, whilst retrenching many and long passages from the "Paradise Lost," on the pretense that they had been interpolated by

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some unknown person taking advantage of Milton's blindness, transforms this interpolator into a regular editor, though without a name; and in this way secures a subject for the volcanic torrent of his fury and disgust, without needing once to violate the majesty of the mighty poet.

Note 38. Page 86.

Bentley, upon grounds which are satisfactory, and most elaborately developed, fixes the flourishing of Phalaris to the 57th Olympiad. In this the reader may happen to know that he differed with that learned chronologist, but most confused writer, H. Dodwell. It is important, however, to remark, that, logically speaking, it would be a *circle* (or *petitio principii*) to press Bentley with Dodwell's authority in this particular instance, inasmuch as Dodwell had, in fixing the era of Phalaris, mainly relied upon the very Letters in dispute; at that time unsuspected, or nearly so. That fact, important to Bentley, as disarming the chronological authority of Dodwell, is no less important, as demonstrating that the question of Phalaris is not one of mere taste, but operatively connected with historical results.

Note 39. Page 87.

"*The bull:*" — It is necessary to explain, for the sake of those not acquainted with classical literature, that Phalaris, the Sicilian tyrant, about 500 years B. C., had a brazen bull so contrived, that, when heated as a furnace, it gave to the agonizing cries of any victim shut up in its stomach a sound that mimicked a bull's bellowings. Tippoo Sahib, the forerunner and rehearser of Nena Sahib, had an artificial tiger worked by clock-work for the same hellish use.

Note 40. Page 89.

There is, however, a collateral testimony from a poet contemporary with the old age of Thericles, viz. Eubulus, which gives a perfect confirmation to that of Athenæus. In the final dissertation, Bentley brought forward this fragment. In fact, the good luck of Bentley, in meeting all the out-of-the-way evidence which he sometimes required, is not less remarkable than his skill in using it.

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Note 41. Page 89.

This, by the way, shows the variety of hands employed in Boyle's book, and the want of an editor to impress harmony upon them; elsewhere, the Scaligers, and such people, are treated as pedants.

Note 42. Page 91.

"*The 70th Olympiad:*" — I will here make the reader a present of an exceedingly useful direction for the ready management of Olympiads, whenever he gets into a chronological dispute in a railway carriage going 45 miles an hour. Multiply the particular Olympiad by 4. This cannot be very difficult. Here, for example, multiply 70 into 4, and the product will be 280. Good: and what is he to do with *that*? Put it into his waistcoat-pocket? Why, yes, if he pleases; but first let him subtract it from 777. Now 280, subtracted from 777, leaves 497; and that expresses the Olympic or Grecian period in the Christian equivalent of years B. C. The calamity of Zancle, therefore, occurred nearly 500 years before the birth of Christ.

Note 43. Page 102.

Seldom, perhaps, has there been a more ingenious correction than that of Selden's ἐν Ἀθήναις on the Arundel Marble. Bentley had remarked elsewhere that the marble uniformly said Ἀθήνησι: why, then, should it suddenly, and in this place only, say ἐν Ἀθηναις, (which was Selden's suggestion for filling up the *ENA . . . . AIΣ*?) Bentley's reading of ἐν ἀπήναις, *in plaustris*, immediately recalls the line of Horace,

'Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis.'

No less important is Bentley's confirmation of a reading formerly proposed by one who distrusted it. Palmerius, much against his will, (for he could find no sense in the words,) had made out upon the marble that the inventor of Comedy received as his prize ἰσχάδων ἄρσιχον, ἰπθον ὕινθ — a basket of figs, and a hogshead of wine. Bentley produced an unpublished couplet of Dioscorides, the last line of which fully confirms the marble:

Χ' ὥττικος ἦν Σύκων ἄρριχος ἀθλος ἔτι —

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i. e. and a basket of figs besides was the Attic prize. Another reading of this line, which substitutes ὕθλος for ἄθλος, we need not notice more particularly, as it is immaterial to the point before us

Note 44. Page 104.

In saying that Pythagoras introduced the term *philosopher*, we must be understood to mean, (and Bentley, we presume, meant,) that he first gave currency to that particular determination of the word 'philosopher' by which, under the modest εὐφημισμὸς of an amateur or dilettante in wisdom, was understood an investigator of first causes, upon a particular scheme; else, in the general and unlimited sense of the word, merely as a lover of wisdom, and nothing masked under that title, there can be no doubt that Pythagoras did *not* introduce the word. The case is the same as that of the modern *illuminati*; as a general and unrestricted term, it is, of course, applicable to all men — each in his degree — who can make any pretensions to intellectual culture. But, in the particular sense of Adam Weishaupt, and many other mystical enthusiasts of modern Germany, that term designated a secret society, whose supposed objects and purposes have been stated by Robinson and the Abbé Baruel with a degree of circumstantiality which must have been rather surprising to the gentlemen themselves.

Note 45. Page 104.

The meaning of Bentley's joke, as well as odd coincidence in the Agrigentine regulation, are now obsolete. It must be remembered, therefore, that all the menial retainers of English noblemen, from a very early period of our history — and, from this passage, it seems that the practice still subsisted in Bentley's time — received at stated intervals an ample blue coat. This was the *generic* distinction of their order; the *special* one was the badge or cognizance appropriated to the particular family under which they took service; and from the periodical *deliveries* of these characteristic articles of servile costume, came our word *livery*.

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NOTE 46. Page 110.

It is, however, still reprinted at intervals by the Clarendon Press, as the work of Andronicus Rhodius.

NOTE 47. Page 111.

Valckenaer's argument is good as far as it goes: pity that so exquisite a Grecian should not have detected many more flaws of the same quality! But in this respect the letters of Phalaris seem to enjoy that sort of unaccountable security which hitherto has shielded the forgeries of Chatterton. No man, with the slightest ear for metre, or the poorest tact for the characteristic marks of modern and ancient style of poetic feeling, but must at once acknowledge the extravagance of referring these poems to the age of Henry IV. Yet, with the exception of an allusion to the technical usages of horse-racing, and one other, we do not remember that any specific anachronisms, either as to words or things, have been yet pointed out in Chatterton.

NOTE 48. Page 118.

Bentley here, rather too hastily, takes credit for as many foreigners as slaves, forgetting the *vernacular* slaves — (though certainly they were less numerous than among the Romans.)

NOTE 49. Page 117.

"*Smoke:*" — *Fumum vendere*, to sell smoke, was an established technical expression for the promises and the preformances of Greek and Roman swindlers.

NOTE 50. Page 118.

This, being written in 1833, of course refers only to the old wooden telegraph.

NOTE 51. Page 119.

Boyle, the mover of the Phalaris dispute, was the *Honorable* Charles Boyle, as being a son of Lord Orrery.

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NOTE 52. Page 124.

The leading mountains about the centre of Borrowdale, Ennerdale or Wastdale, range between three thousand and thirty-five hundred feet high; whereas the Alps range from ten to fifteen thousand; and in the Himalayas, which form the ramparts of Thibet and Hindostan, one peak has recently been discovered which runs up nearly to thirty thousand feet. Horeb and Sinai, of which it is that Milton speaks, reach (I believe) an altitude of eight or nine thousand. But let the experiment be tried on an eminence of thirty-five hundred feet amonst the English lakes: let one half of a picnic party ascend, pitch a tent, hoist flags, and spread a table on the summit of Helvellyn; and let him who represents Bentley stay below in any of the valleys, radiating from that centre, which commands a clear view of the mountain head; what I say is, that he will not be able without a glass to see the gay party of picnickers, nor the gay embroideries of the flags, nor the hyacinthine tresses of the lovely lasses, and therefore *à fortiori* he will not be able to see at all an object comparatively so base as a sirloin of beef. And if the whole party should even — which let homage to female charms forbid! — fight like the picnic party of Centaurs and Lapithæ in old-world days, no justice of the peace could issue his warrant on the evidence of anything that he could see.

NOTE 53. Page 128.

In saying this, I uttered my sincere impression at the time. But larger communication with Bentley's English writings has inclined me to recall this opinion. Indeed, even in this erudite dissertation, dealing so exclusively with questions and phrases remote from ordinary life, Bentley shows himself a vigilant student of propriety in the use of English: for he first has laid down the true guiding law as to the *co* or the *con* in composition. One of the Boyle men had used the unlearned form *co*temporary: on which Bentley takes occasion to tell him very truly that this was vicious English: *co* always before a vowel; for example *coëternal*, *coëval*, *coëssential*; but *con* before a consonant; as, *e. g.*, contemporary, *consonant*, not *cosonant*. In algebra we all say *co-efficient*, and could not reconcile our eyes to con-efficient. But, says an antagonist of Bentley's rule, there *are* words which do not conform to it. Name them, if you please — name them; and I venture to predict that these cases will prove only *apparent* cases of exception. One instance given is *corrival*. Now mark. First of all, this case at any rate does not con-

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form to that rule which Bentley opposed; for, if so, it should be *corival*. So that, if Bentley were wrong, the opponent of Bentley was still not right. But a moment's examination shows that here also Bentley's rule holds good. For there is a special modification of the rule applicable to the *liquid* consonants, at least to these three, *l*, *r*, *s*. In cases where any one of these occurs, the *n* of the *con* melts into an iteration of the particular liquid. Thus *lego*, *legĕre*, means *to gather;* whence *seligo* (or *seorsim* lego) to gather apart, to select; *conlĕgo*, to gather together. But, because the *n* of the *con* melts into a repetition of the liquid, which here happens to be *l*, therefore, instead of *conlĕgo*, we have colligo. Now, as the first of the two *l's* represents the *n* of the con, it is evident that the word for *collect* is not compounded with the *co*, but the *con*. There occurs to me at this moment another illustration which is interesting from its connection with a celebrated man of genius. Richardson, the novelist, was undeniably such. But his education had bĕen neglected; and of Latin he knew very little indeed. After the publication of "Clarissa," he gained a large train of epistolary correspondents, chiefly female. To one of these he was dwelling on ordinary faults of letters, foremost amongst which he counted want of feeling, or of rightly directed sympathy. Now this defect, said he, crosses the very purpose and original definition of correspondence by way of letter. For what does *correspondence* mean? It is a word of Latin origin; a compound word; and the two elements here brought together are *respondeo* (I answer), and *cor* (the heart): *i. e.*, I answer feelingly; "I reply, not so much to the head, as to the heart." This is amusing. But, though the case will hardly benefit any Latin grammar, it answers very well as illustrating Bentley's rule. *Con*, by a common extension of its sense, means interchangeably; and a *correspondent* is one who (*respondet*) keeps up a commerce of answers (*con*) reciprocally, or by alternate exchanges. Now, in fusing the prefix *con* with the verb respondeo, first of all, Bentley's rule takes place at least in its negative clause. *Respondeo* not beginning with a vowel, therefore it is not "*co*" that is prefixed. What remains? Why, *con;* and this accordingly *is* the prefix: only that the *liquid r* compels the *n* to melt into another *r*. This illustration, as it takes its rise from a venial but still amusing blunder of Samuel Richardson, is likely to make itself remembered. This legislation of Bentley's has regulated the usage ever since; *i. e.*, for fully one hundred and sixty years. Strangely enough, however, not six months ago I observed a really learned man, unaware evidently of Bentley's rule, laying down the law quite otherwise, and therefore quite erroneously.

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NOTE 54. Page 128.

Sir W. Temple knew of no Lord Bacon, unless as a lawyer; Milton and Jeremy Taylor knew not of each other; and Addison had certainly never read Shakespeare. I once believed (and therefore in the original edition of this little paper I boldly asserted) that Addison through all his writings had referred to Shakespeare only once. This I have since found to be an error: but an error only as to the *letter* of the assertion. Virtually it is true. Inevitably as an attendant habitually on the theatres, Addison could not fail to carry off some memorable passages and situations from the most popular and *scenic* of the Shakespearian dramas. To these remembrances, but rarely enough, Addison makes his references. As a book, however, to be read and studied, Shakespeare was manifestly unknown to Addison, and totally beyond the range of his sympathies.

NOTE 55. Page 128.

This particular neologism of Bentley's, so exquisitely pedantic and so exquisitely useless, once drew me into a scrape at one of my schools with the presiding master. I was then ten years old, and my sense of the comic had been already irritated too keenly by hearing this word *negoce* cited as an authorized translation of *negotium*. But suddenly it occurred to me that *negotium* was undoubtedly no more than the *negative* form of *otium*. So that a favorite sentiment with academic scholars — viz., *otium cum dignitate* — must in mere consistency be rendered by the authorizer of *negoce* as *oce in combination with dignity*. This proved too strong for my juvenile powers of self-control, and I laughed so loudly as to fall under the shadow of magisterial displeasure, and thus to incur a three days' penance; which gave me but little *oce* for further laughing, but scored deeply amongst my angry remembrances this "putid" abortion of Bentley's.

NOTE 56. Page 128.

I request the reader's attention to this clause, *and in England is obsolete, except in the use of grand juries*. It was written in the summer of 1830, at which time no vestige of a suspicion had arisen that very soon the word would be called back; or rather would be raised from a lifeless toleration in law-books to a popular and universal currency. It was a word much wanted; and one is now surprised how it could have been dispensed with. Yet there are ped-

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ants who, upon the merest shadow of an objection — viz., that our *immediate* predecessors did not use it, although our remote predecessors *did* — would even now (1857) ignore this indispensable word.

NOTE 57. Page 131.

The Indian summer of Canada, and I believe universally of the Northern United States, is in November, at which season, in *some* climates, a brief echo of summer uniformly occurs. It is a mistake to suppose it unknown in Europe. Throughout Germany (I believe also Russia) it is popularly known, sometimes as *The Old Woman's Summer*, sometimes as *The Girl's Summer*. A natural question arises — what lurking suggestion it is of dim ideas or evanescent images that confers upon the Indian summer its peculiar interest. Already in its German and Livonian names we may read an indication, that by its primary feature this anomalous season came forward as a *feminine* reflection of a power in itself by fervor and creative energy essentially *masculine;* a *lunar* image of an agency that, by its rapture and headlong life, was imperishably *solar*. Secondly, it was regarded as a dependency, as a season that looked back to something that had departed, a faint memorial (like the light of setting suns) recalling an archetype of splendors that were hurrying to oblivion. Thirdly, it was itself attached by its place in the succession of annual phenomena to the *departing* year. By a triple title, therefore, the Indian summer was beautiful, and was sad. For august grandeur, self-sustained, it substituted a frailty of loveliness; and for the riot and torrent rapture of joy in the fullness of possession, exchanged the moonlight hauntings of a visionary and saddened remembrance. In short, what the American Indian race itself at this time is, *that* the Indian summer represents symbolically — viz., the most perfect amongst human revelations of grace in form and movement, but under a *visible* fatality of decay.*

NOTE 58. Page 132.

Twenty-five years ago, I felt strong scruples in approaching the subject of Dr Parr, so much had a *partisan* interest invested the

* Many writers, but above all others Mrs Jamieson (an exquisite observer), have noticed the incomparable grace in bodily conformation, in motion, and in attitude, of the American Indian race. And many more writers have made us acquainted with its numerical declension. From forty millions it has sunk in two centuries to six; and in two centuries more an Indian will be exhibited as a show.

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Doctor: he was known, in fact, too well, and too polemically. But mark how things change: at this moment it may be questioned whether one reader in three thousand of readers belonging to this present generation is likely to be aware who the Doctor was, or upon what pretensions rest his claims to commemoration. Most people will suppose him to be that Parr whose glorification arises from having started in the trade of living during the reign of Henry VII., and wound up the concern during that of Charles II. But they will find themselves mistaken. The Doctor belonged entirely to the Georgian Era: and his reputation is built upon that variety of scholarship which connects itself with full-blown pedantry. He was a pedagogue; and among the last of that generation that sternly contended for the necessity of unlimited flagellation. He flagellated many distinguished scions of aristocratic families, both Whigs and Tories, many of whom thought vindictively on the subject of the Doctor; and were of opinion that the reverend gentleman would have benefited much by receiving tithes, which so sternly he exacted upon all other subjects of culture, from the inhuman amount of scourgings annually reported as "reaped" in his own private practice. A pedant, it may be thought, can have no historic value. But even amongst pedants there are better and worse; more and less meritorious. Extraordinary erudition, even though travelling into obscure and sterile fields, has its own peculiar interest. And about Dr. Parr, moreover, there circled another and far different interest. His profession as a schoolmaster, his reputed learning, and his political creed as a Whig, brought him into direct personal intercourse with the great Whig leaders in Parliament. By looking forward to Section the Second of this paper on Parr, my reader will find that (however scandalous such a fact may seem) Dr. Parr corresponded with one half of our British Peerage, with select members of the royal family, and with the Episcopal Bench of that church which daily he insulted. But a deeper interest will arise by anticipation when I promise him an access through this same pedant to the letters of Fox, in relation to the principles of Burke. Such letters, on such a theme, will hang with gold bullion even the records of a pedant.

Note 59. Page 133.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum:*"—This famous canon of charity ("*Concerning the dead, let us have nothing but what is kind and favorable*") has furnished an inevitable occasion for much doubtful casuistry. The dead, as those preëminently unable to defend themselves, enjoy a natural privilege of indulgence amongst the generous

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and considerate; but not to the extent which this sweeping maxim would proclaim; since, on this principle, in cases innumerable, tenderness to the dead would become the ground of cruel injustice to the living: nay, the maxim would continually counterwork itself; for too inexorable a forbearance with regard to one dead person would oftentimes effectually close the door to the vindication of another. In fact, neither history nor biography is able to move a step without infractions of this rule; a rule emanating from the blind kindliness of grandmothers, who, whilst groping in the dark after one individual darling, forget the collateral or oblique results to others without end. These evils being perceived, equitable casuists began to revise the maxim, and in its new form it stood thus — "*De mortuis nil nisi verum:*" ("*Concerning the dead let us have nothing but what is true.*") Why, certainly that is an undeniable right of the dead; and nobody in his senses would plead for a small *per-centage* of falsehood. Yet, again, in that shape the maxim carries with it a disagreeable air of limiting the right to truth. Unless it is meant to reserve a small allowance of fiction for the separate use of the living, why insist upon truth as peculiarly consecrated to the dead? If all people, living and dead alike, have a right to the benefits of truth, why specify one class, as if in silent contradistinction to some other class, less eminently privileged in that respect? To me it seems evident that the human mind has been long groping darkly after some separate right of the dead in this respect, but which hitherto it has not been able to bring into reconciliation with the known rights of the living. Some distinct privilege there should be, if only it could be sharply defined and limited, through which a special prerogative might be recognized as amongst the sanctities of the grave.

Note 60. Page 134.

One of Dr. Parr's biographers argues that this *sobriquet* had no foundation in fact, the Doctor not being either by birth or residence a denizen of this great *officina* for the arts of imitative and counterfeit manufacture. But the truth is, that he had sufficiently connected himself with Birmingham in the public mind, by his pointed intercourse with the Dissenters of that town, and by the known proximity to Birmingham of his common and favorite residence, to furnish a very plausible basis to a cognomen that was otherwise specially fitted to express the relations of his style and quality of thinking to those of Johnson.

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Note 61. Page 139.

Boswell has recorded the remarkably distinct and elegant articulation and intonation of Johnson's English.

Note 62. Page 139.

I ought, by the way, to have prefaced my little narrative by mentioning, that about this summer of 1812 the Whig party had perfected their sense of a perfidy to themselves on the part of the Regent. In 1810 it happened that George III. accomplished as a king what is called the *golden* jubilee. The twenty-fifth year of any connection — as, for instance, of a marriage — is called the *silver* jubilee; but the fiftieth year the *golden*. This had been celebrated with peculiar enthusiasm by the nation; and it was supposed that the nervous sympathies of the king had been too powerfully called into activity by such parts of the festivities as could not, with every care, be wholly withdrawn from his participation. Out of this excitement arose a second insanity. On the first, when the Prince of Wales was a very young and indiscreet man, Mr. Pitt's party was not disposed to have lodged much power in his Royal Highness's hands, and none at all as due by any constitutional right. But things were altered now: the Florizel * that had been sowing his wild oats in the former lunacy, was now an elderly man — his *Perditas*, one and all, were dead and buried; and, what was of even more importance, it seemed too probable (as in fact happened) that this second lunacy would not depart unless in company with life. The new Regent might now, therefore, be regarded as virtually king. This trebled his value to that party which should now succeed in winning his confidence. But on such a question, what room for a doubt? Surely that party which had stood by him through life possessed a paramount claim on his gratitude. True; but paramount to all private claims was that of Britain and of Europe. Was the war in Spain to be maintained or not? The Whigs had so used this great question as an engine of partisan attack upon their opponents, that it had become impossible for *them*, with any color of consistency, to do otherwise than withdraw the British armies from the Peninsula. That one point settled the case; and upon that argument, just at this time in 1812, the wrath of the Whig party was culminating.

* "*The Florizel:*" — See Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." At this great distance of time, when seventy years or so have intervened, it becomes necessary to mention that the beautiful Mrs. Robinson, who was the first love of the Prince of Wales, originally caught his eye in performing the part of *Perdita* in this exquisite drama

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NOTE 63. Page 143.

Lord Wellesley* has been charged with a foible of the same kind ; how truly, we know not. More than one person of credit assured us, some six-and-twenty years ago, that at his levees, when Governor-General of India, he was gratified, as by a delicate stroke of homage, upon occasionally seeing people throw their eyes to the ground — dazzled, as it were, by the effulgent lustre of *his*. This is possible ; at the same time we cannot but acknowledge that our faith in the story was in some slight degree shaken by finding the same foppery attributed (on tradition, however,) to Augustus Cæsar, in the Memoirs of Suetonius. Meantime it is a singular concidence that Lord Wellesley resembled Augustus Cæsar in stature, in eyes, and in delicacy of feature.

NOTE 64. Page 148.

Those who carry a spirit of distinguishing refinement into their classifications of the various qualities of conversation, may remark one peculiar feature in Edmund Burke's style of talking, which contra-distinguished it from Dr. Johnson's : it grew — one sentence was the rebound of another — one thought rose upon the suggestion of something which went before. Burke's motion, therefore, was all a going forward. Johnson's, on the other hand, was purely regressive and analytic. That thought which he began with, contained, by involution, the whole of what he brought forth. The two styles of conversation corresponded to the two theories of generation, — one (Johnson's) to the theory of *Preformation* (or Evolution), where all the future products, down to the very last, lie secretly wrapped up in the original germ; consequently nothing is positively added, everything is simply unveiled — the other (Burke's) to the theory of *Epigenesis*, where each stage of the growth becomes a causative impulse to a new stage — every separate element in the mysterious process of generation being, on this hypothesis, an absolute supervention of new matter, and not a mere uncovering of old, already involved at starting in the primary germ. A great gain would be obtained for intellectual philosophy,

* At the time of writing this, *Lord Wellesley* meant the Marquis Wellesley, second Earl of Mornington, and elder brother to the Duke of Wellington.

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if a sufficient body of themes, Burkian and Johnsonian, were assembled, and illustrated by an ample commentary, under the distinction here indicated.

Note 65. Page 154.

Dr. Parr's casuistry for regulating his practice in the case of his being called upon to read occasional forms of prayer, proclamations, &c., which he did not approve as a politician (and observe, he never *did* approve them) was this: read he must, was his doctrine; thus far he was bound to dutiful submission. *Passive* obedience was an unconditional duty, but not *active*. Now it *would* be an active obedience to read with proper emphasis and decorum. Therefore everybody sees the logical necessity of reading it into a farce, making grimaces, 'inflicting one's eye,' and in all ways keeping up the jest with the congregation. Was not this the boy for Ignatius Loyola?

Note 66. Page 157.

Had Mr. Fox lived a little longer, the current belief is, that he would have raised Dr. Parr to the mitre; and had the Doctor himself survived to November of this present year, Lord Grey would perhaps have tried his earliest functions in that line upon him.

Note 67. Page 159.

We shall have an opportunity farther on of showing what was Parr's conduct to the church of which he professed himself a member, and in what sense he could be said to have betrayed it. At present we shall protect ourselves from misconstruction, by saying that his want of fidelity to the rights and interests of the church was not deliberate or systematic; in this, as in other things, he acted from passion — often from caprice. He would allow only this or that doctrine of the church to be defended; he would ruinously limit the grounds of defence; and on these great questions, he gave way to the same rank personal partialities, which, in the management of a school, had attracted the notice, and challenged the disrespect, of boys.

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NOTE 68. Page 164.

The *scourge-bearer:* this is the epithet applied to the lunatic Telamonian Ajax by Sophocles.

NOTE 69. Page 166.

Page 307, vol. i. — The Doctor adds — 'As in the lives of us all.' But, besides that this addition defeats the whole meaning of his own emphasis on the word *his*, it is not true that men generally yield to passion in their political or public lives. Having adopted a party, they adhere to it ; generally for good and forever. And the passions, which occasionally govern them, are the passions of their party — not their own separate impulses as individuals.

NOTE 70. Page 169.

Even *that* was possibly barbed in some of its consequences to Parr, by his own imprudence. The widow (his stepmother) is said to have injured Parr by her rapacity. But, if so, Parr had certainly himself laid the foundation of an early hatred between them, by refusing to lay aside his mourning for his own mother, on the marriage day of this second Mrs. Parr with his father. We do not much quarrel with his conduct on that occasion, considering his age (sixteen) and the relation of her for whom he mourned. But still the act was characteristic of the man, and led to its natural results.

NOTE 71. Page 172.

Laying together all the incidents of that time, it is scarcely possible to doubt that Parr conducted himself with great impropriety. Benjamin Heath neither answered the letter in which Parr attempted to clear himself from the charge of exciting the boys of Harrow to insurrection against Heath's authority, nor did he so much as leave his card at Stanmore, in acknowledgment of Parr's call upon him. As to Mr. Smith, the rector, celebrated for his wit and ability, the early associate of Johnson and Garrick, from being 'the warmest of Parr's friends,' (such is Mr. Roderick's language,) he soon become cool, and finally ceased to speak. Mr. Roderick does not acquit his friend of the chief blame in this rupture.

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Note 72. Page 172.

Dr. Johnstone, however, speaking of the pamphlet as a composition, discovers in it 'all the peculiarities of Parr's style — its vigor, its vehemence, its clearness,' its *et cetera, et cetera;* and lastly, its 'splendid imagery:' and obviously, by way of a specimen of this last quality, he quotes the following most puerile rhetoric; 'I had arrayed myself in a panoply of the trustiest armor — in the breast-plate of innocence, the shield of the law, the sword of indignation, and the helmet of intrepidity. When I first entered the lists against these hardy combatants, I determined to throw away the scabbard,' and so forth. The *sword* of indignation! Birch-rod he surely means. However, we must think, that the bombs of contempt, and the mortars of criticism, ought to open upon any person above the age of eight years who could write such stilted fustian.

Note 73. Page 173.

By *meridian*, we here mean the month which exactly bisected his life. Dr. Parr lived about eleven months less than eighty years; and he was about two months more than forty when he came to live at Hatton.

Note 74. Page 177.

Parr's extreme and well-merited unpopularity with an order whom he had, through life, sneered at and misrepresented, is a little disguised to common readers by the fact, that he corresponds with more than one bishop on terms of friendship and confidence. But this arose, generally speaking, in later life, when early school-fellows and pupils of his own, in several instances were raised to the mitre.

Note 75. Page 184.

"*Brought up a question:*" — Which question was virtually again brought up by the year 1850: are we to regard that year *last* of the *first* bisection in the nineteenth century, or *first* of the *last* bisection? And every fifty years the same exact question will recur.

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NOTE 76. Page 189.

As disputing with a Prince of Wales is something rarer even than waltzing with a Lord Chancellor, or smoking a cigar with the Pope, — things which have been done, however, — we suppose it may entertain our readers to see the rest of the discussion; especially as it concerns two persons eminent in their day, and one of them still interesting to our literature: —

'As I knew them both so intimately, (replied the Prince,) you will not deny, that I had the power of more accurately appreciating their respective merits than you can have had. In their manner of teaching, you may judge of my estimation of Markham's superiority — his natural dignity and authority, compared with the Bishop of Worcester's smoothness and softness, and I now add, (with proper submission to your authority on such a subject,) his experience as a schoolmaster, and his better scholarship.' — 'Sir, (said Parr,) your Royal Highness began this conversation; and, if you permit it to go on, must tolerate a very different inference.' — 'Go on, (said the Prince;) I declare that Markham understood Greek better than Hurd; for, when I read Homer, and hesitated about a word, Markham immediately explained it, and then we went on; but, when I hesitated with Hurd, he always referred me to the dictionary; I therefore conclude he wanted to be informed himself.' — 'Sir, (replied Parr,) I venture to differ from your Royal Highness's conclusion. I am myself a schoolmaster; and I think that Dr. Hurd pursued the right method, and that Dr. Markham failed in his duty.* Hurd desired your Royal Highness to find the word in the lexicon, not because he did not know it, but because he wished you to find by search, and learn it thoroughly. Dr. Hurd was not eminent as a scholar; but it is not likely that he would have presumed to teach your Royal Highness, without knowing the lesson himself.' — 'Have you not changed your opinion of Dr. Hurd?' exclaimed the Prince. 'I have read a work in which

* "*Duty:*" — I interrupt the passage for a moment to direct the reader's attention to the preposterous word "duty." The Archbishop might be wrong, as in a matter open to large varieties of method; but assuredly neither he, nor the Bishop of Worcester, is to be burdened for a moment with obligations of *conscience* in the exercise of an art liable to an infinite range of variations in practice.

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you attack him fiercely.' — 'Yes, sir, I attacked him on one point which I thought important to letters ; and I summoned the whole force of my mind, and took every possible pains to do it well ; for I consider Hurd to be a great man. He is celebrated as such by foreign critics, who appreciate justly his wonderful acuteness, sagacity, and dexterity, in doing what he has done with his small stock of learning. There is no comparison, in my opinion, between Markham and Hurd as men of talents. Markham was a pompous schoolmaster — Hurd was a stiff and cold, but a correct gentleman. Markham was at the head of a great school, then of a great college, and finally became an archbishop. In all these stations he had trumpeters of his fame, who called him great, though he published one *concio* only, which has already sunk into oblivion. From a farm-house and village school, Hurd emerged, the friend of Gray, and a circle of distinguished men. While fellow of a small college, he sent out works praised by foreign critics, and not despised by our own scholars. He enriched his understanding by study, and sent from the obscurity of a country village, a book, sir, which your royal father is said to have declared made him a bishop. He made himself unpopular in his own profession by the defence of a fantastical system. He had decriers ; he had no trumpeters ; he was great in and by himself ; and perhaps, sir, a portion of that power and adroitness, you have manifested in this debate, might have been owing to him.' — Fox, when the prince was gone, exclaimed in his high tone of voice, 'He thought he had caught you ! but he caught a Tartar.'

In the last words only, Parr seems to have remembered that he was addressing a prince ; in what he said of Hurd's Greek scholarship, and motive of referring the prince to the lexicon, though probably wrong as to the matter of fact, he might be right as to the principle ; and at least he was there talking on a point of his own profession, which he might be presumed to understand better than the rest of the company. But who can forbear smiling, and thinking of the professor who lectured Hannibal on the art of war at that passage, where Parr, addressing the Prince of Wales, undertakes to characterize Hurd's pretensions as a gentleman ?

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NOTE 77. Page 191.

Johnson had many of the elements to the composition of a gentleman in a very high degree, though it is true that these were all neutralized, at times, by some one overmastering prejudice or disgust. His silent acquiescence in the royal praise, and the reason on which he justified his acquiescence — *that it did not become him to bandy compliments with his Sovereign*, is in the finest spirit of high breeding, and reminds us of a similar test of gentlemanly feeling, applied to the English Ambassador by the Regent Duke of Orleans. The reader probably recollects the case. The Regent had signified, by a motion of his hand, that the Ambassador should enter the coach first; upon which Lord Stair immediately did so, justly feeling that the slightest hesitation on *his* part would have raised a false punctilio, as though the ranks of the two men were so nearly on a level, that the Regent might be forgetting himself, and might need to be set right by the Ambassador. The *act* of Lord Stair dissipated in a moment this false construction. By his instantaneous obedience to the pleasure of the Regent, he recognized at once his own precedency as a *creation* of the moment, and in that light as a silent proclamation of the supremacy as to rank and power residing in his Royal Highness.

NOTE 78. Page 198.

"*Lord Stowell:*" — On revising these pages for a generation in advance by more than thirty years of many who are chiefly concerned in their notices, it has become necessary to explain that Lord Stowell, originally Sir William Scott, was the brother of the great Chancellor, Lord Eldon, and equally distinguished as a lawyer, though in a very different field. He was the oracle of the Admiralty Courts: and the business of those courts being prodigiously enlarged by the war, and by the furious struggle between our British orders in council and the Napoleon decrees issued at Berlin and Milan, naturally it happened that Lord Stowell fell under the widest circle of cognizance, and consequently of hostile (sometimes of malignant) interpretation from the continental publicists and jurists — all to a man bought and paid for by Napoleon. His reputation, at one time most splendid, rests generally upon the expansion which he gave to the principles of international law; and amongst his countrymen, upon the scholar-like elegance and sustained dignity of his judicial style.

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NOTE 79. Page 200.

Ταυροκτονειν is the word of Sir W. Jones; but bulls, unless for Pagan sacrificial purposes, were nowhere, and at no time, slaughtered.

NOTE 80. Page 200.

'The Doctor begged me one morning to take him into S. P.'s belfry. Secure from interruption, he proceeded with his intended object, which was, to raise and full (pull?) scientifically the tenth or largest bell. He set to work in silent, solemn formality. It took some time, I suppose a full quarter of an hour; for there was the raising, the full funereal toll, and the regular toll. When it was over, he stalked about the belfry in much pomposity. On recomposing himself, he looked at me with a smile, and said, "There, what think you of that?" He was evidently very proud of the effort.' In a Greek character of Dr. Parr by Sir William Jones, among the κειμηλια of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, neither the bell-ringing nor the ox-massacreing is overlooked; 'και το ὅλον κωδωνίζειν δυνατὸς, και παροιμάζειν, αι δισκεύειν, και ταυροκοπείν. [And, to sum up the Doctor's accomplishments, he was a smart hand at bell-ringing, and as a punster, and at quoit-playing, and at slaughtering bulls.] As to bellringing, none but natives of England proper are judges on this art, for elsewhere it has no existence. On the Continent, wheresoever art is applied to bell-ringing, I believe that generally it takes the shape of pure clock-work, as in the *Carillons* of Ostend, &c., which admit of no aid from human hands any more than our own chimes. In Scotland, again, there can be no bell-ringing, as there are no bells. A peal of bells is a thing unknown. But in England, where countless parish churches have peals of eight and ten bells, the art of bellringing is very elaborate, and trying in more ways than one. It requires long-disciplined skill, and great muscular power. Dr. Parr's arms had been kept in training by half-a-century of successful flagellation. I may add, that the music from a finely-toned set of bells, when heard upon a winding river, in summer, under the farewell lights of setting suns, is the most pathetic in the world.

NOTE 81. Page 205.

"*Book-maker:*" —I trust that in so describing Dr. Rees I do him no wrong. The doctor was understood to be the editor of an im-

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mense encyclopædia, originally charged to the public at £80, latterly, I believe, at about 80 shillings. Southey, who was an admirable judge of such compilations, had received a copy as a present from the very liberal proprietors in its early or 80-*pound* stage; and he privately showed me such transformations and specious creations worked by paste and scissors as are elsewhere unexampled.

NOTE 82. Page 207.

"*Sack guzzler:*" — The reason for this particular reproach must be sought in the antique mode of payment to the laureate (not yet, I believe, obsolete) — viz., so much money and so much wine; the wine being *sherry*, the main element in *sack*.

NOTE 83. Page 207.

We are the last persons to apologize for that most profligate woman. That men of sense and honor could be found who seriously doubted of her guilt, is the strongest exemplification, to our minds, of the all-levelling strength of party rage that history records. As little are we likely to join the rare and weak assailants of Sir Walter Scott, whose conduct, politically, and as a public man, has been as upright and as generous as his conduct in private life. Yet in one single instance, Sir Walter departed from his usual chivalry of feeling, and most unseasonably joined in insulting a woman — dissolute, it is true, beyond example, but at that time fallen, and on that very morning reaping the bitter first fruits of her enormous guilt. Describing the morning of the Coronation, and the memorable repulse of the poor misguided Queen, Sir Walter allowed himself to speak of her as *the great Lady, with her body-guard of blackguards.* These words we doubt not that Sir Walter soon, and often, and earnestly deplored; for the anguish of her mortification, by the testimony of all who witnessed the tumultuous successior of passions that shook her, and convulsed her features, as she argued the point with the officer at the entrance of Westminster Hall, was intense; and those pitied her then who never pitied her before. There were also other reasons that must have drawn a generous regret from Sir Walter, upon remembering these words afterwards. But we all know that it was not in his nature to insult over the fallen, or to sympathize with triumphant power. In fact, he

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could not foresee her near approaching death; and he was reasonably disgusted with her violence at the moment; and finally, the words escaped him under circumstances of hurry, which allowed no time for revision. Few indeed are the writers who have so little to blot as this wonderful man.

NOTE 84. Page 212.

This man, had he chosen to control rather than to humor the impulses of his native mind, what was there beyond his power of attainment?

NOTE 85. Page 213.

Let *that* be deeply remembered: let it not for a moment be overlooked — which gives so violent a wrench to the whole pleading of Charles Fox — that Burke was not the only member of the Whig Club who had left it under a conscientious compulsion.

NOTE 86. Page 219.

And perhaps in candor it should be added, under happier fortunes and more prudence in his *liaisons* with the other sex. He was in some degree a dissolute man; but perhaps he might have been otherwise under more noble treatment from the woman of his heart. His unhappiness, on this point, latterly, was great; and there is reason to think that he secretly wished to lay down his life, and resorted to politics as the best means of doing so with reputation. He had a passionate love for an unworthy woman, whom he had strong reasons for thinking unfaithful to him. And at all events, like too many of her sex, she had the baseness to trifle with his apparent misery.

NOTE 87. Page 219.

"*Budge doctor:*" — Milton's "Comus:" *budge* is a species of fur; furriers can best describe it. But generally the expression has the same value as when we say *the ermined judge*, the use of which phrase is, expressly to remind the professional dignitary, that we are not speaking of him in his private and extra-official capacity, when he might be entitled to play the fool according to his pleasure, but as one clothed with solemn national responsibilities, whose very costume should at every moment have recalled those responsibilities to his remembrance.

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NOTE 88. Page 222.

It is remarkable, however, that Sir William's Greek is far better than Parr's. Jones's has all the air of the genuine antique: Parr's is villanous.

NOTE 89. Page 224.

We say Latin secretary, as indicating an office so far as regards its duties, which really *does* exist, though the emoluments do not. There is a great deal of public work to be executed in Latin, and it is done *gratis*, and by various hands. But, were this an age for increasing the public burdens, we should suggest the propriety of creating anew the formal appointment of Latin secretary, which ought for many reasons never to have been abolished. The Fox Ministry would have done rightly to have restored the office, and to have rewarded Dr. Parr by the first appointment.

NOTE 90. Page 225.

But surely the brother of Sir Henry Halford (as the warden of Merton Dr. Peter Vaughan, we believe was) needed not to have gone out of his own family connections for such an assistance. For Sir Henry himself writes Latin with ease and effect.

NOTE 91. Page 228.

We cannot fancy Heyne as a Latin *exegetes*. The last time we opened a book of his, (perhaps it was his Virgil,) some sixteen years ago, he was laboring at this well-known phrase — '*regione* viarum.' As usual, a rhapsody of resemblances, more or less remote, was accumulated; but if we may be believed, that sole meaning of the word *regio* which throws light upon the expression, that meaning which connects it with the word *rego* in the mathematical sense, [*i. e.* to drive a straight line,] was unnoticed. All the rest meant nothing. We closed the book in disgust.

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Note 92. Page 229.

'Dr. Busby! a great man, sir, a very great man! he flogged my grandfather.' — Sir Roger de Coverley.

Note 93. Page 232.

William Bellenden, a Scotch writer, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is said to have been a Professor in the University of Paris. At Paris he published, in 1608, his *Cicero Princeps*, a singular work, in which he extracted from Cicero's writings detached remarks, and compressed them into one regular body, containing the rules of monarchical government, with the line of conduct to be adopted, and the virtues proper to be encouraged by the Prince himself; and the treatise, when finished, he dedicated, from a principle of patriotism and gratitude, to the son of his master, Henry, then Prince of Wales. Four years afterwards (namely, in 1612) he proceeded to publish another work of a similar nature, which he called *Cicero Consul, Senator, Senatus Romanus*, and in which he treated the nature of the consular office, and the constitution of the Roman Senate. Finding the works received, as they deserved, with the unanimous approbation of the learned, he conceived the plan of a third work, *De Statu Prisci Orbis*, which was to contain a history of the progress of government and philosophy, from the times before the flood, to their various degrees of improvement, under the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. He had proceeded so far as to print a few copies of this work in 1615, when it seems to have been suggested, that his three treatises, *De Statu Principis, De Statu Republicæ, De Statu Orbis*, being on subjects so nearly resembling each other, there might be a propriety in uniting them into one work, by re-publishing the two former, and entitling the whole, *Bellendenus de Statu*. With this view, he recalled the few copies of his last work that were abroad, and after a delay of some months, he published the three treatises together, under their new title, in the year 1615.

In the British Museum, one copy of the book *De Statu Prisci Orbis*, dated in 1615, still exists, which the author had probably sent into England as a present, and could not recall; and in all the others the date appears, on a nice inspection, to have been

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originally MDCXV., and to have had an *I* afterwards added, on the alteration of the author's plan. The editor has shown great ingenuity in clearing up this typographical difficulty. The great work being now completed, Bellenden looked forward with a pretty well-grounded expectation for that applause which his labor and his ingenuity deserved; but his views were disappointed by one of those events that no art of man can foresee or remedy. The vessel in which the whole impression was embarked, was overtaken by a storm before she could reach the English coasts, and foundered with all her cargo.

A very few copies only, which the learned author either kept for his own use, or had sent as presents by private hands, seem to have been preserved from the destruction which awaited the others; and this work of Bellendenus has, therefore, from its scarcity, often escaped the notice of the most diligent collectors.

It is not to be found in the library of the Duke of Argyle, nor in that of the late Dr. Hunter; neither Morhoffius nor Fabricius had ever seen it; the *Observationes Literariæ* at Frankfort in 1728, which treat learnedly and copiously on scarce books, makes no mention of it. In a word, the single treatises are so rare, that not above ten of them are to be found in all the libraries of England. And of the larger work, it does not appear that more than six copies are known to exist; one in the public library at Cambridge, a second in that of Emanuel College in the same university, long admired as a well-chosen collection of excellent books; a third in All-Souls' Library at Oxford, and two in the possession of the editors.*

Note 94. Page 232.

Colman had said, that the verse in the *Pursuits of Literature* was only 'a peg to hang the notes upon.' Too obvious, perhaps, but also too true, for the irritable author, who had the meanness, amongst some impotent attempts at affecting a grin of *nonchalance*, to tell his readers that the jest was stolen — and stolen from Pindar! Great was our curiosity on hearing this. A Pin-

* There is another in the library of Shrewsbury School, left by Dr. Taylor, editor of Demosthenes, to that foundation

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daric jest! What could it be, and where? Was it an Olympic, or a Pythic jest? Why, Pindar, it seems, 'said long before Mr. Colman, απο πασσαλυ φορμιγγα λαβε.' And what then? *He took down his harp from a peg;* that is to say, a literal harp from a literal peg. What earthly connection could *that* have with Mr. Colman's jest? Now this, though *in re levissima*, we regard as a downright villany.

For the 'absolute silliness,' amongst many hundred passages of pure trifling, or exquisite nonsense, let the reader look to his long note upon Mr. Goodwin, and his '*gun of generation;*' where, under an impression that he was lashing some peculiar conceit, or caprice of that gentleman, the satirist had unconsciously engaged himself with Hume, and his Doctrine of Causation.

We say so much upon this author, because, (though almost forgotten at present,) in our younger days, he had a splendor of success, not much surpassed even by the most popular writers of this present more literary generation; and because, spite of his bad taste, his pedantry, and his mystical affectations, he had a demon of originality about him, which makes him, after all, worthy of preservation.

A strange fact it is, in Dr. Parr's literary history, that this same malicious satirist, from whom he received insults so flagrant and so public, at an after period became his all but idolized friend. In saying this, we assume it as a thing admitted universally, and now scarcely needing a proof, that Mr. Mathias, and the satirist in question, were one and the same person. Letters from this Mr. Mathias are spoken of by Dr. Parr in another period of his life, with a fervor of devotion, such as a Roman Catholic limits to the very holiest class of reliques.

Note 95. Page 234.

Dr. Parr, but on what particular sense of necessity, we pretend not to conjecture, has used the words *textus* for *text*, and *margo* for *margin;* and he apologizes for them in the following words: —

'Quod textum et marginem, et alia istiusmodi verba sine ulla præfatione, et quasi παραμυθίᾳ usurpavi, id ne bilem moveat

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inter eos,' [for *inter eos* we should have substituted *istis*,] 'qui limatulum præ cæteris et politulum habere judicium sibi videantur.' And he goes on to say, that spiteful critics of shallow discernment make these cavils, which possibly they would not make if aware of the answer made to them by Henry Stephens: 'Rem vir ille doctus et ingeniosus huc deduxit,' 'nimium sane fuerint delicatæ aures, quæ talia vocabula ferre non poterunt, quum præsertim alia desint.' Well, let the question then be rested on that footing, and so decided. Nobody in the world, as the reader will collect from another part of this paper, has less sympathy than ourselves with idle cavillers, or less indulgence towards the scruples which grow out of excessive *puritanism* in style. Yet in these instances we do not perceive that the scruples are of that character. For we cannot perceive that the questionable words are protected by the reservation of Stephens — *quum alia desint*. Surely *ora libri* express *margin*, and *orationis perpetuitas*, or *continuitas sermonis*, might serve to express the idea of text, (for the body of the composition, as contra-distinguished from its notes.)

NOTE 96. Page 237.

Upon this subject, in its relation not to Latin, but to classical English, we have an Essay in our own times from a writer of great talent, Mr. Foster, the Baptist clergyman. It is strange to say, that the tendency of that essay is in direct hostility to his own peculiar views; doctrinally, he contends earnestly for the *peculiar* tenets and mysteries of the Christian economy. Yet, on the other hand, as a man of taste, he would banish all the consecrated terms which express them. Now, this is contradictory. With the peculiar and characteristic language would vanish the peculiar and characteristic doctrines. But, apart from this consequence, it is strange that Mr. Foster should overlook the analogical justification of a separate terminology, derived from so many similar cases of far less importance. For example, who complains of the Platonic theology for its peculiar vocabulary? Or, what reproach has it ever been to Jamblichus, to Proclus, to Plotinus, to Synesius, &c., that they wrote almost a sealed dialect to the profane?

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Note 97. Page 241.

Amongst whom, by the way, Bentley stands foremost; whilst Porson is the least felicitous in giving a scholarlike expression to his notes.

Note 98. Page 242.

We may add, as equal with the very foremost of them, Immanuel Kant, whose Latin is of the best philosophic character. He had studied as a fellow-pupil with the celebrated Latinist, Ruhnkenius, and had a true sense of elegance in this particular accomplishment. By the way, on this occasion we may observe, that Hobbes was a villanous writer of Latin; and the common story of Lord Bacon's value for him in that character is undoubtedly false. Not a line of the Latin *De Augmentis* could have been written by Hobbes. As Falconbridge says of his reputed Father "Could he have made this leg? We know his workmanship."

Note 99. Page 243.

Lord Bacon's style is so much moulded by his own peculiar plastic intellect, that it is difficult to separate the elements of the total compound, that part which represented individually himself, and that which belonged to his era and position, which he occupied as a revolutionary philosopher under a domineering influence of circumstances. But from the plainer and less splendid, though perhaps more sublime, mind of Des Cartes, we receive a diction which better reflects the general standard of his era. Of this diction we venture to pronounce, that though far removed from classical Latinity, it is equally far from the other extreme of barbarism, and has an *indoles*, or genius *sui generis*, and its own peculiar laws.

Note 100. Page 249.

This poet was Wordsworth; the particular case arose in the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality;" and I will mention frankly, that it was upon my own suggestion that this secondary and revised view was adopted by the poet.

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NOTE 101. Page 255.

See the fine incidents (*Paradise Lost*, b. ix.) of the earliest hostility amongst animals, which first announce to Adam the immeasurable extent of the wreck.

NOTE 102. Page 256.

Coleridge's Wallenstein.

NOTE 103. Page 258.

The criticisms which Dr. Parr received upon his epitaphs he bore impatiently. He had lofty notions, with which few people had much sympathy, on the dignity of his art: *magnificabo apostolatum meum*, was his motto. And in reality, having cultivated it a good deal, and meditated on it still more, he had naturally come to perceive truths and relations of truth (for everything intellectual yields upon investigation a world of new views) to which men in general were blind from mere defect of attention. This fretted him: and in some instances it must be acknowledged that the criticisms were both frivolous and vexatious. Could it be credited that Charles Fox, who wrote very passable Greek verses, and other scholars as good, were actually unacquainted with the true Roman sense of the word *Probabilis*? Dr. Parr had described Johnson as *probabilis poeta*, meaning, of course, a *respectable poet* — one that wrote creditably, one upon whom approbation might justly settle. This is the true and sole use of the word in classical Latinity. *Ratio probabilis* is an argument, &c., such as the understanding can submit to, in contradistinction to one that commands instant and universal assent. So, again, the elegant Gravina, in a passage now open before us, says *Probabilis orator*, or *a pretty good speaker*. But Dr. Parr's critics clearly understood the word as synonymous with *virisimilis*, or as answering to the English word *probable*, in the sense of having an overbalance of chances in its favor. *Horresco referens!* such a use of the word *probabilis* would be the merest dog-Latin.

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Note 104. Page 262.

Dr. Parr adds — 'and who had endeavored to loosen the strongest obligations of morality.' These words are likely to be overlooked, as though they were thrown in merely to round the rhythmus of the sentence, or (if really significant) importing no more than that relaxation of morals which naturally accompanies the shaking of religious sanctions. But more is meant than this; and there is a mystery in the matter which we cannot fathom. For elsewhere (vol. iii. p. 378), he speaks of the destructive consequences of Hume's Essays 'to the sacred interests of morality:' — and still more pointedly in another place (on Politics, Jurisprudence, &c., vol. iii. p. 283), he speaks of Hume as having 'taught the inconsiderate and the innocent to think with diminished horror not of adultery only, but of other impurities too flagitious to be named.' What does he mean?

Note 105. Page 263.

It is usually taken for granted, that Hurd had nothing to say for himself in this case, and was on that account discreetly silent. But this is a mistake. He had enough to allege against Jortin and Leland, to have turned the tables on their champion; but his motive for silence was perhaps this: Parr threatened that, if answered, he would come back 'again and again' upon the same ground; and, if treated with sneers, he protested that he would give 'no quarter.' Now, in such a war, Hurd would have had his hands tied by the restraints of his episcopal dignity.

Note 106. Page 264.

Gibbon, in his fifty-second chapter, had spoken of White in high terms: 'He sustains,' says he, 'the part of a lively and eloquent advocate; and sometimes rises to the merit of an historian and philosopher.'

Note 107. Page 266.

Mr. Kett, whose position in Oxford enabled him to overlook the whole game, came to the same conclusion; for in dissuading Dr. Parr from coming forward as an active participator in the

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dispute, he says, 'I cannot help considering the whole affair as containing something necessarily injurious to the reputation of all who engage in it.' He also admonished the Doctor, 'that the unconditional manner in which he gave his assistance, ought to induce him to be silent.' What Mr. Kett meant by silence, was abstinence from the press; but the same reasons applied to oral communications; and in that sense it was no longer possible for Dr. Parr to be silent. He had chattered too much.

NOTE 108. Page 271.

At the time of writing this I had no reason (which now, on revision, I have) for doubting Wilkes's participation in the authorship.

NOTE 109. Page 271.

"*Brentford:*" — This gloomy place, on the left bank of the Thames, about seven miles to the west of Hyde Park Corner, is the county town of Middlesex; consequently, *there* it was the voting for Wilkes went on.

NOTE 110. Page 274.

"*Serving his countrymen:*" — I do not mean to assert that Paley *did* in any effectual sense accomplish this service; neither is the spectacle a pleasant one, of rich people, such as Paley and Hannah More, sitting in luxurious saloons, and lecturing their poor, hard-working fellow-countrymen upon the enormity of the blessings which they enjoy. But Paley's *purpose* was to all appearance honest and patriotic.

NOTE 111. Page 280.

"*The exterminating sword:*" — See Wordsworth's "Sonnet on Waterloo."

NOTE 112. Page 291.

Not at all. He *did* move when this was written; but that was in 1847. He is now as sedentary, or as stationary, as a milestone.

NOTE. 113. Page 292.

Even Pope, with all his natural and reasonable interest in aristocratic society, could not shut his eyes to the fact that a jest

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in *his* mouth became twice a jest in a lord's. But still he failed to perceive what I am here contending for, that if the jest happened to miss fire, through the misfortune of bursting its barrel, the consequences would be far worse for the lord than the commoner. There *is*, you see, a blind sort of compensation.

NOTE. 114. Page 294.

Mr. Schlosser, who speaks English, who has read rather too much English for any good that he has turned it to, and who ought to have a keen eye for the English version of his own book, after so much reading and study of it, has, however, overlooked several manifest errors. I do not mean to tax Mr. Davison with general inaccuracy. On the contrary, he seems wary, and in most cases successful as a dealer with the peculiarities of the German. But several cases of error I detect without needing the original: they tell their own story. And one of these I here notice, not only for its own importance, but out of love to Schlosser, and by way of nailing his guarantee to the counter — not altogether as a bad shilling, but as a light one. At p. 5 of vol. 2, in a foot-note, which is speaking of Kant, we read of his *attempt to introduce the notion of negative greatness into Philosophy. Negative greatness!* What strange bird may *that* be? Is it the *ornithorynchus paradoxus*? Mr. Schlosser was not wide awake *there*. The reference is evidently to Kant's essay upon the advantages of introducing into philosophy the algebraic idea of *negative quantities*. It is one of Kant's grandest gleams into hidden truth. Were it only for the merits of this most masterly essay in reconstituting the algebraic meaning of a *negative quantity* [so generally misunderstood as a *negation* of quantity, and which even Sir Isaac Newton misconstrued as regarded its metaphysics], great would have been the service rendered to logic by Kant. But there is a greater. From this little *brochure* I am satisfied was derived originally the German regeneration of the Dynamic philosophy, its expansion through the idea of polarity, indifference, &c. Oh, Mr. Schlosser, you had not *geprüft* p. 5 of vol. 2. You skipped the notes.

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NOTE 115. Page 296.

'*Little nurse:*'—the word *Glumdalclitch*, in Brobdingnagian, absolutely *means little nurse*, and nothing else. It may seem odd that the captain should call any nurse of Brobdingnag, however kind to him, by such an epithet as *little;* and the reader may fancy that Sherwood forest had put it into his head, where Robin Hood always called his right hand man 'Little John,' not *although*, but expressly *because* John stood seven feet high in his stockings. But the truth is—that Glumdalclitch *was* little; and literally so; she was only nine years old, and (says the captain) 'little of her age,' being barely forty feet high. She had time to grow certainly, but as she had so much to do before she could overtake other women, it is probable that she would turn out what, in Westmoreland, they call a *little stiffenger*—very little, if at all, higher than a common English church steeple.

NOTE 116. Page 302.

'*Activity.*'—It is some sign of this, as well as of the more thoroughly English taste in literature which distinguished Steele, that hardly twice throughout the 'Spectator' is Shakspeare quoted or alluded to by Addison. Even these quotations he had from the theatre, or the breath of popular talk. Generally, if you see a line from Shakspeare, it is safe to bet largely that the paper is Steele's; sometimes, indeed, of casual contributors: but, almost to a certainty, *not* a paper of Addison's. Another mark of Steele s superiority in vigor of intellect is, that much oftener in *him* than in other contributors strong thoughts came forward; harsh and disproportioned, perhaps, to the case, and never harmoniously developed with the genial grace of Addison, but original, and pregnant with promise and suggestion.

NOTE 117. Page 304.

'Letters of Joseph Mede,' published more than twenty years ago by Sir Henry Ellis.

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Note 118. Page 307.

It is an idea of many people, and erroneously sanctioned by Wordsworth, that Lord Somers gave a powerful lift to the 'Paradise Lost.' He was a subscriber to the sixth edition, the first that had plates; but this was some years before the Revolution of 1688, and when he was simply Mr. Somers, a barrister, with no effectual power of patronage.

Note 119. Page 310.

Slashing was the characteristic epithet by which Pope described Bentley, in allusion, generally, to Bentley's bold style of practice in critical correction, but specially to his furious ravages up and down the "Paradise Lost," on the plea that Milton's amanuensis, whosoever he might be, had taken a base advantage of the great poet's blindness.

Note 120. Page 312.

In Oxford, where naturally an academic reputation forestalls for any scholarlike student his more national reputation, some of Addison's Latin verses were probably the ground of his first premature notoriety. But in London, I believe that Addison was first made known by his "Blenheim" in 1704; most assuredly not by any academic exercise whatever.

Note 121. Page 312.

'*Louis Baboon:*'—As people read nothing in these days that is more than forty-eight hours old, I am daily admonished that allusions the most obvious to anything in the rear of our own time, needs explanation. *Louis Baboon* is Swift's jesting name for *Louis Bourbon, i. e.*, Louis XIV.

Note 122. Page 317.

"*Twice at least;*"—Viz., upon Aaron Hill, and upon the Duke of Chandos. In both cases the aggrieved parties sharpened the edge of the unprovoked assault by the dignity of their own behavior, by their command of temper, and by their manly disdain of all attempts to retaliate, by undervaluing their splendid assailant. Evil is the day for a conscientious man, when his sole resource for self-defense

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lies in a falsehood. And such, unhappily, was Pope's situation. His assaults upon Lady M. W. Montagu, and upon the two Duchesses of Marlborough, stand upon another basis.

NOTE 123. Page 321.

See his edition of "Horace" in nine volumes, from which any man may learn, and be thankful.

NOTE 124. Page 321.

"*Burnet of the Charterhouse:*" — Let not the reader confound this Burnet with Gilbert Burnet, the Bishop of Salisbury. The latter was a gossiper, a slanderer, and, by the Duchess of Portsmouth's report, so notorious a falsifier of facts, that to repeat a story on *his* authority was — to insure its scoffing rejection by the whole court. Such was his character in that section of Europe (viz., the Court of Whitehall in the days of Charles II.) where he was most familiarly and experimentally known. That one of his sermons was burned by the hangman under orders from the House of Commons, is the sole consolatory fact in his most worldly career. Would there have been much harm in tying his lordship to the sermon? But the other Burnet, though too early for a sound Cosmogony (anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to Pan), was amongst the elect of earth by his eloquence.

NOTE 125. Page 324.

'Of his MSS.:' — And, if all that I have heard be true, much has somebody to answer for, that so little has been yet published. The two executors of Burke were Dr. Lawrence, of Doctors' Commons, a well-known M. P. in forgotten days, and Windham, a man too like Burke in elasticity of mind ever to be spoken of in connection with forgotten things. Which of them was to blame, I know not. But Mr. R. Sharpe, M. P. for I know not what borough, told the following story. Let me pause at this name. R., as the reader will rightly suppose, represented the Christian name which his godfathers and his godmothers had indorsed upon him at the baptismal font. Originally this R. had represented *Richard:* but when Richard had swelled into portly proportions, had become an adult, and taken his seat in the House of Commons, the Pagan public of London raised him to the rank of *River;* and thenceforwards R. S. stood for "*River* Sharpe" — this honorary augmentation of

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old hereditary name being understood to indicate the ἀτερμοντολογια (or world-without-ending-ness of his eternal talk): in prophetic anticipation of which the poet Horace is supposed to have composed his two famous lines * —

> "Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis at ille
> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

This Mr. R. Sharpe, by the way, was a man of multitudinous dodges. He could (and he did, if you look into the parliamentary mirrors of those days) make a very neat speech upon occasion, and when time was plentiful, else he was generally hurried by business; for he was a London merchant (in the English sense, observe — not the Scottish), exporting, therefore, to every latitude in countless longitudes; so that his own mercantile letters exhausted his whole power of franking. This made him wear a selfish expression of countenance to that army of letter-writing ladies in whose eyes the final cause of an M. P. was, that he might give franks to his female acquaintances — a matter of some importance when a double letter usually cost you a pretty half-crown, which, and not five shillings, is what the French always mean by an *écu*. Mr. Sharpe was chivalrous, nevertheless, and conceived himself a master in the most insinuating modes of deferential gallantry. But his seat in Parliament cost him exactly a thousand pounds sterling per annum. This sum he had to fetch back by franking, which lucrative privilege he applied naturally to all the heaviest dispatches of his own firm. And under such circumstances, where each civility to his fair friends could be put into the scales and weighed in his counting-house, reasonably he neither stood nor understood any "nonsense." *Usque ad aras* — *i. e.*, so far as the ledger permitted — he wished to conduct himself towards women *en grand seigneur*, or even *en prince*. But to waste a frank upon *their* "nonsense" — a frank that paid all expenses from the Cornish Scillys northwards to John Groat, Esq., in Caithness — was the high road to bankruptcy. Consequently Mr. Sharpe was less popular than else he might have

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* "*Famous lines:*" — Of which the following translation was executed, the first line by the late Mr. William Cobbett (who hated Sharpe), and the last by Dryden: —

> "Chaw-bacon lolters till the stream be gone;
> Which flows — and, as it flows, for ever shall flow on."

But naturalists object (to Horace more properly than to Mr. Cobbett), that of all men Chaw-bacon, as a rusticus familiar with all features of the *rus*, is least likely to make such a mistake as that of waiting for a river to run down. A *cit*, a townsman bred and born, is what Horace must have meant.

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been, with so abundant a treasure of anecdotes, of gossip, and (amongst select friends) of high-flavored scandal. Him, the said Sharpe, I heard more than once at Wordsworth's say, that one or both of the executors had offered to *him* (the river) a huge traveling trunk, perhaps an imperial or a Salisbury boot (equal to the wardrobe of a family), filled with Burke's MSS., on the simple condition of editing them, with annotations. An Oxford man, and also the celebrated Mr. Christian Curwen, then member for Cumberland, made, in my hearing, the same report. The Oxford man, in particular, being questioned as to the probable amount of MS., lamented that the gods had not made him an exciseman, with the gift of gauging barrels and other repositories; that he could not speak upon oath to the cubical contents; but this he could say, that having stripped up his coat-sleeve, he had endeavored, by such poor machinery as nature had allowed him, to take the soundings of the trunk, but apparently there were none; with his middle finger he could find no bottom, for it was stopped by a dense stratum of MS.; below which, you know, other strata might lie *ad infinitum*. For anything proved to the contrary, the trunk might be bottomless.

Note 126. Page 325.

I do not believe that at any time he was so designated, unless playfully and in special coteries. That the young, who were wearied, that the intensely practical, who distrusted him as a speculator, that the man of business, *natus rebus agendis*, who viewed him as a trespasser on the disposable time of the House, should combine intermittingly in giving expression to their feelings is conceivable, or even probable. The rest is exaggeration.

Note 127. Page 326.

A man in Fox's situation is sure, whilst living, to draw after him trains of sycophants; and it is the evil necessity of newspapers the most independent, that they *must* swell the mob of sycophants. The public compels them to exaggerate the true proportions of such people as we see every hour in our own day. Those who, for the moment, modify, or *may* modify the national condition, become preposterous idols in the eyes of the gaping public; but with the sad necessity of being too utterly trodden under foot after they are shelved, unless they live in men's memory by something better than speeches in Parliament. Having the usual fate, Fox was complimented, *whilst living*, on his

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knowledge of Homeric Greek, which was a jest: he knew neither more nor less of Homer, than, fortunately, most English gentlemen of his rank; quite enough that is to read the 'Iliad' with unaffected pleasure, far too little to revise the text of any three lines, without making himself ridiculous. The excessive slenderness of his general literature, English and French, may be seen in the letters published by his Secretary, Trotter. But his fragment of a History, published by Lord Holland, at two guineas, and currently sold for two shillings (not two *pence*, or else I have been defrauded of 1*s.* 10*d.*), most of all proclaims the tenuity of his knowledge. He looks upon Malcolm Laing as a huge oracle; and, having read even less than Hume, a thing not very easy, with great *naiveté*, cannot guess where Hume picked up his facts.

NOTE 128. Page 330.

Even in Dr. Francis's Translation of Select Speeches from Demosthenes, which Lord Brougham naturally used a little in his own labors on that theme, there may be traced several peculiarities of diction that startle us in Junius. Sir P. had them from his father. And Lord Brougham ought not to have overlooked them. The same thing may be seen in the notes to Dr. Francis's translation of Horace. These points, though not *independently* of much importance, become far more so in combination with others. The reply made to me once by a publisher of some eminence upon this question, was the best fitted to lower Mr. Taylor's investigation with a *stranger* to the long history of the dispute. 'I feel,' he said, 'the impregnability of the case made out by Mr. Taylor. But the misfortune is, that I have seen so many previous impregnable cases made out for other claimants.' Ay, that *would* be unfortunate. But the misfortune for this repartee was, that I, for whose use it was intended, not being in the predicament of a *stranger* to the dispute, having seen every page of the pleadings, knew all (except Mr. Taylor's) to be false in their statements; after which their arguments signified nothing.

NOTE 129. Page 339.

We do not allude chiefly to his experience in childhood, when he is reported to have been a general butt of mockery for his

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ugliness and his supposed stupidity; since, as regarded the latter reproach, he could not have suffered very long, having already, at a childish age, vindicated his intellectual place by the verses which opened to him an academic destination. We allude to his mature life, and the supercilious condescension with which even his reputed friends doled out their praises to *him*.

NOTE 130. Page 340.

We point this remark, not at Mr. Forster, who, upon the whole, shares our opinion as to the tolerable comfort of Goldsmith's life; he speaks indeed elsewhere of Goldsmith's depressions; but the question still remains — were they of frequent recurrence, and had they any constitutional settlement? We are inclined to say NO in both cases.

NOTE 131. Page 343.

Which tub the reader may fancy to have been only an old tar barrel; if so, he is wrong. Isaac Casauborn, after severe researches into the nature of that tub, ascertained to the general satisfaction of Christendom that it was not of wood, or within the restorative powers of a cooper, but of earthenware, and, once shattered by a horse's kick, quite past repair. In fact, it was a large oil-jar, such as the remnant of the forty thieves lurked in, when waiting for their captain's signal from Ali Baba's house; and, in Attica, it must have cost fifteen shillings, supposing that the philosopher did not steal it. Consequently a week's loss of house-room and credit to Oliver Goldsmith, at the rate of living then prevalent in Grub street, was pretty much the same thing in money value as the loss to Diogenes of his crockery house by burglary, or in any nocturnal lark of young Attic wine-bibbers. The underwriters would have done an insurance upon either man at pretty much the same premium.

NOTE 132. Page 346.

It may be necessary to explain, for the sake of the many persons who have come amongst the reading public since the period of the

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incident referred to, that this was a boy called Jones, who was continually entering Buckingham Palace clandestinely, was as regularly ejected by the police, but with respectable pertinacity constantly returned, and on one occasion effected a lodgment in the royal bedchamber. Some happy wit, in just admiration of such perseverance and impudence, christened him *In-I-go Jones*.

NOTE 133. Page 348.

Often, but not so uniformly (the reader will think) as the diction, because the manners are sometimes not those of the writer's own age, being ingenious adaptations to meet the modern writer's conjectural ideas of ancient manners. These, however (even in Sir Walter Scott), are precisely the most mouldering parts in the entire architecture, being always (as, for instance, in Ivanhoe) fantastic, caricatured, and betraying the true modern ground gleaming through the artificial tarnish of antiquity. All novels, in every language, are hurrying to decay; and hurrying by *internal* changes, were those all; but, in the mean time, the everlasting life and fertility of the human mind is forever accelerating this hurry by *superseding* them, that is, by an external change. Old forms, fading from the interest, or even from the apprehension, have no chance at all as against new forms embodying the same passions. It is only in the grander passions of poetry, allying themselves with forms more abstract and permanent, that such a conflict of the old with the new is possible.

NOTE 134. Page 354.

It ought, by this time, to be known equally amongst governments and philosophers — that for the state to promise with sincerity the absorption of surplus labor, as fast as it accumulates, cannot be postulated as a duty, until it can first be demonstrated as a possibility. This was forgotten, however, by Mr. C., whose vehement complaints, that the arable field, without a ploughman, should be in one county, whilst in another county was the stout ploughman without a field; and sometimes (which was worse still) that the surplus ploughmen should far outnumber the sur-

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plus fields, certainly proceeded on the secret assumption that all this was within the remedial powers of the state. The same doctrine was more openly avowed by various sections of our radicals, who (in their occasional insolent petitions to Parliament) many times asserted that one main use and function of a government was, to find work for everybody. At length (February and March, 1848) we see this doctrine solemnly adopted by a French body of rulers, self-appointed, indeed, or perhaps appointed by their wives, and so far sure, in a few weeks, to be answerable for nothing; but, on the other hand, adopting it as a practical *undertaking*, in the lawyer's sense, and by no means as a mere gayety of rhetoric. Meantime, they themselves will be "broken" before they will have had time for being reproached with broken promises; though neither fracture is likely to require much above the length of a quarantine.

NOTE 135. Page 355.

When writing this passage, we were not aware (as we now are) that Mr. Forster had himself noticed the case.

NOTE 136. Page 357.

His name began with A, and ended with N; there are but three more letters in the name, and if doubt arises upon our story, in the public mind, we shall publish them.

NOTE 137. Page 360.

If Addison died (as we think he did) in 1717, then, because Goldsmith commenced authorship in 1757, there would be forty years between the two periods. But, as it would be fairer to measure from the centre of Addison's literary career, that is, from 1707, the difference would be just half a century.

NOTE 138. Page 382.

Charles I., for example, when Prince of Wales, and many others in his father's court, gained their known familiarity with Shaks-

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peare — not through the original quartos, so slenderly diffused, nor through the first folio of 1623, but through the court representations of his chief dramas at Whitehall.

Note 139. Page 383.

What are called *The Blue Books*, by which title are understood the folio Reports issued every session of Parliament by committees of the two Houses, and stitched into blue covers, — though often sneered at by the ignorant as so much waste paper, will be acknowledged gratefully by those who have used them diligently, as the main wellheads of all accurate information as to the Great Britain of this day. As an immense depository of faithful (*and not superannuated*) statistics, they are indispensable to the honest student. But no man would therefore class the *Blue Books* as literature.

Note 140. Page 388.

The Canterbury Tales were not made public until 1380, or thereabouts; but the composition must have cost thirty or more years; not to mention that the work had probably been finished for some years before it was divulged.

Note 141. Page 390.

The reason why the broad distinctions between the two literatures of power and knowledge so little fix the attention, lies in the fact, that a vast proportion of books — history, biography, travels, miscellaneous essays, &c.— lying in a middle zone, confound these distinctions by interblending them. All that we call "amusement" or "entertainment," is a diluted form of the power belonging to passion, and also a mixed form; and where threads of direct *instruction* intermingle in the texture with these threads of *power*, this absorption of the duality into one representative *nuance* neutralizes the separate perception of either. Fused into a *tertium quid*, or neutral state, they disappear to the popular eye as the repelling forces, which in fact they are.

Note 142. Page 390.

"In the interest" (to use a slang phrase just now coming into currency) of enlightened patriotism, and secondly, in the interest of

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truth, an Englishman must rejoice upon seeing such a ridiculous pretension reduced to its own windy value; but not, thirdly, in the interest of Pope. For, if ever man deserved to suffer by an injurious falsehood, it was surely that man who had piloted and opened a channel for such a falsehood by a forerunning falsehood of his own; and that man was Pope. He, upon the meanest and shallowest of temptations, viz., simply to bring a celebrated Latin passage within easy reach of a plausible English parody, wrote, printed, and published, the very wildest, grossest, most extravagant fiction that ever the mythologists of Fairy-land have coined or ancient nurse has chanted to believing infants. Credulity is among the simple graces of infancy: and if we, the littérateurs of earth, could revolve into that happy stage of life, we should find a pure delight in Pope's version of the Horatian Epistle which contains the passage beginning

> "Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
> Intulit agresti Latio:"

[*i. e.*, Greece being made captive, in *her* turn made captive her savage conqueror, and thus introduced the arts into uncultured Latium.] Pope, on reading this, was struck with a lively impression of the effect likely to be attained by running a parallel to the ancient case as between Greece matched against Rome, and the modern case as between France matched against England. One section of such a parallel was really provided by prosaic history. No need for romance in this stage of the parallel. Rome had conquered Greece: doubt there could be none that England had conquered France, and had seated two of her kings on the French throne. So far all was sound and weather proof. Now, if it could but be added, that France, like Greece, had been found by her conqueror equipped with a full-blown literature, which the illiterate victor had carried back to his own home, in that case, how beautiful a rehearsal of the fifteenth century *after* Christ lay hid in the second and third centuries *before* Christ. Unhappily, no syllable of all this could be found in history, even when written by Frenchmen. But Pope, resolute that he would not be baulked of his showy parallel by any scoundrel of a truth-seeker, recollected in time — that what he could not find, he might forge. And thus arose the monstrous fiction of a French literature antecedent to Agincourt (1415), and a literature *which served as a model to England!* It is pleasant to consider upon what English poet's fame this fable would chiefly have operated injuriously. Retributive would have been the punishment to Pope, if it had been argued by a Frenchman — "How can this man pretend to evade the charge of belonging to a French school, who himself derived all

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English literature from a supposed French literature at the very opening of the fifteenth century — a period which we French regard as entirely barbarous. But observe — according to the candid Pope, the barbarism of France sufficed for the culture of England!"

NOTE 143. Page 394.

And this purity of diction shows itself in many points arguing great vigilance of attention, and also great anxiety for using the language powerfully as the most venerable of traditions, when treating the most venerable of subjects. For instance, the Bible never condescends to the mean colloquial preterites of *chid* for *did chide*, or *writ* for *did write*, but always uses the full-dress word *chode*, and *wrote*. Pope might have been happier had he read his Bible more; but assuredly he would have improved his English. A question naturally arises, how it was that the elder writers — Shakspeare in particular (who had seen so little of higher society when he wrote his youthful poems of Lucrece and Adonis) — should have maintained so much purer a grammar? Dr. Johnson indeed, but most falsely, says that Shakspeare's grammar is licentious. "The style of Shakspeare" (these are the exact words of the doctor in his preface) "was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure." An audacious misrepresentation! In the doctor himself, a legislator for the language, we undertake to show not only more numerically of trespasses against grammar, but (which is worse still) more unscholarlike trespasses. Shakspeare is singularly correct in grammar. One reason, we believe, was this: from the restoration of Charles II. decayed the *ceremonious* exteriors of society. Stiffness and reserve melted away before the familiarity and impudence of French manners. Social meetings grew far more numerous as towns expanded; social pleasure far more began now to depend upon conversation; and conversation, growing less formal, quickened its pace. Hence came the call for rapid abbreviations: the *'t is* and *'t was*, the *can't* and *don't*, of the two post-Miltonic generations arose under this impulse; and the general impression has ever since subsisted amongst English writers, that language, instead of being an exquisitely beautiful vehicle for the thoughts — a robe that never can be adorned with too much care or piety — is in fact a dirty high-road, which all people detest whilst all are forced to use it, and to the keeping of which in repair no rational man ever contributes a trifle that is not

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forced from him by some severity of Quarter Sessions. The great corrupter of English was the conversational instinct for rapidity. A more honorable source of corruption lay in the growth of new ideas, and the continual influx of foreign words to meet them. Spanish words arose, like *reformado*, *prixado*, *desperado*, and French ones past counting. But, as these retained their foreign forms of structure, they reacted to vitiate the language still more by introducing a piebald aspect of books which it seemed a matter of necessity to tolerate for the interests of wider thinking. The perfection of this horror was never attained except amongst the Germans.

NOTE 144. Page 402.

It was *after* his connection with Warburton that Pope introduced several of his *living* portraits into the Satires.

NOTE 145. Page 406.

By what might seem a strange oversight, but which in fact is a very natural oversight to one who was not uttering one word in which he seriously believed, Pope, in a prose note on verse 207, roundly asserts "that the particular characters of women are *more various* than those of men." It is no evasion of this insufferable contradiction, that he couples with the greater variety of *characters* in women a greater uniformity in what he presumes to be their *ruling passion*. Even as to this ruling passion he cannot agree with himself for ten minutes; generally he says, that it is the love of pleasure; but sometimes (as at verse 208) forgetting this monotony, he ascribes to women a dualism of passions, — love of pleasure and love of power, — which dualism of itself must be a source of self-conflict, and therefore of inexhaustible variety in character:

> "Those only fixed, they first or last obey —
> The love of pleasure and the love of sway."

NOTE 146. Page 409.

This refers to the Act of Parliament for burying corpses in woollen, which greatly disturbed the fashionable costume in coffins *c'nme il faut*.

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NOTE 147. Page 411.

The sons of the Duke having died, the title and estates were so settled as to descend through this daughter, who married the Earl of Sunderland. In consequence of this arrangement, *Spenser* (until lately) displaced the great name of *Churchill*; and the Earl became that second Duke of Marlborough, about whom Smollett tells us in his History of England (Reign of George II.) so remarkable and to this hour so mysterious a story.

NOTE 148. Page 411.

The Duchess died in the same year as Pope, namely, just in time by a few months to miss the Rebellion of 1745, and the second Pretender; spectacles which for little reasons (vindictive or otherwise) both of them would have enjoyed until the spring of 1746.

NOTE 149. Page 420.

The Vestals not only renounced marriage, at least for those years in which marriage could be a natural blessing, but also left their fathers' houses at an age the most trying to the human heart as regards the pangs of separation.

NOTE 150. Page 434.

We do not include the DUNCIAD in this list. On the contrary, the arguments by which it has been generally undervalued, as though antiquated by lapse of time and by the fading of names, are all unsound. We ourselves hold it to be the greatest of Pope's efforts. But for that very reason we retire from the examination of it, which we had designed, as being wholly disproportioned to the narrow limits remaining to us.

NOTE 151. Page 435.

DR. JOHNSON, however, and Joseph Warton, for reasons not stated, have placed his birth on the 22d. To this statement, as opposed to that which comes from the personal friends of Pope,

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little attention is due. Ruffhead and Spence, upon such questions, must always be of higher authority than Johnson and Warton, and *a fortiori* than Bowles. But it ought not to be concealed, though hitherto unnoticed by any person, that some doubt after all remains whether *any* of the biographers is right. An anonymous writer, contemporary with Pope, and evidently familiar with his personal history, declares that he was born on the 8th of June; and he connects it with an event that, having a public and a partisan interest, (the birth of that Prince of Wales, who was known twenty-seven years afterwards as the Pretender,) would serve to check his own recollections, and give them a collateral voucher. It is true he wrote for an ill-natured purpose; but no purpose whatever could have been promoted by falsifying this particular date. What is still more noticeable, however, Pope himself puts a most emphatic negative upon all these statements. In a pathetic letter to a friend, when his attention could not have been wandering, for he is expressly insisting upon a sentiment which will find an echo in many a human heart, viz., that a birthday, though from habit usually celebrated as a festal day, too often is secretly a memorial of disappointment, and an anniversary of sorrowful meaning, he speaks of the very day on which he is then writing as his own birthday; and indeed what else could give any propriety to the passage? Now the date of this letter is January 1, 1733. Surely Pope knew his own birthday better than those who have adopted a random rumor without investigation

But, whilst we are upon this subject, we must caution the readers of Pope against too much reliance upon the chronological accuracy of his editors. *All* are scandalously careless; and generally they are faithless. Many allusions are left unnoticed, which a very little research would have illustrated; many facts are omitted, even yet recoverable, which are essential to the just appreciation of Pope's satirical blows; and dates are constantly misstated. Mr. Roscoe is the most careful of Pope's editors; but even he is often wrong. For instance, he has taken the trouble to write a note upon Pope's humorous report to Lord Burlington of his Oxford journey on horseback with Lintot; and this note involves a sheer impossibility. The letter is undated, except as to the month; and Mr. Roscoe directs the reader to supply 1714

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as the true date, which is a gross anachronism. For a ludicrous anecdote is there put into Linton's mouth, representing some angry critic, who had been turning over Pope's Homer, with frequent *pshaws*, as having been propitiated, by Mr. Lintot's dinner, into a gentler feeling towards Pope, and, finally, by the mere effect of good cheer, without an effort on the publisher's part, as coming to a confession, that what he ate and what he had been reading were equally excellent. But in the year 1714, *no part* of Pope's Homer was printed; June, 1715, was the month in which even the subscribers first received the four earliest books of the Iliad; and the public generally not until July. This we notice by way of specimen; in itself, or as an error of mere negligence, it would be of little importance; but it is a case to which Mr. Roscoe has expressly applied his own conjectural skill, and solicited the attention of his reader. We may judge, therefore, of his accuracy in other cases which he did not think worthy of examination.

There is another instance, presenting itself in every page, of ignorance concurring with laziness, on the part of all Pope's editors, and with the effect not so properly of misleading as of perplexing the general reader. Until Lord Macclesfield's bill for altering the style in the very middle of the eighteenth century, six years, therefore, after the death of Pope, there was a custom, arising from the collision between the civil and ecclesiastical year, of dating the whole period that lies between December 31st and March 25th, (both days *exclusively*,) as belonging indifferently to the past or the current year. This peculiarity had nothing to do with the old and new style, but was, we believe, redressed by the same act of Parliament. Now in Pope's time it was absolutely necessary that a man should use this double date, because else he was liable to be seriously misunderstood. For instance, it was then always said that Charles I. had suffered on the 30th of January, $164\frac{8}{9}$; and why? Because, had the historian fixed the date to what it really was, 1649, in that case all those (a very numerous class) who supposed the year 1649 to commence on Ladyday, or March 25, would have understood him to mean that this event happened in what we *now* call 1650, for not until 1650 was there any January which *they* would have acknowledged as belonging to 1649, since *they* added to the year 1648 all the days from January 1 to March 24. On the other hand, if he had

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said simply that Charles suffered in 1648, he would have been truly understood by the class we have just mentioned; but by another class, who began the year from the 1st of January, he would have been understood to mean what we *now* mean by the year 1648. There would have been a sheer difference, not of one, as the reader might think at first sight, but of *two* entire years in the chronology of the two parties; which difference, and all possibility of doubt, is met and remedied by the fractional date $\frac{1648}{1649}$; for that date says in effect it was 1648 to you who do not open the new year till Ladyday; it was 1649 to you who open it from January 1. Thus much to explain the real sense of the case; and it follows from this explanation, that no part of the year ever *can* have the fractional or double date except the interval from January 1 to March 24 inclusively. And hence arises a practical influence, viz., that the very same reason, and no other, which formerly enjoined the use of the compound or fractional date, viz., the prevention of a capital ambiguity or dilemma, now enjoins its omission. For in our day, when the double opening of the year is abolished, what sense is there in perplexing a reader by using a fraction which offers him a choice without directing him how to choose? In fact, it is the *denominator* of the fraction, if one may so style the lower figure, which expresses to a modern eye the true year. Yet the editors of Pope, as well as many other writers, have confused their readers by this double date; and why? Simply because they were confused themselves. Many errors in literature of large extent have arisen from this confusion. Thus it was said properly enough in the contemporary accounts, for instance, in Lord Monmouth's Memoirs, that Queen Elizabeth died on the last day of the year 1602, for she died on the 24th of March; and by a careful writer this event would have been dated as March 24, $\frac{1602}{1603}$. But many writers, misled by the phrase above cited, have asserted that James I. was proclaimed on the 1st of January, 1603. Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, again, has ruined the entire chronology of the Life of Jeremy Taylor, and unconsciously vitiated the facts, by not understanding this fractional date. Mr. Roscoe even too often leaves his readers to collect the true year as they can. Thus, *e. g.* at p. 509, of his Life, he quotes from Pope's letter to Warburton, in great vexation for the surreptitious publication of his letters in

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Ireland, under date of February 4, 174$\frac{0}{1}$. But why not have printed it intelligibly as 1741? Incidents there are in most men's lives, which are susceptible of a totally different moral value, according as they are dated in one year or another. That might be a kind and honorable liberality in 1740, which would be a fraud upon creditors in 1741. Exile to a distance of ten miles from London in January, 1744, might argue, that a man was a turbulent citizen, and suspected of treason; whilst the same exile in January, 1745, would simply argue that, as a Papist, he had been included amongst his whole body in a general measure of precaution to meet the public dangers of that year. This explanation we have thought it right to make, both for its extensive application to *all* editions of Pope, and on account of the serious blunders which have arisen from the case when ill understood; and because, in a work upon education, written jointly by Messrs. Lant Carpenter and Shephard, though generally men of ability and learning, this whole point is erroneously explained.

NOTE 152. Page 439.

It is apparently with allusion to this part of the history, which he would often have heard from the lips of his own father, that Pope glances at his uncle's memory somewhat disrespectfully in his prose letter to Lord Harvey.

NOTE 153. Page 439.

Some accounts, however, say to Flanders, in which case, perhaps, Antwerp or Brussels would have the honor of his conversion.

NOTE 154. Page 441.

This, however, was not Twyford, according to an anonymous pamphleteer of the times, but a Catholic seminary in Devonshire Street, that is, in the Bloomsbury district of London; and the same author asserts, that the scene of his disgrace, as indeed seems probable beforehand, was not the first, but the last of his arenas as a schoolboy. Which indeed was first, and which last, is very unimportant; but with a view to another point, which is not without interest, namely, as to the motive of Pope for so bitter a lampoon as we must suppose it to have been, as well as with

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regard to the topics which he used to season it, this anonymous letter throws the only light which has been offered; and strange it is, that no biographer of Pope should have hunted upon the traces indicated by him. Any solution of Pope's virulence, and of the master's bitter retaliation, even *as* a solution, is so far entitled to attention; apart from which the mere straightforwardness of this man's story, and its minute circumstantiality, weigh greatly in its favor. To our thinking, he unfolds the whole affair in the simple explanation, nowhere else to be found, that the master of the school, the mean avenger of a childish insult by a bestial punishment, was a Mr. Bromley, one of James II.'s Popish apostates; whilst the particular statements which he makes with respect to himself and the young Duke of Norfolk of 1700, as two schoolfellows of Pope at that time and place, together with his voluntary promise to come forward in person, and verify his account if it should happen to be challenged, — are all, we repeat, so many presumptions in favor of his veracity. 'Mr. Alexander Pope,' says he, 'before he had been four months at this school, or was able to construe Tully's Offices, employed his muse in satirizing his master. It was a libel of at least one hundred verses, which (a fellow-student having given information of it) was found in his pocket; and the young satirist was soundly whipped, and kept a prisoner to his room for seven days; whereupon his father fetched him away, and I have been told he never went to school more.' This Bromley, it has been ascertained, was the son of a country gentleman in Worcestershire, and must have had considerable prospects at one time, since it appears that he had been a gentleman-commoner at Christ's Church, Oxford There is an error in the punctuation of the letter we have just quoted, which affects the sense in a way very important to the question before us. Bromley is described as 'one of King James's converts in Oxford, some years *after* that prince's abdication;' but, if this were really so, he must have been a conscientious convert. The latter clause should be connected with what follows: '*Some years after that prince's abdication he kept a little seminary;*' that is, when his mercenary views in quitting his religion were effectually defeated, when the Boyne had sealed his despair, he humbled himself into a petty schoolmaster. These facts are interesting, because they suggest at once the motive for the merciless

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punishment inflicted upon Pope. His own father was a Papist like Bromley, but a sincere and honest Papist, who had borne double taxes, legal stigmas, and public hatred for conscience' sake. His contempt was habitually pointed at those who tampered with religion for interested purposes. His son inherited these upright feelings. And we may easily guess what would be the bitter sting of any satire he would write on Bromley. Such a topic was too true to be forgiven, and too keenly barbed by Bromley's conscience. By the way, this writer, like ourselves, reads in this juvenile adventure a prefiguration of Pope's satirical destiny.

NOTE 155. Page 446.

That is, Sheffield, and, legally speaking, of Buckinghamshire. For he would not take the title of Buckingham, under a fear that there was lurking somewhere or other a claim to that title amongst the connections of the Villiers family. He was a pompous grandee, who lived in uneasy splendor, and, as a writer, most extravagantly overrated; accordingly, he is now forgotten. Such was his vanity and his ridiculous mania for allying himself with royalty, that he first of all had the presumption to court the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne. Being rejected, he then offered himself to the illegitimate daughter of James II., by the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley. She was as ostentatious as himself, and accepted him.

NOTE 156. Page 451.

Meantime, the felicities of this translation are at times perfectly astonishing; and it would be scarcely possible to express more nervously or amply the words,

> ——— '*jurisque secundi*
> *Ambitus impatiens*, er summo dulcius unum
> Stare loco,' ———

than this child of fourteen has done in the following couplet, which, most judiciously, by reversing the two clauses, gains the power of fusing them into connection :

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'And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne.'

But the passage for which beyond all others we must make room, is a series of eight lines, corresponding to six in the original; and this for two reasons: First, Because Dr. Joseph Warton has deliberately asserted, that in our whole literature, 'we have scarcely eight more beautiful lines than these;' and though few readers will subscribe to so sweeping a judgment, yet certainly these must be wonderful lines for a boy, which could challenge such commendation from an experienced *polyhistor* of infinite reading. Secondly, Because the lines contain a night-scene. Now it must be well known to many readers, that the famous night-scene in the Iliad, so familiar to every schoolboy, has been made the subject, for the last thirty years, of severe, and in many respects. of just criticisms. This description will therefore have a double interest by comparison; whilst, whatever may be thought of either taken separately for itself, considered as a translation, this which we now quote is as true to Statius as the other is undoubtedly faithless to Homer:

'*Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phœbi*
Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aera biga.
Jam pecudes volucresque tacent: jam somnus avaris
Inserpit curis, pronusque per aera nutat,
Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.'

Theb. i. 336–341

'T was now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew.
All birds and beasts lie hush'd. Sleep steals away
The wild desires of men and toils of day;
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.'

NOTE 157. Page 452.

One writer of that age says, in Cheapside; but probably this difference arose from contemplating Lombard Street as a prolongation of Cheapside.

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NOTE 158. Page 457.

Dr. Johnson said, that all he could discover about Mr. Cromwell, was the fact of his going a hunting in a tie-wig; but Gay has added another fact to Dr. Johnson's by calling him, 'honest *hatless* Cromwell with red breeches.' This epithet has puzzled the commentators; but its import is obvious enough. Cromwell, as we learn from more than one person, was anxious to be considered a fine gentleman, and devoted to women. Now it was long the custom in that age for such persons, when walking with ladies, to carry their hats in their hand. Louis XV. used to ride by the side of Madame de Pompadour hat in hand.

NOTE 159. Page 461.

It is strange enough to find, not only that Pope had so frequently kept rough copies of his own letters, and that he thought so well of them as to repeat the same letter to different persons, as in the case of the two lovers killed by lightning, or even to two sisters, Martha and Therese Blount, (who were sure to communicate their letters,) and that even Swift had retained copies of *his*.

NOTE 160. Page 472.

The word *undertake* had not yet lost the meaning of Shakspeare's age, in which it was understood to describe those cases where, the labor being of a miscellaneous kind, some person in chief offered to overlook and conduct the whole, whether with or without personal labor. The modern *undertaker*, limited to the care of funerals, was then but one of numerous cases to which the term was applied.

NOTE 161. Page 485.

We may illustrate this feature in the behavior of Pope to Savage. When all else forsook him, when all beside pleaded the insults of Savage for withdrawing their subscriptions, Pope sent his in advance. And when Savage had insulted *him* also, arrogantly commanding him never 'to presume to interfere or meddle in his affairs,' dignity and self-respect made Pope obedient to these orders, except when there was an occasion of serving

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Savage. On his second visit to Bristol, (when he returned from Glamorganshire,) Savage had been thrown into the jail of the city. One person only interested himself for this hopeless profligate, and was causing an inquiry to be made about his debts at the time Savage died. So much Dr. Johnson admits; but he *forgets* to mention the name of this long-suffering friend. *It was Pope.* Meantime, let us not be supposed to believe the lying legend of Savage; he was doubtless no son of Lady Macclesfield's, but an impostor, who would not be sent to the tread-mill.

NOTE 162. Page 496.

It is strange, or rather it is *not* strange, considering the feebleness of that lady in such a field, that Miss Edgeworth always fancied herself to have caught Milton in a bull, under circumstances which, whilst leaving the shadow of a bull, effectually disown the substance. 'And in the lowest deep a lower deep still opens to devour me.' This is the passage denounced by Miss Edgeworth. 'If it was already the lowest deep,' said the fair lady, 'how the deuce (no, perhaps it might be *I* that said '*how the deuce*') could it open into a lower deep?' Yes, how could it? In carpentry, it is clear to my mind that it could *not*. But, in cases of deep imaginative feeling, no phenomenon is more natural than precisely this never-ending growth of one colossal grandeur chasing and surmounting another, or of abysses that swallowed up abysses. Persecutions of this class oftentimes are amongst the symptoms of fever, and amongst the inevitable spontaneities of nature. Other people I have known who were inclined to class amongst bulls Milton's all-famous expression of '*darkness visible*,' whereas it is not even a bold or daring expression; it describes a pure optical experience of very common occurrence There are two separate darknesses or obscurities: first, that obscurity *by* which you see dimly; and secondly, that obscurity *which* you see. The first is the atmosphere through which vision is performed, and, therefore, part of the *subjective* conditions essential to the act of seeing. The second is the *object* of your sight. In a glass-house at night illuminated by a sullen fire in one corner, but else dark, you see the darkness massed in the rear as a black object. *That* is the 'visible darkness.' And

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on the other hand, the murky atmosphere between you and the distant rear is not the object, but the medium, through or athwart which you descry the black masses. The first darkness is *subjective* darkness; that is, a darkness in your own eye, and entangled with your very faculty of vision. The second darkness is perfectly different: it is *objective* darkness; that is to say, not any darkness which affects or modifies your faculty of seeing either for better or worse; but a darkness which is the *object* of your vision; a darkness which you see projected from yourself as a massy volume of blackness, and projected, possibly, to a vast distance.

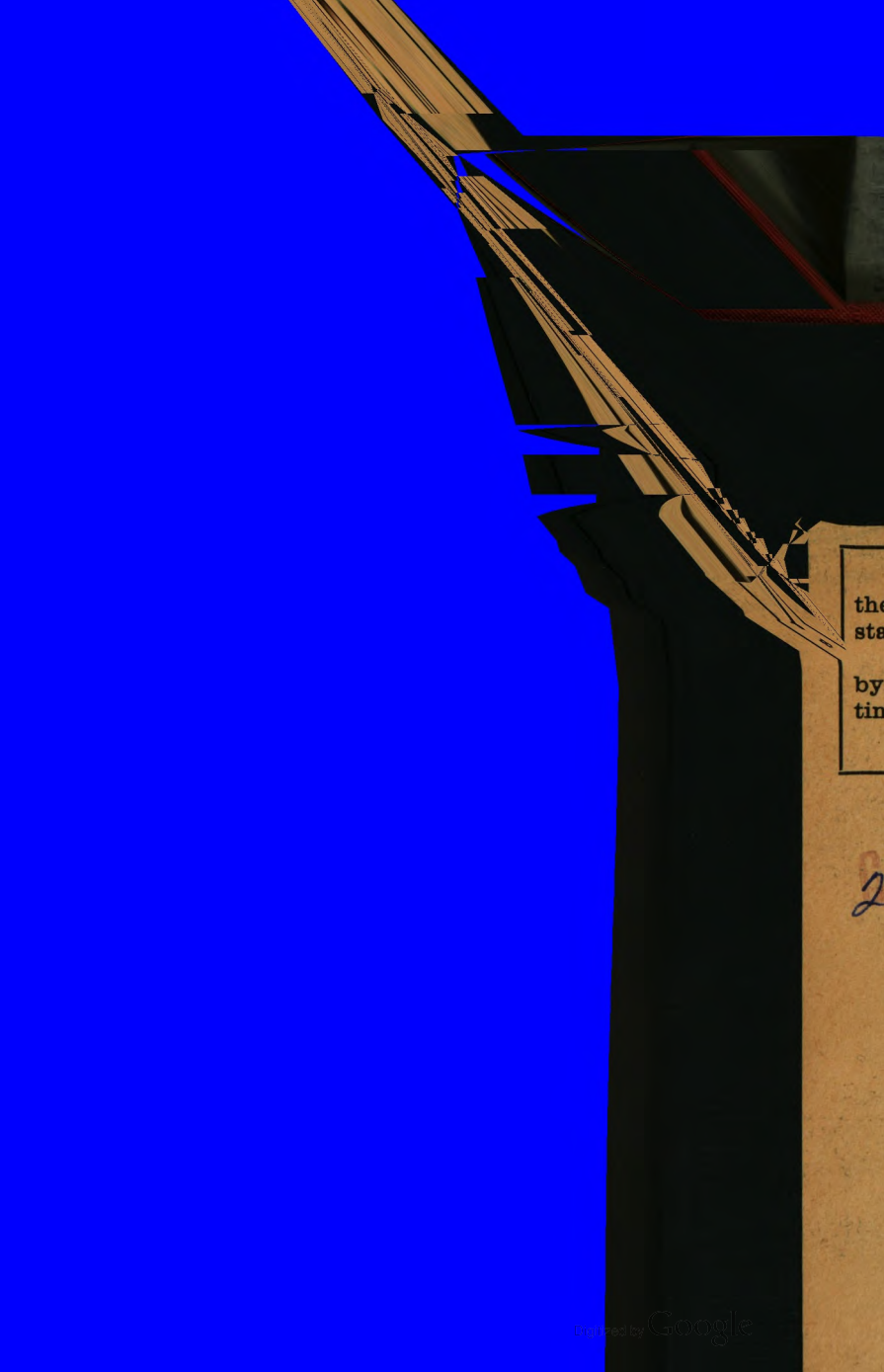
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